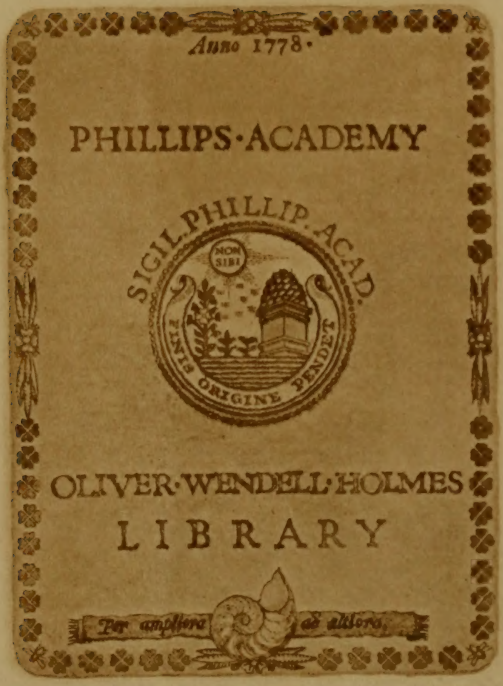

Anno 1778.
PHILLIPS·ACADEMY
SIGIL. PHILLIP. ACAD.
NON SIBI
FINIS ORIGINE PENDET
OLIVER·WENDELL·HOLMES
LIBRARY
Per ampliora ad altiora

Dec. 1888 pg 93-4 Mining

Scire est regnare
DECEMBER

W. H. GILE & CO.,

CLOTHIERS

AND

Gent's Fine Furnishers,

224–226 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

J. B. McALOON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

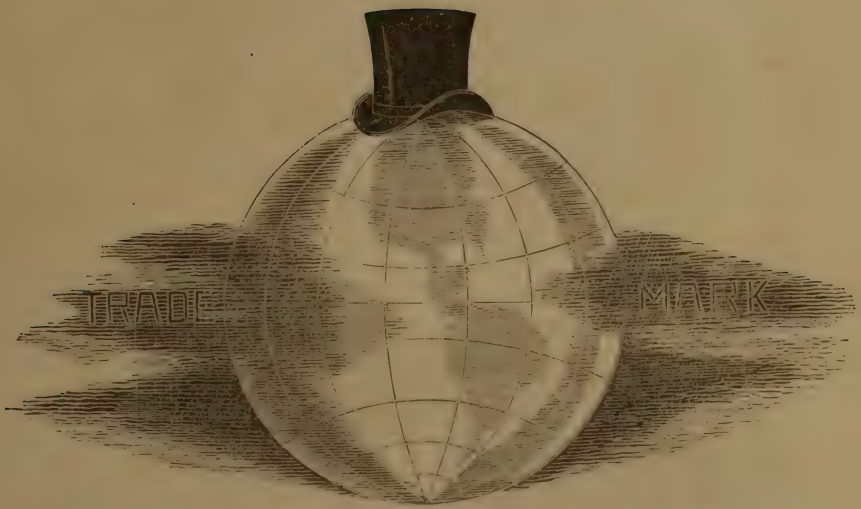
BOWDOIN SQUARE, BOSTON.

LATEST STYLES,

FIRST-CLASS WORK,

MODERATE PRICES.

Special Styles for Students.



COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

(Successors to D. P. Ilsley & Co.)

HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

381 Washington Street, Opposite Franklin, Boston, Mass.

English and American Hats of Every Description.

J. HOMER,
JEWELLER.

Formerly at A. STOWELL & CO.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.

Genuine Roger's Plated Ware in Knives, Forks, Spoons, Pie Knives, Ladles, Cake Baskets, Casters, Ice Pitchers, Tea Sets, etc.

Imported Filagree Silver, Real Amber and Bohemian Garnet Jewelry a Specialty.

NOVELTIES IN GENTS' SCARF PINS.

A Choice Assortment of Goods for the Holidays.

45 WINTER ST., - - - BOSTON.

F. P. WEBSTER,
BOOTS AND SHOES,

MY CELEBRATED

ENGLISH GRAIN CREEDMOOR

Made of the very best quality English Grain Stock, double sole and tap, hand-nailed, bellows tongue, warranted **Strictly Waterproof** and **Very Durable.**

They are made on a well-shaped last and are easy to the feet, making a most excellent walking shoe for winter use. No rubber or overshoe is needed with them as they are warm and absolutely waterproof.

Price 5.00, Sent postage paid anywhere 5.50.

Send for illustrated catalogue of all kinds to suit all purposes. Gymnasium and Tennis shoes

277 WASHINGTON ST., - BOSTON, MASS.

CUSTOM TAILORS.

SEASON 1888.

We have displayed on our counters the largest and most attractive line of

WOOLENS

ever shown in New England. They comprise the leading novelties and Staple Goods from the best of Foreign and Domestic Manufacturers.

We are offering our line of

Suitings to Order, $25, $28 & $30.

Trouserings to Order, $6.50, $7 & $8.

An Elegant Line of

Dress Suitings to Order, $30, $35 & $40,

Embracing every conceivable design for
Dress Suits known to the Merchant Tailoring Trade.

Overcoatings to Order, $22, $25 & $30.

We make Custon Work only. Every Garment made to order from measure.

CHARLES GREEN & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

581, 583 and 585 Washington Street.

Corner of Avery Street, between Bijou and Park Theatres.

OPEN TILL 9 P. M.

Jurors' Award for beauty of workmanship and design and distinguish excellence in the manufacture of Shirts.

DRESS SHIRTS

FOR RECEPTIONS, FOR WEDDINGS.
FOR DINNER PARTIES.

The present fashion of Shirts with Linen Cords, Embroidered Figures and Spot Bosoms may be had of Noyes Bros., most thoroughly and elegantly made by

NOYES BROS.

English Dressing Jackets,
Smoking Jackets,
House and Office Coats,
Long Gowns and Wraps.

—AT—

NOYES BROS.

Fine Silk Umbrellas and Canes for Gentlemen, **$2.75 to $50.00,** in gold, silver and natural wood handles, at NOYES BROS.

LADIES' UMBRELLAS with Gold and Silver Mountings, $2.25 to $25.00, at NOYES BROS.

SPECIAL LAUNDRY for Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, Dress Shirts and Vests, and Family Work of every description, at NOYES BROS.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for Repairing Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves or any article belonging to a gentlemen can be **Cleansed, Laundred** and **Repaired** at short notice, at NOYES BROS.

Hosiers, Glovers and Shirt Makers.

Washington and Summer Sts.,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

BLANKET WRAPS

For the Nursery,
For the Sick-Room,
For the Bath.
For Railway and Steamer
Traveling, for Men, Women,
Children, and for the Baby,

$2.75 to $35.00.

English and French Flannels,
English Cheviots,
Silk, Wool and Pure Silk Shirtings.

For Tennis, Cricket, Hunting, Yaching, Steamer or Railroad Cars at

NOYES BROS.

ALLEN SOLLY & CO'S.

HIGH CLASS HOSIERY

and Underwear, Merino, Natural Wool, Balbriggan and Pure Silk, sizes 28 to 50 inch, at NOYES BROS.

ENGLISH MACKINTOSH Waterproof Coats for ladies and gentlemen, at NOYES BROS.

The Famous LONDON TAN Street Gloves, at $1.35, warranted the best value offered, at NOYES BROS.

ABDOMINAL BANDS—Men's and Women's. A preventive and cure for Weakness or Bowel Troubles, at NOYES BROS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION P. A. A.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE

Will regularly be at ANDOVER with our full line of

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES

for students wear. Due notice of arrival in the Spring will be sent later and inspection solicited. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

MESSENGER BROS. & JONES,

ENGLISH TAILORS,

388 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

LONDON:
20 Cork St., (Burlington Gar.)

PARIS:
30 Rue Vincime.

LATEST STYLES. **PRICES MODERATE.**

—All goods warranted for excellenoe of make and superiority of colors.—

Special Importance to Students.

The Peerless Fountain Pen

Is the perfection of Fountain Pens, and is used by all writers with the best of satisfaction. Writes instantly, without shaking. Never leaks. Every Pen fully guaranteed.

Get only the Best.

PRICE, $2.00.

The

A. T. CROSS

STYLOGRAPHIC PEN,

Or Ink Pencil, writes 20,000 words with one filling. Carried in the pocket. Is always ready for use.

Price, $2.00.

GET ONLY THE BEST.

Pens sent to any address upon receipt of price. Fully illustrated catalogue sent upon application.

THE CROSS PEN CO.,

306 Washington St., - - Boston.

Next door to Old South Church.

FOR POLITE CORRESPONDENCE USE THE

BOSTON LINEN,

BOSTON BOND AND

BUNKER HILL LINEN

Fine Paper and Envelopes.

J. N. COLE,

STATIONER,

ANDOVER, - - - - MASS

People of refined taste desiring specially fine Cigarettes should use our

SATIN, FOUR-IN-HAND, ATHLETIC, AND CUPID,

STRAIGHT-CUT, HAND-MADE

From the best Virginia and Turkish leaf.

PEERLESS TOBACCO WORKS,

ESTABLISHED 1846.

FOURTEEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

Wm. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

Fashionable Clothing

FOR YOUNG MEN,

EQUAL TO CUSTOM, AT MUCH LESS PRICE.

Fine Overcoats, $15, $20 & $25.

Cape Overcoats, $15, $18 & $20.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

508 Washington Street and 5 Bedford Street,

BOSTON.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 1.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

DECEMBER, 1887.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

31871

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1878.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 *John Street, N. Y.*

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.

THE ANDOVER PRESS,

(LIMITED.)

PHILLIPS ACADEMY PRINTERS.

BOOK PAMPHLET AND JOB

PRINTING.

A
373.7
An2.3m
v. 35-36
1887-1889

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Christmas,	15
A Piece of Timely Warning,	17
Gallus,	22
The Weird Visitor,	25
Energy,	29
Progressive Religion,	32
Evening,	36
Mental Powers,	39
Thoughts on Peace and War,	42
President's Address,	45
Editors' Review,	51
The Charge of the Hungry Brigade,	56
Grinds,	58
Our Frontispiece,	63
Historical Memorabilia,	65
The Phillips Pot-Pourri,	68

CHARLES A. SMITH & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

18 & 20 SCHOOL STREET,

IMPORTERS OF LONDON FANCY SUITINGS

IN EXCLUSIVE STYLES,

SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO YOUNG MEN'S TASTE.

STAPLE GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

FULL DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

CHARLES A. SMITH & CO.,

Merchant Tailors and Importers,

18 & 20 SCHOOL STREET,

BOSTON.

W. E. HODGKINS, C. G. BEALS.

Salutatory.

With sincere thanks for the confidence placed in us we respectfully dedicate this volume to the Philomathean Society.

A. E. ADDIS,
J. D. CLARKE,
J. D. CAMERON,
} *Editors.*

E.C. Bartlett
Prosecuting Atty.
F.D. Tucker
Prosecuting Attorney
H. McK. Landon
Editor Courier-Journal
E.H. Brainard
P.T. Hackett
Boston Photogravure Co.

THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXV. DECEMBER, 1887. No. 1.

Christmas.

Hail, Christmas, Hail! thy coming now we greet,
The balm of troubled minds, of pain the rest:
Sorrows depart as in thy pleasures sweet
We pass the time with those we love the best.
Set in the midst of winter, there
Thou shinest like the morning star.

"Peace be to all! Good news to you I bring,"
Comes floating through the air, so clear and pure.
This is a message which the angels bring
Of what great glory we are now made sure.
Saviour of man, this is thy natal day;
To life eternal thou dost show the way.

What hope thine advent spreads o'er human hearts!
What endless joys around thy path are strown!
Thy light shines through the very darkest parts
Of this sad world, and by it we are shown
The heavenly beauty of the God above,
Whose watchward passes out, Faith. Hope, and Love.

Moved by the power of those divine-like words,
The pall of sin is lifted from the earth;
Freed from the load of guilt, thy people then affords
A sight which ever from all throats draws forth,
"Glory to God! on earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth shall reign, and never cease."

And so through all the endless ages on
This day shall bring glad tidings unto thee.
Then let us raise, with all our hearts made one,
A shout of praise — a welcome, which shall be,
"Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born."

A Piece of Timely Warning.

By Billy Brilliant.

It had been a merry Christmas Eve at the Authors' Club; while the wild whorl of snow beat incessantly at the windows, we had quaffed the foaming bowl, and, of course, sung songs appropriate for the occasion. The old clock on Trinity church chimed out eleven as I stood on an elevated station, waiting for the Harlem train. I did not have to wait long; for suddenly, out of the darkness, came a rush and a roar, and the green headlight of the Harlem burst through the gloom as she swooped down upon the station. "Harlem! Harlem train!" cries the station-man; the guards throw open the gates, and the people rush out and in.

I got a seat, and looked drowsily around at my neighbors. Everybody had a number of packages, everybody was tired out and sleepy, and I guess most everybody was thinking of to-morrow's Christmas dinner. A little boy just opposite me was stealing goodies from the pocket of his sleeping parent, and next to him were three pale, overworked shop girls, who looked as if they needed a day's rest badly. Christmas is pretty much the same now as it used to be. There is one thing it will always keep; that is, the roast turkey and plum pudding, such necessary constituents of a Christmas feast. If time has slightly tinged your brow, if you seek recluse and meditation more than you used to, and love the light that falls aslant through the stained windows of the cathedral — then you will sit quietly by, and smile as the gay coterie of merry-makers sing and drink the night away. Thus I mused, half-asleep, when my reverie was broken by the guard, as he cried out, "Courtland Street! Courtland Street!" The train stopped, and in walked a little man, all bundled up in furs, who came and took a seat next to me. I regarded him in-

tently. He was completely enveloped in a great, long buffalo-coat, and a series of mufflers were tied about his head and throat. "What a queer little face," I drowsily thought; "So very queer." All pinched up and wrinkled; yet that lock of hair hanging down in front was black. Such black, snapping little eyes, just like a snake's. "A very funny little man; a very funny little man," I muttered.

The little man turned around to me, and said, in a clear, deep voice, that somewhat startled me, "A blustery Christmas Eve, my friend, eh?"

"Yes, yes; it is," I said heartily, — "a good night to have a roof over your head."

"Is your name Jessop — Alfred Jessop?"

I bowed in acquiescence, and expressed my astonishment at his knowing me. He replied that he had seen my likeness in a scientific journal, and then commenced a conversation on scientific topics, with which he seemed perfectly familiar. We discussed various questions, and I found him to have a vast store of information on scientific subjects, particularly chemistry. I had made quite a reputation as a writer on scientific and physical questions, and he enjoyed my conversation hugely. We were in the middle of a very engaging subject, when the train stopped, and he rose to go. "Better come around to my rooms for a little while; they are only a block away," said he. I consented, and we were soon hurrying through the snow-storm, he clutching my arm and leading the way.

Presently we stopped before an odd little stone house, all overgrown with vines and surrounded by trees. There were lights on the ground floor, and he opened the door, and we entered. The hall was square, and the walls and ceiling were formed entirely of handsomely carved cedar panels; a stupendous brass candelabra, of exquisite workmanship, hung from the centre of the ceiling; a few pictures hung on the walls, and some superb pieces of statuary embellished the corners. On the floor were a number of rugs, and in the back of the hall stood a magnificent sideboard, with a motley array of decanters and glasses. After divesting ourselves of our great coats, my host walked toward the sideboard, and, taking a decanter of greenish wine, he poured some of it into a glass, and offered it to me.

I drank, and never in my life did I taste such ambrosia. The

wine was cold, very cold; but it had an aromatic flavor that was delicious. A delightful sensation of ease took possession of my indolent faculties; but it died with the taste of the wine. I glanced at my host; he was quietly sipping his wine. I saw that he was very slight, and his arms were abnormally long; they hung nigh down to his knees. His face was very repulsive, and I felt as if I were looking on a Mr. Hyde or some such personage — not a pleasing sensation, I assure you. He motioned me to follow him, and I did so. We walked to a low door across the hall, and entered a long, narrow room. At one end of it, sitting before a monstrous fireplace, was a woman. She rose, as we approached, and I saw her to be exceedingly beautiful; but her beauty was on the wane, for her hair was full of streaks of gray, and her face was losing its faultless contour. The expression was calm and peaceful, and I have never seen such content on any face. The lines of the poet came to my mind:

"The lamp of life had shone bright,
And was content to sink away to-night."

I was surprised when my host introduced her as "my mother, Mrs. Velton." We all took seats, and my host and I resumed the conversation left off on the cars. The discussion soon ended, and then I began a conversation with Mrs. Velton. She was delightful to talk to, and we drifted on various subjects, till we struck "art." Now, art was Mrs. Velton's forte, and certainly I rarely met such a lover of art as she. Hanging on the walls were a large number of pictures, all by famous hands, and as she and I walked around the room looking at them she related to me little anecdotes about the subjects or the artists which were very entertaining. Presently we came to a little picture in a dingy gold frame. "This," she said, "is the only painting I ever finished: it is Pelagia, in the novel Hypatia." I gazed on the face before me on the canavs, not daring to breathe lest I might wake from this blissful dream. Such beauty of form I thought was impossible to paint; but here it was before me. All who are familiar with the touching story of this Grecian dancing girl, whose beauty gave her the title of Aphrodite, need no description of the picture. I turned around almost with reverence to the woman whose genius had conceived this masterpiece. She smiled, and said, "This is the happiness of the painter."

I left the picture with a sigh, and we walked back to the fire. Mrs. Velton then excused herself, and I was left alone with my host. He had been sitting gazing moodily into the glowing coals; but now he turned, and fixed those sharp, snapping eyes of his on me.

"Jessop, will you step into the next room with me a moment?"

"Yes, readily," I answered, wondering what his reason could be for stepping into the next room.

We rose, he pushed open a low door, and we entered the room. It was covered inside entirely with zinc sheeting; there was not an air-hole anywhere but the door by which we entered. At one end of the room was a large blast-furnace, which was red hot; the handle of a platinum vessel protruded from its open door. The floor was littered with chemical apparatus, minerals, iron-ore, and tools, all scattered in the wildest profusion. A table stood in the middle, covered with chemical apparatus, and, to my horror, there were several human skulls.

"Jessop," said my host, "to-night you are going to have a rather singular Christmas treat."

I smiled, and glanced around me and at my host. He was struggling to be calm. His mouth smiled, but his eyes told the true state of his mind.

"Jessop, to-night you will see the most Utopian dreams of the alchemists realized, the secret that Nature guards so dearly wrested from her bosom."

He was no longer calm and cold; huge drops of perspiration hung from his brow; his voice quivered and broke, as he almost screamed,

"I have gained a victory greater than any of Napoleon's or Caesar's; I have conquered Nature."

I stared at the man aghast. He surely must be insane; no man in his mind would talk like that. I began to be alarmed for my personal safety. There was no place but the door. I moved towards it; but he yelled,

"Stop, fool! it is locked — locked on the outside; you must stay."

The room was getting intensely hot, there being no place for the heat from the furnace to escape. Velton walked to the corner, picked up a sack, and staggered to me. He thrust his trembling hands into it, and drew forth two round discs of pure gold, and held them before my face.

"They are the result of a twenty years' journey through the garden of nature — twenty years' study, man," he said, in a tremulous voice.

Laying the discs on a table, he staggered to the blast-furnace, and threw open the door. The fire threw its ruddy glare on everything in the room. Standing there, he seemed like a demon in hell. He seized the platinum vessel, and tottered back to the table with it. Then, fixing those snake-like eyes on me, he said:

"Thank heaven you are permitted to see this day. I must have blood. My blood is gone; I have used it all. One ounce of your blood — merely an ounce."

He picked up a lancet and a glass, and came towards me. I seized it from him, and made an incision in my wrist, and soon the glass was filled. Velton poured an ounce off into a graduated glass. He was laboring under the most intense excitement, and it was with the greatest exertion he staggered to the table. The expression on his face was one of supreme, awful joy. He raised the glass, and poured the blood into the platinum vessel. A dense green vapor arose and filled the room.

"Look! look! at the work of a man!" cried Velton, as he fell to the floor.

I ran to the table, and peered eagerly into the vessel, and there lay, shimmering in all its radiant purity, an ounce of virgin gold, fresh, as it were, from the hand of the Creator. Velton was lying apparently senseless, on the floor. I felt a queer choking; the green vapor was like sand in my lungs. I could not stand, and I tottered across the room, where I sunk in a swoon upon the floor.

From that point everything is blank. But pretty soon a rough hand is laid upon my shoulder, and a gruff voice says:

"Young feller, yer don't want ter drink so much grog next time. This is 155th Street, the last stop. I rose, and breathed a sigh of relief, to think that after all Mr. Velton, his strange house, and the strange proceedings which took place therein, was but a dream.

Merry Christmas to you all! But remember not to fall asleep in elevated cars, after a Christmas feast, or you will be liable to meet a Mr. Velton, who will initiate you into some occult mystery,

Gallus.

A Translation of Virgil's Tenth Eclogue.

[Gallus, the famous soldier and poet, to whom Virgil inscribes this Eclogue, was greatly enamored of Lycoris, celebrated for her beauty and intrigues; but she deserted him for Mark Anthony, whom she followed in his expedition against the Gauls. Gallus then asked Virgil to write a poem which might have the effect of bringing the faithless fair one back. Virgil summons the Sicilian fountain Nymph, Arethusa, to aid him in the execution of his last pastoral effort.]

O Arethusa! grant my plea,
A verse to Gallus I must sing;
Such as Licoris' self may read,—
Who can deny so sweet a thing?
While gliding 'neath the watery vault
Of wave Sicilian, may no brine
That comes from Doris' salty streams
With bitterness flow into thine.

While on the shrubs the cattle graze,
The forests echo wide the strain:
"From love unanswered Gallus dies,
No Naiad near to ease his pain."
When stretched beneath a lonely cliff,
The laurels o'er him sadly crept;
While e'en pine-clad Maenalus moaned,
And cold Lycaeus o'er him wept.
His herd around in wonder stood,
The shepherd and the swine-herd slow
Menalcus, wet from winter-mast,
All asking whence his love did grow

Silvanus came with verdure crowned,
  And Pan with purple berries stained,
But no avail were throngs like these.
  As grassy meads with brooklets veined
Still thirst, as bees with clover bloom
  And goats with leaves can ne'er be filled,
So thou, O Love, with tears that flow
  In ceaseless grief can ne'er be stilled.
O'erwhelmed with pain he makes reply:
  "Arcadians fair! in song renowned,
My love recount on yonder hill,
  Where violets black and flocks abound."
Amidst these groves and meadows soft
  I could with thee my life expend;
But Mars detains 'mid darts and foes,
  And who his iron will can bend?
Chalcidic strains my reed begins,
  As Phoebus doth in beauty shine;
But Alpine snows thy steps enshroud
  'Mong frosty camps upon the Rhine.
O'er rocks and groves methinks I roam,
  And now the Parthian lawns I skirt,
While swift Cydonian shafts lay low
  The graceful hind and doe alert.
Now groves and songs no more can charm:
  Ye woodland Nymphs, once more adieu;
For though we live 'mid Thracian frosts,
  Where frozen waves are kept in view,
Or tend our flocks on Southern plains
  'Neath scorching suns, Love conquers all.
Hard-hearted Love no power can change;
  And we before him humbly fall.

These strains your lard hath sung,
  O Muse divine,
While slender willow twigs
  He did entwine.

To Gallus bear the verse
He dared to sing,
For whom his love breaks forth
Like vines in Spring.

My well-fed goats, now homeward turn;
The evening star sends forth its ray;
The noxious darkness blights the corn,
And chills the singer's woodland lay.

The Weird Visitor.

LATE one night in the Fall of 187– I sat in my room in B— college, reading from Homer. Without all was dark and blustering; the sky a cloud-hung desolation; and there, at my window, a friendless chestnut tree shook its one leaf in the moaning wind. But from "the page divine" I read where Hector, on the morrow, would send Ajax with his bull-hides over the Styx, — did my progress not postpone the hero's trip another day. For now the letters themselves mixed in a doubtful conflict, first one routing, and then the other. The vowels and the consonants were at war, and one conquered, but I knew not which. The field was left a waste of darkness, out of whose shadows a picture entirely new arose. At first a maple was visible, then an elm, then an oak, at last a white fence girdling a half-screened, brown-top house, and in that house some happy faces gathered around a blazing fire. I knew them! It was home. Oh, how fond memories, which appeared too dear to return, came back! How eagerly I was grasping their hands, when — rap, rap, rap! snatched me from my reverie. "Come!"

"Fruits?" said a white head through the door.

"No fruits," I replied.

"Grapes? — Concord and Hartford."

"Well (rubbing my eyes), let's see them." And in there walked the stooping figure of a man, whose hair and beard were prematurely gray; his eyebrows, however, were still black, which gave to the peculiar agonized expression of his countenance a cast doubly weird. At first, with a cheerful smile, he approached me; but, as he was drawing nearer, he suddenly started back, exclaiming. "My God!"

His hands trembled, and a wild glare, as if from pain, settled for a moment in his rolling eyes. I sprang quickly forward to support

him, and helped him to a chair. Sinking into it, he hid his face in his hands, and groaned.

"Why, why, what's the matter? Do you feel any pain, Sir?" I asked. "Let me give you some" —

"Nothing," he interposed, "thank you, I am better now."

"Are you subject to these sudden seizures?"

"No; it was only something about your face."

"Why! I hope I didn't scare you," said I, lightly; for I saw he was recovering.

"Oh no! the lamplight, falling as it did upon you, excited a sudden memory, that was all."

"Yes, — but how? if I may know; you arouse my curiosity."

He assured me that I would not be interested, and that it was a long story; still, if I insisted, he would relate it.

So I did; for I was the more curious for his courteous manner, which did not seem to be in keeping with his business. And he spoke as follows:

"You now see me, in these worsted garments, selling fruit, and would little guess that my life began under the brightest stars in the firmament. My father, a wealthy slave-owner of Kentucky, had but two children, a little brunette daughter and myself. Besides striving to build for us our every air-castle, he wished me to be a finished scholar, and sent me, at the age of seventeen to F — college in Virginia; where, in my Sophomore year, a very sad affair was brought about by me and some others. For, about this time, a flaxen-haired Georgian, sixteen years old or about, entered the Freshman class.

"Now, on account of a scrupulous nicety in manners and morals, we, my "click" and I, did not like him. We thought him unsocial. He would not taste an occasional glass, nor would he bet even a mere trifle; and for this reason we dubbed him "Miss Blonde." Moreover, when he had been there, now for some time, we concluded to subject him to the following cruel treatment, which we called fun. Alas, that I could have been guilty of such a deed!

"We went one evening at early candlelight to his room, where he sat, as you were just now, studying by his lamp; and, after an interchange of courtesies, we told him that he was so good that we had all concluded, if he endured a little test we had in view without

recanting, to pronounce him perfect. With that we seized and carried him, despite his struggling and entreaties, out to an old cistern, which stood about three feet deep in water, and in which we lowered him down, having tied a rope about him, until his toes touched." — Here the old man shuddered, and after a moment resumed: "Asking if the water was cold, we left him; returning every few minutes to inquire if he were still a good Puritan, and to compliment his firmness.

"In the meantime the supper-bell rang, and we left him to be released after we had eaten. But we forgot him. It was Thanksgiving eve; and, since we were to have exercises at the University that night, we were all in a hurry to get ready. Nor did I think of him until, when the exercises were about half over, some one asked, 'Where is "Miss Blonde" tonight?' Quick as thought I bounced up, and, making no reply, started for that ill fated cistern, beckoning an old 'chum' to follow. This he did, and in a moment we were there, drawing up our poor school-fellow. What was our amazement, when he reached the top, to find he could neither stand nor speak; so numbed was he with cold. We put him to bed, we rubbed him, we sent immediately for a doctor, — all to no avail. Next day he grew worse. We telegraphed to his father. How I dreaded to meet one of the family! His mother and sister came. How I felt their eyes stab me! How my heart bled to see them weep! How I knelt by his pillow with such pleading words for forgiveness! He was unconscious, — he was dying. More I cannot say than that he died; for I had to be taken home myself in a delirious frenzy, where, after a while, I recovered; only to be awakened to a miserable existence; still to be haunted by a phantom with pale blue eyes; still to hear my whispered crime.

"About this time the war came, and, tired of life, I gladly entered its ranks. Once, during a march south through Georgia, we pitched camp for a three weeks' stay near what had been a handsome residence. And, as I stood one day admiring it, I learned from an old negro that its owner was the father of my Georgia school-mate. 'Ole Missus,' he said, 'had went shortly arter young Mass Willie; young Miss was married, but was dead too; and ole Mass Willyum was thar still, but mighty, mighty poorly.' My God! had I murdered the whole family? The war ended, and I am thought to be

dead; but drift hither and thither, pursued by ever-lamenting figures in white. My memory wanders at times; but then I can sell fruit, until I must go, — how soon I do not care."

With this the clock struck eleven, and he arose, saying, "I must go." I bought all of his grapes, and insisted he should come again. But when he had gone I sat for a long time thinking over his story, and how sadly practical jokes sometimes end. This, then, was "Latin Jack," the weird old fruit-man, who was so familiar with Latin and Greek.

UNCAS.

Energy.

NOTHING of importance can be accomplished without courageous effort. We owe our growth principally to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which is called exertion; and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are made possible. A deep, earnest anticipation itself transforms possibility into reality; our desires often being the precursor of the things we can perform. While the timid and hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it appears to them so.

The cultivation of energy is of the greatest importance. Resolute determination in the pursuit of worthy objects is the foundation of all that is great and noble in the character of man. Energy finds a path for man through irksome drudgery and dry details, and carries him ever onward and upward in every station in life. It accomplishes more than genius, and is not attended with one half the disappointment and peril, in case of failure. It is not great talent that is required to insure success in any pursuit, so much as purpose; not merely the power to perform, but the will and determination to labor energetically and perseveringly. Hence energy of will may be defined as the very central power of character in man, and even the man himself. It gives impetus to his every action, and puts life in every effort. Energy is the foundation of hope, which is the a'd and spice of life.

Mere wishes and desires tend to produce indetermination in young minds, unless they are promptly embodied in act and deed. It is of no avail to wait until an opportunity or chance comes to our assistance. The good purpose, once formed, must be carried out with promptness and without swerving. In most conditions of life drudgery and toil are to be cheerfully endured as the most wholesome

discipline. "In life," said Ary Schaefer, "nothing bears fruit except by labor of mind or body. To strive and still strive, — such is life; and in this respect mine is fulfilled; but I dare to say, with just pride, that nothing has ever shaken my courage. With a strong soul and a noble aim, one can do what one wills, morally speaking."

It is not ease but effort; not facility, but difficulty, that makes a man. There is, perhaps, no station in life in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved. These difficulties are our best instructors, as our mistakes often form our best experience. The great statesman, Charles James Fox, said that he hoped more from a man who failed, and yet went on in spite of his failure, than from the buoyant career of the successful.

The battle of life is in most cases fought up-hill; and to win it without effort were, perhaps, to win it without honor. If we had no difficulties to contend with, we would have no success; and if we struggled for nothing, there woud be nothing achieved. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act as an impetus to men of resolution. The experiences of life serve to prove that all obstacles thrown in the path of human advancement may, for the most part, be overcome by steady earnestness, honest zeal, activity, perseverance, and especially by a determined resolution to overcome difficulties, and to face manfully every misfortune.

Whenever a man comes in contact with difficulty, he must come out for better or worse. Encounter with it will train his strength and discipline his skill, and give him strengthened will for future effort; as the racer, by being trained to run against the hill, courses with ease. The road to success may be steep to climb, and it puts to the test the energies of him who wishes to reach the summit. But by experience a man soon learns that obstacles are to be overcome by grappling with them, and the surest aid toward realizing the object pursued is the moral conviction that we can and will accomplish it. Thus difficulties often fall away of themselves before the determination to conquer them. We can do much if we but try. Nobody knows what he can do until he tries, and few try their best till they have been put to a severe trial.

"If I only could do this or that," sighs the desponding youth. But he will achieve little, if he only wishes. Desires must ripen

into purpose and effort, and one energetic attempt is worth a thousand aspirations. It is the thorny "ifs," the mutterings of weakness and despair, which often hedge in possibility, and prevent anything from being accomplished, or even attempted. "A difficulty," said Lord Lyndhurst, "is a thing to be overcome." Grapple with it at once, and facility will come with practice, and also strength with repeated effort. Thus mind and character may be trained to an almost perfect discipline, which will give spirit and liberty unknown to those who have not passed through such an experience.

Everything we learn is the mastery of a difficulty, and the mastery of one helps in the mastery of another. Things which may at first sight appear comparatively useless in education — such as the study of the dead languages and the relation of lines and surfaces in mathematics — are of the greatest practical value, not so much because of the information which they yield, as because of the development which they compel. The mastery of these studies evokes effort and cultivates powers of application which otherwise might have lain dormant. Thus one thing leads to another, and so the work goes on through life; encounter with difficulty ending only when life and culture end.

But indulging in the feeling of discouragement never helped any one over a difficulty, and never will. D'Alembert's advice to the student who complained to him about his want of success in mastering the first elements of mathematics, was the right one: "Go on, sir; and faith and strength will come to you."

Progressive Religion.

During the last year or two a controversy has arisen in religious circles that has perhaps brought Andover into greater publicity than she has ever enjoyed before. Some of the Professors in the Theological Seminary have advanced a theory which has met with severe criticism and determined opposition from ministers and a few others who are interested in the Congregational church.

The fight sustained by prominent and good men on both sides has been carried on with vigor and even bitterness; and now the new hypothesis as to the condition of people in the future world having gone through the struggle of birth is handed over to the world to see whether it shall live and grow, or be cast out as unneeded or harmful.

It would be presumptuous for us to say anything concerning the merits of the opinions of either party to this dispute; but to a thoughtful spectator the fact that there is such a struggle is interesting, and conducive to a study of the ways of the world.

One very significant thing connected with this question is, that scarcely any one outside the ministerial profession takes any interest in the matter, or care as to the result. At times the newspapers have tried to make capital of critical periods of the discussion, but their efforts have been shortlived, and have failed to create any deep feeling over the subject on the part of the masses. Some of the comic papers have touched on it occasionally; but more in the manner of a passing notice than as an attempt to show the good or bad points of a subject whose importance demanded that every phaze should be carefully inspected. This indifference can be accounted

for by the fact that the church no longer holds temporal power to any extent, in this country at least, and people are not easily worked into a state of excitement unless their personal welfare is involved in some way or other.

Some religious enthusiast may here remark that nothing can be more important to people than their condition in the next world. He has been taught that it is a place where he reaps through eternity the reward or punishment of his life here; then, looking at the indifference displayed over the present discussion, it must be concluded that either they do not believe in the next world at all, or their opinion of it has changed from what it used to be. There are some who profess that they do not believe in any future existence at all; but these are few, and are not the product of this age any more than they are of another.

It may be argued that atheism is on the increase because there seems to be more advocates of it. But due weight must be given to the consideration that now almost every one can spread his opinions through the press; and if a person happens to be remarkable for anything, good, bad, or indifferent, his sayings and doings will be spread far and wide, not because they are believed or admired, but because they will gratify the strong desire for novelty.

On the other hand it is evident that the opinion of the people concerning religion has undergone a great change during the last century. Men are no longer driven into heaven by the fear of hell. Both of these words, so vividly drawn on in the past, have a very indefinite meaning now; and those ministers succeed best with their congregations who leave the future world to take care of itself, and confine their efforts to making this a little more comfortable and ennobling the lives of its people. Many will be shocked at this, and feel that now is the critical time in the world's history. So it is; but all times are critical, only some are more so than others. It would be impossible to influence men for their good by teaching religion in just the same way as it was taught to our grandfathers. As the world grows older we have the experience of our predecessors to draw from; we start where they left off; the conditions of life are altered; and the religious beliefs of the Puritans are no more suitable to our spiritual requirements to-day than the blue laws would be to our worldly prosperity. Religion is for the people,

and not the people for religion; and it will have to change according to time and conditions.

This may be said to tend towards Universalism; whatever it tends towards is inevitable. There is no great danger in this movement. When the people were steeped in ignorance, their finer instincts not yet developed and far outweighed by their animal nature, it was necessary to have some strong, active agency to counteract their disregard of right and combat their brutality. Such an agency was the Christian religion as believed in at that time. But as each succeeding generation has followed the other, man has become more refined, his brutality has been overcome by his better nature; and one by one the superstitious rites, practices, and beliefs which were so necessary have been and are being discarded, and in their place are substituted doctrines which are less violent, more subtile, and fully as powerful.

The point of danger is, just when it is time to make a change and just how great the change shall be. Some of these alterations take place so gradually that they are unnoticed, others again are the centre of a hard fight. It has been by no means an uncommon thing to point to these struggles as a mockery of the profession of Christianity, when in fact they are a safeguard and protection to it.

The diversity of human nature is so great that some, like a fiery, untrained steed, would rush to destruction, while others would never move out of the ruts that their fathers ran in: the one serves to quicken and the other serves as a useful check. The difference between them at times has been so great that force has been appealed to as the final judge. No one can help but regret such a conclusion; but when that is the only way left to settle the difference, instead of being a blot in history it is a monument to the glory of those who have taken part in it. Each side will be partly in the right and partly in the wrong. In the end the wrong will be eradicated, the right blended, and only what is best survives. Once in a while the wrong prospers, but only for a time, and its shortlived success but makes its future downfall the more complete.

With each generation the world gains more force and higher aims. Its progress is slow, but sure. The next step onward may differ so widely from any we have taken as to seem to lead to certain ruin; but, unless we are so blinded by egotism as to think that we have

reached the highest pinnacle of perfection, a glance over the past will assure us that the plane we now occupy is but the foundation on which those who follow will build a better and a nobler structure.

Evening.

As overhead the deep blue sky,
Poised on the crown of yonder hill,
Toward the west draws gently nigh,
And as it sinks drinks in its fill
Of the setting sun, whose golden light
Sheds glory on the approaching night, —
So may thy life, each added year,
More beauty gain as it departs;
May friendships formed grow still more dear,
And love burn bright in warmer hearts,
That as thy life comes near its west
Thy soul may breathe eternal rest.

X. Y. Z.

The Mystery Solved—What became of the CANE.

Mental Powers.

THERE is hardly anything man cannot attain to if he once sets his determination upon it and perseveres. We know disadvantages were overcome by Demosthenes which seemed almost insurmountable. We know that from place to place in history men shine forth as examples, showing what power is in the human race. A lawyer of Providence, R.I., who died about two years ago, when a boy was compelled by his parents to learn a hymn every Sunday, and a verse in the Bible every day during the week. The outcome of this constant practice, with the aid of natural ability, was, that, even at the age of twelve or fourteen, he could repeat a sermon word for word after he came home from service. It is said that Macaulay can read a book about as fast as he can turn the leaves, taking in the sense of each page at a glance. Caesar would read, write, dictate, and listen at the same time.

That we may do good work mentally, we must have our physical system in good condition; and he who takes daily exercise for the body is capable of greater exertion with his mind than he who does not. But very few need to be urged to take this kind of exercise; though as a rule it is taken irregularly, and the health and ability vary in response. It is important to cultivate regular habits, that your life may have some system, and not be any more a game of chance than it must of necessity. That which raises man above the brute is principally his superiority of intellect, and he is as much above them as his intellect is greater than theirs. We sometimes

meet a man and dog when it is difficult to tell which is master in intellect. But this is when the man has lowered his standard to that of the brute, and is no more worthy even of the name of man. Animals have an instinct which serves the purpose for which it was created. Man has mental power, and it is more than a mere machine, which at most can but hold its own. That mental power will grow and develop, according to its training, both as to quality and quantity.

"As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." We must begin to train our mental faculties now while they are pliable and capable of being moulded. If we allow our mind nothing of the right kind to feed upon, do not cut off the shoots, have no direct purpose in view, but allow it to grow toward this point, then that, we shall have a rough, scraggly, crooked tree, with many branches, but none of the kind which bear fruit. We see many minds going to waste for want of proper training, which no one can do except the possessor of that mind himself. If one lets the advantages which he has slip by, and does not utilize them for the advancement of his position among mankind, so far as they are honorable, he will wake up later in life to find his opportunities gone, and his life-work far below the standard he might have attained with the means once at his command.

Sir Isaac Newton, when a small boy, is said to have been kicked by the boy who stood first in his class; and Isaac, though much smaller in size, dared him to an open combat. The contest was fought in the churchyard. Newton was victorious, and, urged on by the feeling that he had been wronged and by the occasion, even rubbed his assailant's nose against the rough stones of the church. He went home exulting. But when he came to school the next morning, and saw his late victim still claiming superiority in the class room, he revolved the matter over in his mind, and resolved to be his leader there too. He put his brain at work, and, after many ups and downs, was master in mental as well as in brute force. Here we see one act start a man on his noted career; but if he had stopped there, we should in all probability never have known of Sir Isaac Newton; neither can we count the infinite loss the world would have received.

There is no need of saying that it is the hard, every-day work

which accomplishes the object worthy of notice at all. Every one should choose his calling as early in life as possible. Then he should strive to develop his mind with that goal in sight. For it is true that "what we learn in youth grows up with us, and in time becomes a part of the mind itself."

Thoughts on Peace and War.

In taking a retrospect of the history of modern nations, can we doubt for a moment that peace is fast becoming universal? For a proof of this, we have but to review the history of the nations of Europe, and we shall be convinced that wars have been less frequent during the last few centuries than formerly.

Look, for example, at England during the Plantagenet period. How often she was engaged in wars! Again, notice the "Hundred Years' War," — how many nations were disturbed — and the "Thirty Years' War," and you will easily see that wars are becoming less frequent and of shorter duration.

The fact that war at many times and under some circumstances was necessary, cannot be denied. But when such was the case, Christianity and education had not paved the way for the establishment and advancement of peace. Just notice the "feudal system," in vogue in France during many centuries, and introduced into England by the first Norman king, William the Conqueror. By this system the king owned all the land, which he divided among his nobles; they, again, subdivided it. Thus it was parcelled out, from the king down to the serfs; the higher, in each case, requiring the service of the lower in time of war, in payment for the land, instead of giving money for it. When the king wanted an army he summoned his nobles; they in turn called together their franklins; these their vassals and retainers; and soon a large army was collected around the royal standard. Under this system the barons were very powerful, and often made war on one another. But this system, which became so strong and had its brightest period during the reigns of the Plantagenet kings, was destined to fall, and gave place to a better military system.

The glory and fame of war are more than balanced by the horrors which it produces. It might be well to notice some of the effects of war. Besides devastating the nations engaged, it brutalizes the minds of the most humane. It is related of the gallant Frederic of Prussia that, during the war with the queen of Hungary, he gave positive orders that all lights in the camps of the army should be put out at eight o'clock. Immediately after the appointed time, he one evening walked through the encampment to see if all were dark. He observed a light in the tent of Captain Zeitern, which he entered as the officer was folding a letter written to his wife. Zeitern recognized the king, and implored pardon. The king ordered him to write another line which he would dictate, which was that Zeitern should be executed the next day. The king took the letter, and ordered it to be sent to the captain's wife. Can we not imagine the sequel, as on the morrow Zeitern, the victim of the demon war, was led to the place of execution? What could have been his thoughts? No doubt his widowed wife, his helpless children, his wounded honor, his disappointed ambition, and the ingratitude of his royal master by turns distract his mind. It is impossible to conceive, much less to describe, the horrors of a military execution. Let us leave the scene, for we might tarnish the memory of the immortal Frederic. He has done his duty as a warrior, and we are dazzled by the pomp of the procession as he returns from battle the conquering hero. The real miseries of war are hidden by the fame of conquest; but who, when he considers the horrors of war, will not prefer peace, and earnestly desire to see peace reigning among the nations of the earth?

One great objection raised against the promulgation of the principles of peace is, that the nations which adopt them would become the prey of more warlike neighbors. This argument is not supported by fact or reason. On the contrary, the nations that have made the greatest military preparations have, in consequence, been most frequently engaged in war; while those which have shown no will or ability to act on the offensive have been at peace. War is generally made for glory, and there is little glory in attacking a peaceful and unoffending nation.

There is growing up among the nations an opposition to the maintenance of large armies. The Hon. Edward Clarke, Q.C., of

Birmingham, England, struck the key-note, in a speech delivered in the early part of this year, when he said, — "the standing armies of Europe were a scandal and disgrace to civilization, and a perpetual menace to the peace of the world, and an intolerable burden to the toiling people. And further, their augmentation portended a disturbance of peace." Lord Randolph Churchill started a new era when, in the present cabinet of England, before he resigned his seat, he opposed the grant of thirty-one million pounds for the maintenance of the army and navy, asserting that the amount was sufficient for the time of war; thus coming out of his conservatism and keeping pace with the fast-growing principles of peace. And does not the Peace Commission, which lately visited our President, signify a stronger bond of peace between the two greatest nations of the earth? And will not other nations be influenced by the example?

Since the pacification of Europe, in 1816, a new impulse has been given to industry. The discoveries of science have been applied with wonderful success to the useful arts. Nations have begun in earnest to develop their resources. Labor is discovered to be the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles. As a necessary result of this new impulse, commerce has been wonderfully enlarged. Nations send the products of the soil and machinery where once they sent armies. Such a web of common interest has been woven that hostilities can spring up in no part of the world without deranging the order and industry of all states.

Society, in its present stage, stands in need of war no more than of the ordeal, the rack, the inquisition, the baronial license of the middle ages. All these monuments and ministers of barbarism should be buried in one common grave with war.

Presidents Address.

A Contribution to the Political Discussions of Philo.

I HAVE ventured to add my mite this evening to the political discussions which have taken place in Philo this term.

I feel justified, when I reflect that in a few years we shall be called upon to assume the duties of citizenship. I believe that the phenomenal growth of the country in population and wealth, together with its great natural resources, demand a keen and lively appreciation, on our part, of the great economic questions of the day. As the position of the Republican party has been pre-eminently sound on all monetary questions, as was exhibited during the green-back craze and in the resumption of specie payments, I purpose to give a brief sketch of its early history and an outline of its principal hobby.

The first national convention of the Republican party was held at Philadelphia, in 1856. It nominated as its standard-bearer James C. Fremont, who vigorously denounced the twin relics of barbarism, slavery and Mormonism. Its great precursor of success lay in the fact that it was a convention of young men. It was born of necessity, and was supported by the wealth and eloquence of the North. It gathered into its ranks men of all shades of political opinion, who were opposed to the industrial system of the South. In fine, the pro-slavery agitation of the South had not only obliterated old party lines, but had wholly destroyed the Whig party throughout the country. Though it was defeated in the November elections,

nevertheless, it obtained the electoral votes of eleven free states. This fact alone was a great incentive to future activity and work.

Buchanan's halting policy but added fuel to the flames of overwrought public sentiment; and the time soon came for the young giant which represented the free labor and culture of the North to present a new standard-bearer for the suffrages of the people. There were a number of seekers after the nomination, the most prominent of whom was William H. Seward. "'Tis rare," says Mr. Blaine, "that the reformer and his creed are accepted at the same time"; and it is safe for me to add, in the light of events which have happened since that time, that the hand of Providence was in that Convention when it nominated Abraham Lincoln — thus accepting the creed, but not the reformer.

There is a time in the history of nations when the personal magnetism or great genius of one man passes almost like a spirit into the hearts and minds of the people. Such was Lincoln, the instrument of Providence for the blotting out from this free country of ours the institution of slavery. The Republican candidate was endowed with good common sense and an intimate acquaintance with the people. His success at the polls and the incidents of his inauguration are matters of history and familiar to all. I will not dwell upon its dignified course during the war, and the magnanimity which it displayed at its close.

So much for its early history. Let us now briefly review its policy. There was another underlying question of difference, which precipitated a struggle between the North and South; it was free trade, as opposed to protection — a question eagerly contested from the time of Jefferson and Hamilton to the present day. The theory of protection was by no means a war measure, as some contend. To quote the words of another: "The first Tariff Act was therefore a second Declaration of Independence; and by a singular coincidence, which could not have been more striking or significant, it was approved by President Washington on the fourth day of July, 1789." To be sure, matters of temporary importance have often diverted the public mind; yet in times of peace and political quiet it has never failed to return.

With only one exception, the South has uniformly favored free trade, while the North has opposed it. The reason is obvious.

The South has relied wholly upon its agricultural resources, and has desired to obtain manufactured articles as cheaply as possible. Notice, then, the motive of the adherents of free trade is selfish, though its theory is unselfish. The North has favored protection, on the plea that protection yields higher wages to the laborer, and that it affords a home market to the agricultural products of the South and West, thereby saving to the farmers of that section the increased cost of transportation and handling; also, by manufacturing our goods at home, we save a large annual drain upon the currency. This latter argument is a good one, though very selfish; it means to retain all you can. As an illustration of this, fifty years ago, in the towns of Massachusetts, it was very difficult for a circus to obtain a license to exhibit. The reason was, that the town authorities feared that it would carry out of the town too much money. Since that time, the different communities have been bound together so that they represent one community, and the different countries are to each other as communities were in the olden time.

One of the chief arguments of the present time in favor of free trade is our large surplus. They say rightly, that it is bad policy to withdraw so much money from circulation; yet it is a curious fact, and one full of ominous import, that every attempt to reduce the surplus by lowering the tariff rates has proved abortive, and it has been augmented by the larger number of imports.

Again, a protective tariff tends to build up a manufacturing interest. I think I gave once before the society a leaf from my own experience, at which time I referred to the manufacturers of American planished iron — how these men spent large sums of money in experiments before they realized on their investments. Without a protective tariff, such a course would have been impossible. Their success furnishes a good argument for protection; for in only one point does the Russia iron excel the American, namely, in the polish, while ours is much cheaper. Moreover, the processes by which Russia iron is made are very crude; consequently it is very expensive, and were it not for our protective tariff we should still be dependent upon a foreign power for this article of trade; for no private individual would dare to risk his money in a plant which would be years in yielding a fair return, neither could the government do it, as its revenue would then be raised by direct taxation, and an

increase in these would mean public discontent. I may add, no form of taxation is so odious to the masses as a direct tax.

England maintained a protective tariff until she had trained a large army of skilled artisans, and her manufacturing plants and wealth had become so concentrated that she believed she could not only control the domestic market, but even monopolize the markets of the world. Yet Yankee ingenuity, combined with native energy and great natural resources, has enabled us to undersell her in many respects, so that even in the shops of Sheffield and Birmingham American cutlery is bought and sold. Much that I should like to say must necessarily be omitted; but is it not a logical conclusion, with such facts as these in view, that it is good policy to continue a protective tariff which has contributed in no small measure to the prosperity of the country?

Our strong bond cannot be broken.
Cud.

Editors' Review.

When the old fellows came back to school at the end of the term they were surprised at the number of changes which had taken place during the Summer vacation. Nothing seemed to have escaped untouched. The school inside, the grounds outside, the Faculty, and even the adjacent buildings had experienced the same fate. By adjacent buildings we do not mean the Commons; they are the same dear, dirty, rickety, leaky old things as ever; they never change, not even for the worse, for which the reason is obvious.

The Faculty has undergone as great a change as anything. Mr. Comstock, who has always been a great favorite with the school, is travelling in Europe, but will be back to resume his old position next year. Mr. Bierwirth has returned to the Fatherland, we understand with the intention of making it his residence for two years. Mr. Lloyd, having completed his engagement here, has accepted a position at Harvard. Mr. Gile, who has recently returned from Europe, has taken the place of Mr. Comstock; and Mr. Wells, who has also recently returned from Europe, has taken the place of Mr. Bierwirth. Both Mr. Gile and Mr. Wells have been connected with the Academy before. In addition to these, Mr. Pettee and Mr. Norton, graduates of Yale '87, have been engaged, thus making the Faculty larger by one than it was last year.

Inside the school building the old chapel has been divided by a partition, and fitted up for two recitation rooms. This obliges a long climb every morning up to the large hall, which, at the early

part of the term, called forth some comments from late risers, short winded, and tired students; but the novelty of the thing has worn off now, and it is taken as a matter of course.

One great improvement has been the placing of gas in the school. We believe that the Trustees have been aided in this matter by the generosity of Mr Weston of Dalton, the father of F. Weston, '87. The gas is supplied in every room, and is found to be much cleaner, gives better light, and is more convenient in every way than the old oil lamps.

Society hall has been newly painted and frescoed, and its appearance very much altered for the better. There is still an opportunity for the Societies to distinguish themselves by making other changes which would render it more attractive.

The attendance at Philo this term has been phenomenal. This ancient and honorable Society seems to have taken a boom; for not a part has been cut this term, and only once or twice have substitutes been procured. The work of this body has never been overestimated. It is of the greatest value to any one who wishes to make himself acquainted with parliamentary rules, to acquire general knowledge, and become a ready and fluent speaker.

The Editors of the "Phillipian" have displayed unprecedented activity this year, issuing their paper twice a week and double the size that it formerly was. This is an undertaking of great labor; and Mr. Landon, Editor-in-chief, and Mr. Bartlett, business manager, especially deserve credit for the spirit they have shown and the success they have met.

Speaking of newspapers we have to chronicle the appearance of a new paper in Andover, viz. the "Townsman." We learn from its columns that it is not the first attempt to publish a paper in this

Town, but that all have failed after a brief term of existence. We like to see efforts of this kind, as it shows spirit; and we are willing to do all we can to encourage our little relative. We would particularly recommend the "Townsman" to those who are troubled with insomnia, as its soporific qualities are unexcelled.

Students rooming in Latin Commons were grievously disappointed to find that they would have to tramp over to what was formerly the Paradise house to take their meals; Those in English Commons were highly elated at the alteration. This change was made necessary by the dilapidated condition of the house which Mr. Marland occupied last year. The old house, now useless for anything else, makes an excellent target for students of a playful nature, who pass away their time pegging stones at it.

The walk across to the dining hall would not be so bad but for the fact that the Campus has been undergoing improvements (?). A good deal of money and time has been spent in making this level, so that the school may have good grounds for athletic sports; but now it is level it is so wet as to be almost impassable. No doubt some way will be found to meet this difficulty, so that next year we hope to have a Campus that will compare with that of any preparatory school in the country.

We are sorry to say that the school has not met with unqualified success in athletics this term. Of course the great events are our contests with Exeter. Games played with other schools and colleges are interesting, but in reality are only a part of the training for the conflict with our rival. But although we did not win the foot-ball game, there is no occasion for despondency; the number of our victories still exceed the number of our defeats. We were not beaten this year because the team was weak or lacking spirit, but because that of Exeter is an extraordinary powerful one. Honors are easy in Tennis. Exeter won the singles, and we won the doubles. It was an occasion on which, as one of our Professors pithily remarked, both schools could blow horns.

The spirit of the fellows in the school seems to be of a particularly good kind this year. There is a healthy feeling of rivalry between the classes, and projects outside the routine work are entered into and supported vigorously. Those possessed of musical talent have formed a glee club and orchestra, both of which are highly creditable to the school. In addition to these there are classes in oratory and singing. These form a useful adjunct to the other work, as they tend to broaden the mind and relieve it from too close confinement to regular studies.

One movement which promises to produce very good results is that of having French and German tables at the dining hall. This will oblige students to put into practical use the knowledge of those languages which they gain in the class-room. In consequence of the limited vocabulary which most of the fellows have there is a strong tendency to yield to impulse and use the mother tongue. But as each one gets practice he will overcome this; and we look forward with great interest to see how much will be accomplished by the end of the year.

Every one will regret the loss of such a valuable and interesting building as the Mansion House. Who could have been guilty of setting it on fire, and what could have been the reason for it, is more than can be said at present; but if it is ever found out, we hope that punishment will be speedily and unflinchingly visited upon them. The history of the Mansion House is a long and eventful one. Its walls have sheltered many of America's best and noblest men, and its destruction is an irreparable loss to the whole community.

We cannot pass over the Society of Inquiry without saying a word. It is a mark of credit to the school that its meetings are always well attended, it never requires any advertising, and never makes any special efforts to bring in the students, but it always has a large number of active, working members.

Long before the time you have read this you will have formed your opinion of the present number of the "Mirror." It was our intention to get out a book which would compare favorably with any that has preceded it, and to that end we offered prizes which we thought would induce every one to compete for them. Contrary to our expectations we did not receive contibutions at all in accordance with the number of fellows in the school. This is partly owing to the fact that the ranks of the old writers were sadly depleted by the large number who left the school last year, and the new fellows did not appreciate the chance offered them. Mr. Baker took first prize offered for the best story with "A Timely Warning"; and "A Weird Visitor," by Mr. Boddie, was awarded second. The translation of the "Tenth Eclogue," by Mr. Owen, was given the first prize for poem, and Mr. Gilbert took first prize offered for best cut with the serenading party. We are also indebted to Mr. Flagg for contributions of which we have made use.

In saying good-by we wish to tender our sincere thanks to those who have helped us in our work, particularly to Messrs. Gile, Wells, and Pettee, who very kindly acted as judges. We have labored hard and long, and we hope the results will meet your approbation. As representative of the school we thought that everything in this book should be done by those belonging to it; therefore we have not availed ourselves of outside assistance in any manner. Having accomplished our undertaking, we lay down our pens and prepare to enjoy the coming vacation, wishing you all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

The Charge of the Hungry Brigade.

A hundred yards, a hundred yards,
A hundred yards onward!
Right into the dining-hall
Rush about a hundred.
Forward the bigger ones,
Running past the little ones,
Bent on dinner or death,
Rush about a hundred.

Thus is the journey made;
No one will be delayed,
Unless in class he's stayed
By a Professor.
But all the rest don't care
So long as they get there;
They will eat for two the share,—
Bent on dinner or death
Rush about a hundred.

Plates rattle to right of them,
Plates rattle to left of them,
Plates rattle in front of them,
While they are hungry.
Pushed on by those behind,
Until each his seat does find,
Then to fate they feel resigned.
Right into a place like — well,
Rush about a hundred.

Then, with a dauntless air,
They attack the beefsteak rare,
Till they leave the bones quite bare,
Leaving not a little there,
  While everybody wonders.
Then desert, one bit of pie, —
If for more you dare to try,
You receive the cold reply,
Strengthened with a gleaming eye,
  "Only one piece you can have," —
    And thus to about a hundred.

Plates rattle to right of them,
Plates rattle to left of them,
Plates rattle in front of them,
  They are no more hungry.
They have worked their jaws to death,
Didn't stop to take in breath;
Not a word a man has said
  For conversation's sake.
Then out of the place like — well,
  Go about a hundred.

When can their glory fade?
When can their bills be paid?
  That's what I wonder!
What a famine they have made
In Andover's classic shade!
  What a — what a — what a hundred!

[The man who wrote this has gone to Canade till things shall have blown over a little.]

"None but himself can be his parallel." *Thayer*, '90.

"There stands a structure of majestic frame." *Crofton.*

"Nellie, does your mother know you're out?" *Smith*, '90.

"My sentiments are, God bless the women, and especially the young women." *Bartlett*, '88 (Pres. of Philo).

"L' enfant terrible of Latin Commons." "*Sandy*" *Parker.*

"Who is the light of the class of '90?" *Lamp-rey.*

"Extra order at the Commons Dining Hall:"

Pay up your board bill.

"Who makes you tremble Friday night,
And who in bouncing takes delight?"
The Faculty.

"An understanding simple and unschooled." *Sheldon*, '89.

A Distinguished Trio.

The Dude,	*G. B. Hollister.*
The Doodlet,	*E. C. Hollister.*
The Doodledoodlet.	*F. K. Hollister.*

"Eum simillimum deo judico." *Tucker*, '88.

"Water, water everywhere! but not a drop to drink."
Fellows in E. C.

"Doing naught, and to speak true,
Not anxious to find aught to do." *G. Davis.*

"Look at the length, the breadth, the fulness, the color, and surpassing beauty of them." *Coffin's* ('89) *siders.*

The world,	*Kent Brothers.*
the flesh,	*Fatty Holland.*
and the devil,	*Paramore.*

The Sooner* Society.

Dandy Parker, '88,	Gov. Russell, '90,
Bacon, '89.	Leverty, '91.

* They would sooner flunk than study their lesson.

"'89 may think she is awfully smart,
And fairly won the cane;
'90 is only half as big,
But she gets there just the the same."

"Will you lend me five cents to get my hair cut?" *Blake.*

G. B. H. singing:

"Oh where, Oh where is my little dog gone?
Oh where, Oh where can he be?
He lives on this floor, you'll see on his door
That his name ends in l-o-n-e."

"Sweet and Low, '88."

Low enough for anything, but not so very sweet.

"Down, down, down!" *Brainard's mustache.*

"Where is that little N—? I will break him! I wanted to go to sleep in Greek, and he kept prodding me with a pencil."

Marsh, '90.

Merrill has a nice, fine shirt,
With front as white as snow;
For everything that Merrill has
He wants it all just so.

His pants are of the newest style,
And don't bag at the knee;
His coat and vest are made to match;
He is a dude, you see.

His hat is very, very nice;
His shoes they always shine;
His stand-up collar hurts his chin;
His nectie's awfully fine.

But Merrill finds his studies hard,
A little too much for him;
So some he quietly lets slide,
And others he won't begin.

What is the difference between P—— Eaton and Elder Babbit? One sells blue ribbon, and the other peddles red tape. Yah!

Little girl in chapel. — "Mamma, what does Mr. Chandler throw about his arms so for?"

Lady. — "Sh—sh, my dear; he is practising, so that when he becomes an angel he may be able to fly."

"Fearfully and wonderfully made." *The school organ.*

"I am the '*only*' masher; all the Fem. Sems. are stuck on my shape." *Bill*, '88.

"Young innocence abroad." *Campbell*, '90.

"Prof. Greaves's little supe." *Gillis*, '89.

"I'm awfully thirsty." *Carr*, 88.

"A Terry(ble) bore." *Terry, P.S.* '89.

"I need a salting." *Farwell*, '88.

"I am Pöxie's PET." *Russel*, '89.

"We miss Snowdon's whiskers." *Cheever House.*

"Please don't lick us, Snowdon." *Editors.*

"Who won the cane rush down by the Fem. Sem.?" *Coy.*

Prof. B.: "Who art thou that usurps't this time of night?
Upton: "What matters that to thee, old Greybeard?"
Both: "Nay, come; let's go in together!"

"Although '90 the cane may share,
The questionable way that she got there
Must mar, in a measure,
What should be a pleasure."

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men." *Exton*, '88.

Seniors all,
With plug hats tall,
Of a well-known brand
That's second hand.
Walking the street,
Expecting to meet
A Fem. Sem. sweet.

Oh, eighty-eight,
List to thy fate:
To Andover's belle.
Withered well,
Turn thy eye,
E'en with a sigh,
Nor question why.

For to thee
She would flee,
And be at rest
On your breast.
You enhance,
They advance,
Accept the chance.

Our Frontispiece.

Our frontispiece has been made to represent the school by embracing the leading members of the most prominent associations in the Academy, namely, Mr. Bartlett, President of the Philomathean Society; Mr. Tucker, President of the Society of Inquiry; Mr. Landon, Editor-in-chief of the *Phillipian*; Mr. Haskell, Captain of the foot-ball team; and Mr. Brainard, Captain of the base-ball nine. Each one of these gentlemen has shown himself to be particularly well adapted to the position he holds; and they may fairly be called the five most well-known and popular fellows in the school. In justice to them we must add that their modesty prevented them from readily assenting to our proposal in regard to their picture, and it was only at our urgent request that they complied with our wishes. But we feel confident that our choice will meet the approbation of all, and add tone and vigor to the Mirror.

Historical Memorabilia,

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

1778, Constitution and Deeds of Trust signed by the Founders. April 21.
1778, Board of Trustees organized, April 28.
1778, School opened for instruction, April 30.
1780, Act of Incorporation passed, October 4.
1785, Second Academy built, near present Brechen Hall.
1808, Theological Seminary added to the Academy.
1818, Academy burned, January.
1818, Third Academy, present Gymnasium, built.
1825, Philomathean Society founded.
1829, English Department and Teachers' Seminary added to the Academy, with distinct buildings, Faculty, and course of study.
1829–32, Stone Academy built for the Teachers' Seminary.
1833, Society of Inquiry founded.
1833–35, Commons built.
1840, Classical course lengthened from two years to three.
1842, English Department and Teachers' Seminary reorganized as the present English Department.
1854, Philo Mirror first published.
1854, Students' Educational Fund started by P. A. '54.
1864, Stone Academy, the fourth building, destroyed by fire, December 21.

1864, Farrar Fund founded by Samuel Farrar.
1865, Present Academy built.
1866, Gymnasium established.
1866, Chair of Natural Science founded by George Peabody.
1866, Draper Prizes founded by W. F. Draper, Esq., of Andover.
1867, Means Prizes founded by Wm. G. Means, Esq., of Boston.
1867, English Department graded into a three years' course.
1870, Clarke Scholarship founded.
1871, S. H. Taylor Fund established.
1875, Classical course lengthened from three years to four.
1875, Taylor Memorial Library founded.
1875, Philo Semi-Centennial celebration, May 26.
1875, Corner-stone of New Chapel laid.
1876, New Chapel dedicated.
1878, Phillips Academy Centennial, June 5 and 6.
1878, Phillips Academy Alumni Association organized.
1878, Class of '78 Scholarship established.
1878, Phillipian established.
1878, Jonathan Taylor Scholarship founded by Edward Taylor.
1878, Peter Smith Byers Scholarship founded by John Byers.
1879, Principalship (Peter Smith Byers Memorial) founded by Peter Smith, John Smith, John Byers.
1879, Latin Chair founded by John C. Phillips.
1879, French Scholarship founded by Hiram W. French.
1879, Abbot Academy Semi-Centennial Celebration, June.
1879, Joseph Cook Greek Prizes, instituted by Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston.
1880, Dove Latin Prizes, instituted by G. W. W. Dove, Esq., of Andover.
1880, Caroline Parker Taylor Scholarship founded by Mrs. Alpheus Hardy.
1881, Ebenezer Alden Fund established.
1882, Gerard Sumner Wiggin Scholarship founded.
1883, Chemical Laboratory built.
1883, Society of Inquiry Semi-Centennial celebrated, June 17.
1884, Stone Educational Fund established.
1884, Treasury and Principal's Office built.
1884, English Department Course lengthened to four years.

1885, Phillipian issued weekly.
1886, First Reunion and Dinner of Alumni Association, Boston, March 24.
1887, Academy greatly refitted — gas and steam introduced.
1887, Morning Prayers in Upper Hall.
1887, Campus graded.
1887, Phillipian issued semi-weekly.

PRINCIPALS.

1778–1786. Eliphalet Pearson, LL.D., Harvard 1773.
1786–1793, Ebenezer Pemberton, LL.D., Princeton 1765.
1795–1809, Mark Newman, M.A., Dartmouth 1793.
1810–1833, John Adams, LL.D., Yale 1795.
1833–1837, Osgood Johnson, M.A., Dartmouth '28.
1837–1871, Samuel Harvey Taylor, LL.D., Dartmouth '32.
1871–1873, Frederick W. Tilton, M.A., Harvard '62.
1873 Cecil F. P. Bancroft, Ph.D., Dartmouth '60.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.

E. C. BARTLETT. Woburn

VICE PRESIDENT.

N. C. HUBBARD, Wheeling, W. Va.

SECRETARY.

T. L. ELLIS. Oxford, Me.

TREASURER.

R. G. EATON, Wakefield.

MIRROR EDITORS.

A E. ADDIS, Leeds.
J. D. CLARKE, Canterbury, Ct.
J. D. CAMERON, Round Hill, N. S

EXECUTIVES.

D. CHURCHILL, Andover.
O. B BROWN, Deering, Me.
J. C. CAMPBELL. Stevens Point, Wis.
W. M. HIGGINS, Thompsonville, Ct

MEMBERS.

Adams, F. W.	Williamstown.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Allen, B. M.	Walpole.
Atha, G. R.	Providence, R. I.
Babbitt, J. A.	Swanton, Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	Swanton, Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Balliet, A. J.	Normal Square, Pa.
Benner, A. R.	Waldoboro, Me.
Bird, E. A.	Abingdon, Va.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Bradford, J. M.	Baltimore, Md.
Bronson, O. H.	New York, N. Y.
Bronson, W. H.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, O. B.	Deering, Me.
Boddie, W. P.	La Fayette, Ky.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, J. C.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmon, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kansas.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Farwell, S. F.	St. Paul, Minn.
Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
Gillis, J. T.	Mt. Pleasant, Ia.
Gillis, L. N.	Mt. Pleasant, Ia.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro'.
Halderman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hallock, H. B.	Portland, Me.
Henning, G. N.	Washington, D. C.
Higgins, W. M.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Hodgdon, F. W.	Haverhill.

Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, H.	Rochester, N. Y.
Husted, J. W., Jr.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Landon, H. McK.	Kokoma, Ind.
Low, D. S.	Ridgewood, N. J.
Lyon, W. R.	Indiana, Pa.
Massonneau, E. P.	Red Hook, N. Y.
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Moore, F. W.	Independence, Ia.
Mosely, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Neale, J. C.	Kittanning, Pa.
Oglevie, J.	Lawrence.
Parker, W. R.	Norfolk, Neb.
Philbrook, G. R.	Bethlehem, N. H.
Pierce, C. P.	Hardwick.
Sandford, E. R.	New York, N. Y.
Shaw, A. F.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Smith, G. A.	Andover.
Snowden, P. C.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Spaulding, H. N	Andover.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Thayer, S. W.	Cambridge.
Torbert, H. G.	Dubuque, Ia.
Townsend, O. E.	Zanesville, O.
Tucker, F. D.	Monson.
Tyler, S W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	No. Reading.
Weeks, A. G.	New York, N. Y.
Welles, D. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

PRESIDENT.

F. D TUCKER.	Monson.

VICE PRESIDENT.

A. F. SHAW.	Wellsboro', Pa.

SECRETARY.

H. B. HALLOCK,	Portland, Me.

TREASURER.

N. C. HUBBARD,	Wheeling, W. Va.

MEMBERS,

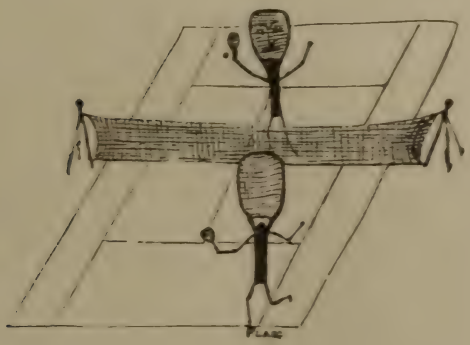
Adams, F. W.	Williamstown.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds, Mass.
Allen, B. M.	Walpole.
Atha, G. R.	Pawtucketville, R. I.
Austin, C. W.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Babbit, J. A.	Swanton, Vt.
Babbit, W. H.	Swanton, Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Balliet, A. J.	Normal Square, Pa.
Bartlett, E. C.	Woburn.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Benner, A. R.	Waldoboro, Me.
Blanchard, G. A.	Hudson Centre, N. H.
Bliss, C. D.	New York, N. Y.
Bliss, L. T.	New York, N. Y.

Boddie, W. P.	La Fayette, Ky.
Bradford, J. M.	Washington, D. C.
Bronson, O. H.	New York, N. Y.
Bronson, W. H.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, H. K.	Denver, Col.
Brown, O. B.	Deering, Me.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Campbell, J. C.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Case, J. A.	Charles City, Ia.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Converse, C. R.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Davis, A. B.	Acton.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro.
Eaton, R. G.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kan.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Everett, E. H.	Manchester, N. H.
Everett, R. M.	Manchester, N. H.
Farwell, R. K.	Freeport, Ill.
Farwell, S. V.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Gilbert, J. B.	Denver, Col.
Gillis, J. T.	Mt. Pleasant, Ia.
Gillis, L. N.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Goodwin, W. B.	Bangor, Me.
Grant, F. E.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro.
Graves, H. S.	Andover.
Gwynne, E. E.	New York, N. Y.

Hall, D.	Dover, N. H.
Halderman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hallock, H. B.	Portland, Me.
Hammond, F. C.	Worcester.
Haskell, H. B.	West Falmouth, Me.
Holbrook, G. M.	Springfield
Holland, J. W.	Westfield.
Hollister, E. C.	Rutherford, N. J.
Hollister, F. K.	Rutherford, N. J.
Hollister, G. B.	Rutherford, N. J.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hopkins, S.	St. Clair, Mich.
Hubbard, N. C.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Hutchins, S. C.	Danielsonville, Ct.
Hyde, F. C.	Newton Highlands.
Iwaya, T.	Tokio, Japan.
Jacobson, S.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Jameson, A. H.	Amherst.
Johnson, G. D.	Andover.
Kent, G. A.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kent, H. F.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kimball, G. E.	Bradford.
Kimball, H. W.	Bradford.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lakeman, F. W.	Nashua, N. H.
Landon, H. McK.	Kokomo, Ind.
Leverty, R. G.	Bridgeport, Ct.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Indiana, Pa.
Malone, L. J.	Andover.
Massonneau, E. P.	Red Hook, N. Y.
McClelland, W. F.	Denver, Col.
McCord, R.	New York, N. Y.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt,
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
McKinney, E. M.	Binghamton, N. Y.

Merrill, R.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Morrison, W. R.	Newport, R. I.
Mosley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Owen, T. N.	Granville, N. Y.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Peabody, W. H.	Laramie, Wyo. Ter.
Philbrook, G. R.	Bethlehem, N. H.
Pierce, C. P.	Hardwick.
Puffer, E. W.	Lowell.
Richards, T. Y.	New York, N. Y.
Rowley, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Russell, H. D.	Oswego, N. Y.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Shaw, A. F.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Smart, M. H.	Portland, Me.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, G. M.	Plantsville, Ct.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro, Me.
Snowden, P. C.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Sterns, W. H.	Westfield.
Stetson, H. C.	Bangor, Me.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Thayer, S. W.	Cambridge.
Tucker, F. D.	Monson.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	North Reading.
Webber, L.	Portland, Mich.
Wheeler, G. S.	Chelsea.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chatanooga, Tenn.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

TENNIS ASSOCIATION.



OFFICERS.

R. M. Weyerhauser.	President.
B. D. Bogart.	Vice President.
H. W. Spaulding.	Secretary.
H. K. Brown.	Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

Anderson, H.	Bishop, E. B.
Atherton, P. L.	Bixby, H. L.
Aylesworth, P. C.	Blake, A. N.
Babbitt, W. H.	Bliss, C. D.
Baker, C.	Bogart, B. D.
Bailey, W. A.	Bradford, J. M.
Barbour, F. H.	Brainard, H. E.
Barth, C. J.	Brewster, J. H.
Beeson, C. E.	Brewster, W. T.
Benner, A. R.	Brown, A. B.
Bill, C. G.	Brown, H. K.

Burton, M.
Campbell, J. C.
Carr, J. T.
Cheney, H. S.
Chisholm, E. C.
Churchill, D.
Closson, C. C., Jr.
Coffin, A. D.
Converse, C. R.
Craig, W. T.
Crofton, W. M.
Day, W. F.
Decker, W. H.
Donovan, W. W.
Dupont, J. C.
Eaton, R. G.
Eddy, G. S.
Elwell, J. B.
Emerson, J. L.
Farwell, R. K.
Field, J. H.
Foster, P. P.
Frear, C. W.
Gale, A. E.
Goldsmith, O. F.
Googins, T. A.
Graves, H. S.
Griffin, A. W.
Gwynne, E. E.
Hammond, F. E.
Haskell, P. T.
Hawkes, F. E.
Hixon, G. C.
Holbrook, G. M.
Holland, J. W.
Hollister, F. K.
Hood, J. C.
Hopkins, S.
Houghton, E. R.
Hubbard, N. C.
Hutchins, S. C.
Husted, J. W.
Hyde, F. C.
Jacobson, S.
Jenkins, E. S.
Jones, R. C.
Kent, G. A., Jr.
Kent, H. F.
Kimball, G. E.
Kimberley, J. G.
Landon, H. McK.
McClelland, W. F.
McCormick, H. B.
McKinney, E.
Marland, C. N.
Marsh, C. C.
Marsh, W.
Massoneau, E. P.
Merrill, R.
Moore, F. W.
Morris, N. N.
Mowry, S.
Neale, J. C.
Ogden, W. J.
Orvis, G. A.
Paramore, J. A.
Parker, W. W.
Parsons, J.
Peabody, W. H.
Perkins, C. F.
Pettibone, A. W.
Prentiss, G. N.
Preston, A. H.
Preston, W. G.
Richards, T. T.
Roudebush, J. H.

Sawyer, J. C.
Shaw, A. F.
Smith, G. M.
Smith, H. M.
Snowden, P. C.
Spaulding, H. N.
Sprague, R. P.
Sprague, R. W.
Stanley, A. W.
Stearns, A. E.
Stetson, H. C.
Sullivan, F. J.
Torbert, H. G.
Townsend, O. E.
Walker, W. C.
Weeks, A. G.
Welles, D. H.
Weyerhauser, R. M.
Wheeler, G. S.
Wiley, G. P.
Wilson, G. E.
Woodruff, W. H.
Woodworth, A.

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '88.

Colors: Old Gold and Blue.

"*Virtute Vincamus.*"

President.	E. C. Bartlett.
Vice President,	B. M. Allen.
Secretary,	H. B. McCormick.
Treasurer.	O. B. Brown.

P. S., '88

Colors: Green and Blue.

"*Willenskraft Wage Schafft.*"

President,	H. K. Brown.
Vice President,	R. M. Weyerhaeuser
Secretary and Treasurer,	A. W. Griffin.

P. A., '89.

Colors: Lavender and Light Brown.

"Οὐ δόκειν ἀλλ' εἶναι."

President.	A. E. Sheldon.
Vice President.	H. W. Greenough.
Secretary and Treasurer,	E. B. Bishop.

P. S., '89.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.

"*Arise ye fire.*"

President.	R. Merrill.
Vice President.	G. M. Smith.
Secretary and Treasurer.	C. E. Beeson.

P. A., '90.

Colors: Violet and Yellow.

"*De Die en Diem.*"

President,	A. E. Addis.
Vice President,	A. E. Stearns.
Secretary and Treasurer.	S. W. Thayer.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"*Sans Pareil.*"

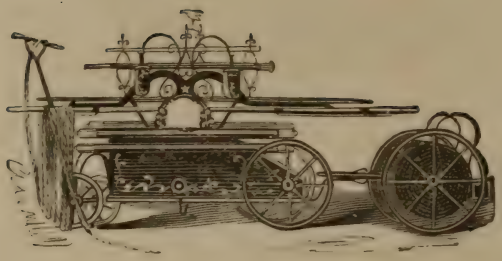
President,	E. E. Gwynne.
Vice President.	J. H. Brewster.
Secretary and Treasurer.	L. T. Bliss.

P. A., '91.

President,	G. R. Atha.
Vice President,	J. A. Case.
Secretary and Treasurer.	J. H. Roundebush.

P. S., '91.

Unorganized.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

C. Morgan.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

E. D. Funk.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

C. W. Frear.
H. S. Graves,
R. Merrill,
F. W. Lakeman,
F. K. Hollister.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

G. B. Hollister.
C. E. Beeson.
H. C. Stetson.
E. C. Hollister.

DRIVER.

W. H. Woodruff.

Phillips Academy Orchestra.

CONDUCTOR.

J. W. Richardson.

SECRETARY.

C. Morgan.

FIRST VIOLIN.

O. B. Brown. J. W. Richardson.

SECOND VIOLIN.

C. Morgan, L. Weber.

R. K. Farwell.

FLUTE.

C. W. Frear.

CLARIONET.

A. W. White, W. F. Howard.

CORNET.

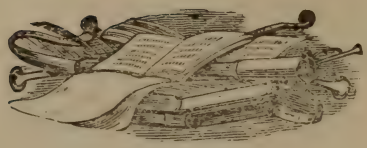
H. Kent, H. W. Kimball.

TROMBONE.

J. C. du Pont.

CONTRA BASS.

C. E. Beeson.



THE GLEE CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

G. B. Hollister.

MANAGER.

J. T. Carr.

FIRST TENOR.

J. T. Carr, G. J. Hamlin,
A. J. Balliet.

SECOND TENOR.

G. B. Hollister, A. E. Addis,
F. K. Hollister.

FIRST BASS.

F. D. Tucker, L. J. Malone,
W. H. Stearns.

SECOND BASS.

R. K. Farwell, H. W. Kimball,
C. J. Stone.

ABBOT STREET GLEE CLUB.

"Doc" Brown,
"English" Brainard.
"Jimmy" Carr,
"Silly" du Pont,
"Western Screamer" Marsh,
"Happy Will" Parker.

SOLOISTS.

Soprano Altissimo, "Long Bill" Crofton.
Basso Profundo, "Runt" Parker.
Warbler, "Dutch" Weyerhaeuser.

The services of the Club can be secured at low rates by application to Frederick Angus Googins (alias Aggie), Manager.

Ye Serenaders.

Phillips Academy Banjo Quartette.

F. K. Hollister, W. M. Crofton,
W. Marsh, W. J. Ogden.

Abbot Street Banjo Quartette.

E. H. Brainard, H. K. Brown,
W. Marsh, W. M. Crofton.

Phillips Brass Quartette.

FIRST CORNET.
H. F. Kent.

SECOND CORNET.
R. A. Coffin.

ALTO.
H. W. Kimball.

TROMBONE.
J. C. du Pont.

PHILLIPS CHAPEL CHOIR.

ORGANIST.

W. S. Haskell.

AIR.

G. B. Hollister,
G. R. Atha,
H. F. Flint,
F. K. Hollister,
F. D. Tucker,
S. E. Farwell,
G. R. Philbrook,
C. Morgan.

TENOR.

A. J. Balliet,
G. J. Hamlin,
J. T. Carr,
A. E. Addis,
W. M. Higgins.

BASS.

H. W. Kimball,
W. H. Stearns,
F. E. McDuffee,
R. W. Holmes,
R. K. Farwell,
L. J. Malone,
H. D. Russell,
H. W. Greenough.

THE PHILLIPIAN.

The most popular Semi-weekly of its kind in America.
Circulation, 000,000,000.
Sworn to before "Old Fruges."

EDITOR IN CHIEF.

Way Back Landon, from Kokomokopocohoto, Ind. Ter. Cribs editorials, and generally does all the work.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

Woe-Begone Bartlett. Buys the cigars, keeps the beer cool, etc.

ASSISTANTS.

(Consume the above-mentioned beer and cigars.)

A. E. Addis, Sleeping Partner.

E. H. Brainard, Out-door Reporter for Fem. Sems.

J. T. Carr, Fem. Sem. Interviewer, authority on ladies' fashions.

J. C. duPont, Reports interesting details concerning Fem. Sems.

F. D. Tucker, Chaplain of the Board, Joke-Maker, Gospel-Hymn Tooter, etc.

The PHILLIPIAN is entered as darned bad-class matter at the Andover Post Office.

FOOT-BALL TEAMS.

First Eleven.

CAPTAIN.

P. T. Haskell.

MANAGER.

J. C. du Pont.

RUSHERS.

Brainard, Crofton.
Funk, Preston,
Parker, Bogart,
Haskell (center).

QUARTER-BACK.

Graves.

HALF-BACKS.

Bliss, Merrill.

FULL-BACK.

Sprague.

SUBSTITUTES.

Talliet, Haskell,
Lakeman, Mowry.

Second Eleven.

RUSHERS.

Haskell,	Holland.
Thayer.	Coffin,
Morgan.	Weyerhaeuser.
Hollister,	Schoen,
Lakeman.	Brown,
Hamlin,	Johnson.

Balliet (center).

QUARTER-BACK.

Malone.

HALF-BACKS.

Mowry, Cartwright.

FULL-BACK.

Stone.

Latin Commons Eleven.

RUSHERS.

Haskell (captain),

Allen,	Addis,
Hollister,	Balliet,
Schoen,	Philbrook.

QUARTER-BACK.

Malone.

HALF-BACKS.

Cartwright, Holmes.

FULL-BACK.

Hallock.

P. S. '88.

RUSHERS.

Brown (end), Bill.
Brainard (guard), Crofton (center).
Bogart (guard), du Pont,
Weyerhaeuser (end).

QUARTER-BACK.

Wheeler.

HALF-BACKS.

Preston. Marsh.

FULL-BACK.

Peabody.

SUBSTITUTES.

Eddy, Prentiss,
Hyde, Griffin,
Marland. Kimball.

Harmless Hyde, Bill, Eddy.
Lemon Squeezer, Miss Kimball.

Ellis House Eleven.

Captain, H. P. Johnson.

G. M. Holbrook, N. C. Hubbard.
C. A. Russell, C. J. Barth.
G. S. Eddy, J. A. Case.
A. E. Gale, W. B. Stork.
A. D. Coffin, W. H. Peabody.

Have beaten the Cheever and Carter House and three picked elevens.

Faculty House.

RUSHERS.

Sprague (end), Woodworth,
Smith (No. 2), Morgan (captain, center),
Upton, Landon,
Churchill (end).

QUARTER-BACK.

Sawyer.

HALF-BACKS.

Stearns, Sprague.

FULL-BACK.

Hutchins.

Trainer, Dr. Bancroft.
Backer, Mr. McCurdy.

English Commons.

CAPTAIN.

Williams.

RUSHERS.

Austin, Holland (centre),
Shaw, Hawkes,
Clarke, Puffer,
Brewster.

FULL-BACK.

Williams ('89).

QUARTER-BACK.

Ellis.

HALF-BACKS.

Lyon, Jacobson.

SUBSTITUTES.

Blake, Dow, Perham.

Cheever House.

RUSHERS.

Russell, Husted, Bill (the "Masher"),
Torbert (Captain). Landon, Sheldon. McClelland.

QUARTER-BACK.

Sprague.

HALF-BACKS.

Frear, Sprague.

FULL-BACK.

Coffin.

SUBSTITUTES.

King, Beeson.

Water and Ball Carriers and Ambulance Corps.
Johnnie Campbell, assisted by little Gavie Campbell.

Abbot Street.

RUSHERS.

Brown (end), Crofton (centre), du Pont,
Brainard (guard), Weyerhaeuser (guard), Carr,
Perkins (end).

QUARTER-BACK.

Jenkins.

HALF-BACKS.

Parker, Marsh.

FULL-BACK.

Prentiss.

SUBSTITUTES.

Converse, Smith, Townsend.

Chaplain, Bailey. *Ball Inflater*, Googins.
Professional Coacher, "Grand Stand" Decker.
Fem. Sem. Rusher, Rudolphsen Michael Weyerhaeuser.

Champions.—Blunt House Team.

MANAGER.

F. K. Hollister.

CAPTAIN.

E. D. Funk.

RUSHERS.

Preston, Morgan,
Woodruff, Hamlin,
Funk, Phillips,
Paramore.

QUARTER-BACK.

McCormick.

HALF-BACKS.

Merrill, Bliss.

FULL-BACK.

Emerson.

SUBSTITUTES.

"I'lsey" Morris (purveyor of decayed beef to the foot-ball team. Breath furnished, warranted to last for a full half).

E. E. Gwynne (balker and sporting wind-bag).

"Sleepy" Fuller (trainer and all-around athlete. 'Sluggers" guaranteed on short notice).

"Baby" Orvis (who revives the toil-worn warriors with his "fresh ness").

J. T. Carr,
G. B. Hollister,
J. W. Husted, Jr.,
R. Merrill,
W. J. Ogden,
W. W. Parker,

A. H. Preston.

THE PANTRY TAPPERS.

MEMBERS.

C. W. Frear,
J. L. Russell,
R. A. Coffin,
W. F. McClelland,
H. G. Torbert,
J. W. Richardson.

PARTIAL MEMBERS.

G. Campbell,
J. C. Campbell,
C. E. Beeson.

YALE CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

F. D. Tucker.

SECRETARY.

J. W. Husted, Jr.

SHADY SIDE COURT.

J. T. Carr,
J. W. Husted, Jr.,
R. Merrill,
R. K. Farwell.

THE L. O. E. TENNIS CLUB.

H. G. Torbert,
W. F. McClelland,
C. E. Beeson,
J. C. Campbell.

CHEERING STAFF.

LEADER.

J. T. Carr.

ASSISTANTS.

C. Morgan, C. E. Beeson.

THE A. U. V. SOCIETY.

C. E. Beeson,
C. D. Bliss,
H. K. Brown,
E. H. Brainard,
W. M. Crofton,
J. L. Emerson,
A. E. Gale,
J. A. Phillips.

T.F.C.Q.
K.O.A.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

BOSTON.

We invite your inspection of our stock of Ready Made Garments for Young Gentlemen's Spring and Summer wear, the fabrics of which are of the best Foreign and Domestic productions. The garments are manufactured by us on our premises, and are perfect in workmanship and style.

Attention is also called to our

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT,

where a choice line of novelties is shown,
and from which garments are made
to order at reasonable prices.

A. Shuman & Co.,

Washington St. Cor. Summer St.,

BOSTON.

F. L. DUNNE,

Tailor to the P. A. A.

Constantly in receipt of the latest London and Paris Novelties.

The largest student trade of any house in the United States.

TAILOR TO THE HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

338 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PHILLIPS SCHOOL BOOKS.

NOVELTIES IN STATIONERY.

PAPER BY THE POUND.

Engraved Cards and Invitations.

AT THE

ANDOVER BOOKSTORE.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.

Any book learned in one reading.

Recommended by MARK TWAIN, RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Dr. MINOR, &c. Class of 100 Columbia law students; two classes of 200 each at Yale; 400 at University of Penn., Phila.; 400 at Wellesley College, and three large classes at Chautauqua University, &c. Prospectus POST FREE from

PROF. LOISETTE,
237 Fifth Ave., New York.

Prof. Loisette's Memory Discovery.

Prof. Loisette's new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Ave., New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of 200 each, 250 at Meriden, 300 at Norwich, 100 Columbia Law Students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn., &c. Such patronage and the endorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale, &c., place the claim of Prof. Loisette upon the highest ground.

CANNON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

LAWRENCE, MASS.

ALL KINDS OF

ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP

Executed in the best style and at short notice.

MOOERS & FARNHAM,

CUSTOM TAILORING,

TAILORS' TRIMMINGS AT WHOLESALE,

LAWRENCE REMNANT STORE,

169 ESSEX STREET,

E. M. MOOERS.
W. F. FARNHAM.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

BONAIR CAFE.

Ladies' and Gents' Dining Rooms.

EVERYTHING NEAT, CLEAN AND PROMPTLY SERVED.

57 MERRIMACK ST., HAVERHILL.

H. C. TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

Geo. W. Colburn & Co.,

STATIONERS, NEWSDEALERS,

Gilders and Picture Frame Manufacturers,

DEALERS IN FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS & ART NOVELTIES,

281 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

GEORGE H. LECK,

PHOTOGRAPHER

283 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE.

Students of Phillips Academy will find it more convenient and less expensive to come here for Photographs than to go to Boston. Special prices to Classes. Nothing but first class work.

WM. FORBES & SONS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

Steam, Gas and Water Fitters,

448 & 450 Essex St., cor. Hampshire St.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Bicknell Bro's
LAWRENCE MASS.

Manufacturing Retailers and Gents' Outfitters,

469 & 471 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, - - MASS.

LAWRENCE

One Price Clothing Co.,

431 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

DYER & CO.,

337 ESSEX STREET. - LAWRENCE.

BANJOS, GUITARS, VIOLINS, &c.,

BICYCLES, TENNIS GOODS, AND CROQUET.

M. W. MORRIS & CO.

Tailors,

465 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, - - MASS.

Specialties in Graduating Suits.

GORDON & DILWORTH

MANUFACTURING PURVEYORS

ESTABLISHED 1847.

SEE OTHER SIDE.

GORDON & DILWORTH

MANUFACTURING PURVEYORS

ESTABLISHED 1847.

ALL OF OUR PRODUCTIONS BEAR THIS TRADE MARK. WILL PROSECUTE ALL IMITATIONS & INFRINGEMENTS OF THE SAME

OVER 100 DOMESTIC & FOREIGN FRUITS & VEGETABLES TRANSMUTED INTO TABLE DELICACIES

PRESERVED FRUITS. CANNED & BRANDY VEGETABLES. SOUPS. SYRUPS. JELLIES. BLE'Y BRANDY. CATSUPS. JAMS.

PRICES ON PRESERVES REDUCED DEC. 1st. 1885.

MINCE MEAT. PLUM PUDDING. SWEET PICKLES. CAPERS. OLIVES. SALAD DRESSING. WINE JELLIES. MARMALADES. &C. &C.

OUR PRESERVES & JELLIES

HAVE LED THE MARKET FOR 40 YEARS

OUR MINCE MEAT & PLUM PUDDING

ARE SIMPLY INCOMPARABLE.

OUR SALAD DRESSING & NEW PROCESS CATSUP

GIVE TONE TO THE MOST MODEST REPAST,

WHILE OUR

OLIVES CAPERS AND BRANDY FRUITS

ADDED THERETO, TRANSFORM IT INTO A FEAST.

FOR SALE BY THE LEADING GROCERS ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

SEE OTHER SIDE

· THE ·

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY
of HARTFORD, CONN.

Original Accident Co. of AMERICA
LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, Best of Life Companies.

ISSUES

ACCIDENT POLICIES, covering injuries received in Travel, Work, or Sport.

BEST LIFE POLICY in the Market. Indefeasible, Non-Forfeitable, World-Wide.

PAID POLICY-HOLDERS $13,500,000.

All Claims paid without Discount, and immediately on receipt of Satisfactory Proofs.

Assets, $9,464,000. Surplus, $2,227,000.

J. G. BATTERSON, Pres. RODNEY DENNIS, Sec.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Sec.

[Cut copyrighted by E. S. TILTON.]

The Full Principal Sum on Accident Policies will be paid in case of loss of both feet, both hands, a hand and a foot, or the entire sight of both eyes, by accident.

One-third the Principal Sum for loss of a single hand or foot.

NEW YORK, SOUTH & WEST

—VIA—

FALL RIVER LINE.

STEAMERS PILGRIM & BRISTOL,

Lighted by Electricity, Heated by Steam.

Special Express connecting with Steamer at Fall River in 80 minutes,

LEAVES OLD COLONY STATION

Week days at 6 P. M. until Jan. 1, Sundays at 7 P. M., connecting to Brooklyn and Jersey City by annex boat. Tickets, Staterooms and Berths secured at

NO. 3 OLD STATE HOUSE,

Cor. Washington & State Sts. and at the Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK, General Manager. GEO. L. CONNOR, Agt., 3 Old State House.

WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,

TAILORS,

368 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

OPPOSITE BROMFIELD STREET.

C. A. W. CROSBY,

—DEALER IN—

Watches, Jewelry,

SILVER & PLATED WARE.

474 Washington St., opp. Temple Place, Boston.

Watches Cleaned, Repaired and Adjusted.

FROST & ADAMS,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Mathematical Instruments, Architects' and Engineers' Stationery.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO STUDENTS TRADE.

37 Cornhill Street, Boston.

KENNELLY & SYLVESTER,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

Hallet & Davis and Emerson Pianos,

BANJOS AND GUITARS.

Large assortment of Sheet Music and other Musical Merchandise, Pianos to Let, or sold on Easy Instalments. Tuning and Repairing neatly and promptly done. Satisfaction guaranteed.

256 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

WATCHES.

TIFFANY & CO.,

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Particularly request attention to their line of low-priced Watches, which they confidently recommend as the best yet produced for the money. The movements are sound, stem-winding anchors, and are cased in 18-kt. gold in variety of styles.

Each watch is stamped with the name of the house, thereby carrying its guarantee.

Large size, for Gentlemen,	**$75**
Medium size, for Gentlemen,	**65**
Large size, for Ladies,	**60**
Small size, for Ladies,	**50**

Cuts showing sizes and styles of the Watches, and patterns of chains suitable to be worn with them, sent on request.

YOUMANS

THE HATTER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of

Gents' Headwear.

ALL THE LEADING STYLES IN

American and European

NOVELTIES.

ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

180, 712 and 1107 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

BASE BALL AND FOOT BALL GOODS.

RACKETS and TENNIS GOODS.

Improved Striking Bags for Gymnasium Use.

Nobby Caps and Elegant Neckwear.

EXTRA HEAVY SWEATERS,
FOR SKATING AND TOBOGGANNING.

'Samples of French and English Flannels,
FOR SPRING OF 1888.

AGENCY AT L. C. 22.

Samuel Ward Company,

(INCORPORATED)

178 to 184 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Commencement and Class Day Invitations,

Dance Orders,

Visiting Cards,

Stamping, &c.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

AGENCY FOR

YOUMAN'S

Celebrated

NEW YORK

HAT.

LAWRENCE

MASS.

ORDERS

BY MAIL

PROMPTLY

ATTENDED TO.

James F. Richards, M. D.,

RESIDENCE AND OFFICE,

MAIN STREET, CORNER PUNCHARD AVENUE,

ANDOVER, MASS.

CHARLES H. GILBERT,

DENTIST,

Draper's Block, Andover, Mass.

George H. Parker,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

ANDOVER, MASS.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

E. H. Barnard,

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTER,

GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING

DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Window Glass and Wall Papers.

ESSEX STREET, - ANDOVER, MASS.

BENJAMIN BROWN,

DEALER IN

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

SWIFT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

Having added one of the English Repairing Machines to our Fitting Department, and having in our employ a first-class workman, we are now prepared to insert New Gores in Congress Boots and Shoes, and Repair Uppers with Front and Back Strips, Button Pieces, Foxings, etc., in the Neatest Manner, at Reasonable Prices.

SMITH & MANNING,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

ESSEX STREET,

ANDOVER, - - MASS.

JOHN CORNELL,

DEALER IN

Wood, Coal, Hay and Straw,

OFFICE IN CARTER'S BUILDING, MAIN ST.

COMMONS DINING HALL,

Open to students of Phillips Academy from September to July.

PERMANENT BOARD, $3.00 A WEEK.

WILLIAM MARLAND, Propr.

T. J. FARMER,

DEALER IN

SALT, SMOKED AND PICKLED FISH,

Oysters, Clams and Lobsters.

3 CENTRAL ST., (opp. Baptist Church), ANDOVER.

REA & ABBOTT,

DEALERS IN

Meat and Provisions,

MAIN STREET, OPP. THE BANK,

ANDOVER, - - MASS.

J. M. BRADLEY,

Tailor, Clothier and Furnisher,

MAIN STREET, - - ANDOVER, MASS.

VALPEY BROTHERS,

— DEALERS IN —

MEATS AND PROVISIONS,

Corner Main Street and Elm Square,

ANDOVER, MASS.

G. H. VALPEY. E. H. VALPEY.

WILLIAM F. FINDLEY,

DEALER IN

FISH OF ALL KINDS,

FRESH, SALT, SMOKED, PICKLED,

LOBSTERS, CLAMS AND OYSTERS.

Fancy Fish of all kinds in season. Goods delivered.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

L. J. BACIGALUPO,

MANUFACTURER OF

Choice Confectionery

AND DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT AND ICE CREAM.

Barnard's New Block, Main Street, Andover.

G. C. LYLE,

FINE ASSORTMENT OF CONFECTIONERY CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

FINE BRANDS OF CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

ICE COLD SODA DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.

All Flavors and the Very Best Syrups.

Also a general stock of stationery, and small wares.

Carter's Block, Central Street, Andover.

O. CHAPMAN,

DINING ROOMS,

Fruit, Confectionery, Blank Books,
Stationery, Inks. Kerosene Oil, and Lamps.
Large Stock Canned Goods, Base Ball Goods,

EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO A STUDENT'S OUTFIT.

Nothing prettier for

CHRISTMAS

than a box of large roses from

MRS. WATERMAN'S GREENHOUSE.

W. H. EATON,

Watchmaker and Optician,

ANDOVER, MASS.

OFFICE * WESTERN * UNION * TELEGRAPH.

JOHNSON'S
Andover & Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICES:

32 COURT SQUARE & 105 ARCH STREET,

Andover Office at my Store.

J. H. CHANDLER, Proprietor and Messenger.

BROWN'S
Andover & Boston Express,

BOSTON OFFICES, 34 Court Square and 77 Kingston Street.
ANDOVER OFFICE, No. 1 Park Street.

F. B. JENKINS, PROPRIETOR.

ELM HOUSE,

A. F. WILBUR, Proprietor.

OPPOSITE MEMORIAL HALL, ANDOVER, MASS.

This Hotel is pleasantly situated in one of the most beautiful and healthful towns in New England.

Ample Accomodations for Summer Boarders.

First Class Livery connected with the House.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods & Groceries,

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH.

CENTRAL STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN H. DEAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Fall and Winter Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing done at short notice.

MAIN STREET, + + ANDOVER.

J. H. CHANDLER.

DEALER IN

PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.

Also Office for Franklin and White Ash Coals and Hard and Soft Wood.

Opposite Town Hall, Andover, Mass.

J. A. LEITCH, M. D.,

Room 7, Carter's Block,

Andover, Mass.

OFFICE HOURS: 1 TO 3 AND 7 TO 9.

J. E. WHITING,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Barnard's Brick Block, Main Street, Andover.

I respectfully invite the students of the Academy to inspect my stock of

Alarm Clocks, Banjo, Violin and Guitar Strings, Lawn Tennis Rackets and Balls, Base Balls and Bats.

RELIABLE WATCH & CLOCK REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

CALL AT THE NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE

J. E. SEARS,

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

BANK BUILDING, MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

Repairing in all its branches done with neatness and despatch.

E. PIKE,

DEALER IN

LAMPS, OIL STOVES, ETC.,

PARK STREET, ANDOVER.

Hoffman House,

(A FAVORITE FAMILY HOTEL)

BROADWAY AND MADISON SQUARE

NEW YORK.

Central to all principal Theatres and points of interest in the city.

RESTAURANT, CAFE AND SALOONS UNEXCELLED.

Rooms $2.00 per Day and Upwards.

C. H. READ & CO. Proprietors.

BIGELOW & CO

Read his London Hats

PHILO. MIRROR.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

EDITORS:

A. F. SHAW, J. C. CAMPBELL,

A. R. BENNER.

WINTER TERM,

1868.

We invite your inspection of our stock of Ready-Made Garments for Young Gentlemen's Spring and Summer wear, the fabrics of which are of the best Foreign and Domestic productions. The garments are manufactured by us on our premises, and are perfect in workmanship and style.

Attention is also called to our

Custom Department,

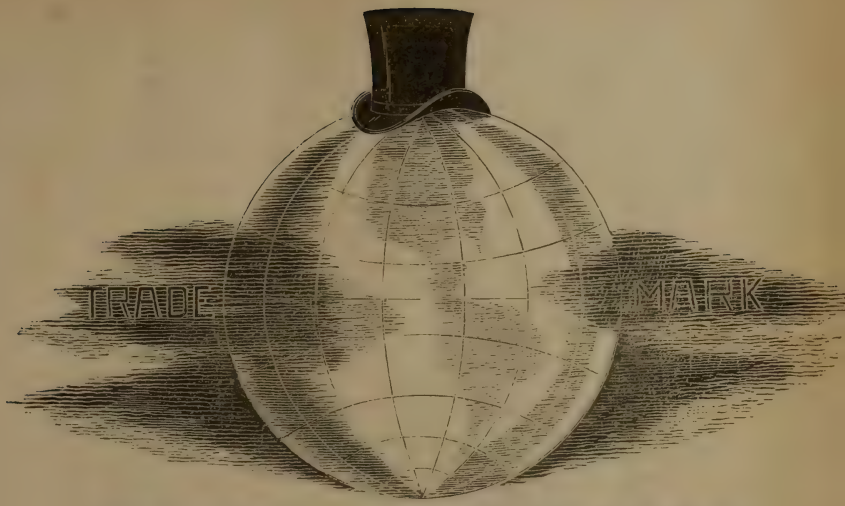
where a choice line of novelties is shown, and from which garments are made to order at reasonable prices.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

Washington St., cor. Summer St.,

BOSTON.

a

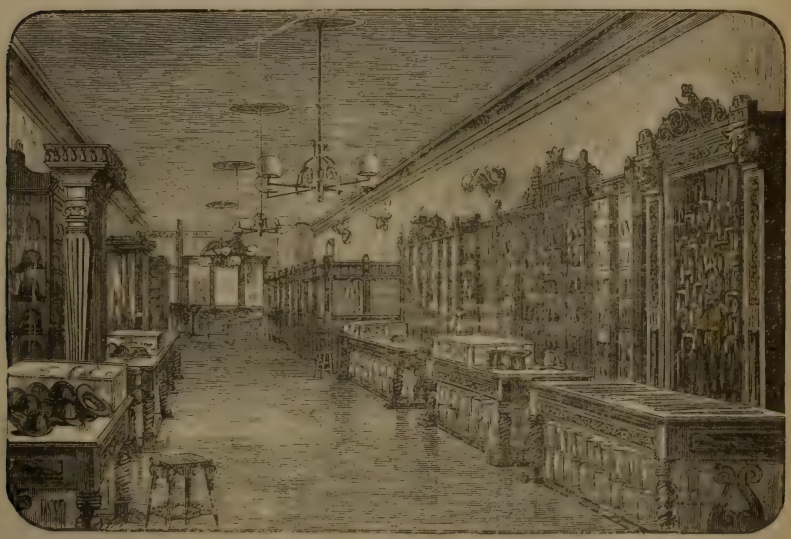


COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

Successors to D. P. ILSLEY & CO.

HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

381 Washington Street, opposite Franklin, - - Boston, Mass.



English and American Hats of every description.

RICHARDSON & SWETT,

(SUCCESSORS TO W. HAPGOOD,)

Tailors and Importers,

17 COURT ST., BOSTON.

Wishing to increase the patronage we have received from the Academy, we shall make special terms to Students.

JOHN N. COLE,

PHILLIPS ACADEMY

STATIONER

—AT THE—

Andover Book Store.

Successor to W. F. Draper.

L. P. HOLLANDER & CO.,

YOUNG MEN'S TAILOR'S, AND OUTFITTERS.

READY-MADE DEPARTMENT.

Dress and School Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters, Covert Coats, etc., of our own make.
Also a line of London-made goods of our own importation.
ENGLISH MACKINTOSHES in great variety for young men and boys.
BLAZERS and LOUNGING COATS. The largest assortment of fine goods in Boston. Also SILK, FLANNEL, and CHEVIOT SHIRTS for tennis wear.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

The latest novelties in Shirtings, Trouserings, Ulsterings, Fancy Vestings, etc.
☞ Dress and Cutaway Suits a Specialty. ☜

FURNISHING GOODS.

ENGLISH NECKWEAR.

Fine Shirts to order and ready made.
HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

HATS AND CAPS.

English Derbys and a full line of the best American makes. Tennis Caps of Silk and Flannel, and to match Blazers. Travelling Hats, etc.
We shall endeavor to keep in stock at all times the most complete line of Young Men's Goods. Our qualities are guaranteed only the best, and our prices as low as any.

82 and 83 BOYLSTON ST. and PEARL SQ.,

BOSTON.

Horse Cars connecting with all the Depots pass the door.

Full Evening Dress Shirts, Collars, and Cravats

Constantly on hand for Dinner Parties, Weddings, or any occasion.

The present English Fashion of shirts made with Linen Cords and Spot Bosoms may be had of NOYES BROS.

English Dressing Gowns, Jackets, and Wraps.

LAWN TENNIS SHIRTS, COATS, TROUSERS AND HOSE.

TENNIS BELTS AND CAPS in Stock, and made to measure from choice styles of ENGLISH FLANNELS.

Gloves of every description, for dress, street-driving, and the famous London Tan, at $1.35, at NOYES BROS.

JUROR'S AWARD for beauty of workmanship and design, and distinguished excellence in the manufacture of shirts, to

NOYES BROS.,

Hosiers, Glovers, and Shirt Makers,

Washington and Summer Sts.,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

LONDON TAN STREET GLOVES, warranted, $1.35, at NOYES BROS.

DRESS SHIRTS, for Weddings, for Receptions, for Dinner Parties, with Collars, Cuffs, and Cravats, in the latest English Style. Plain French Bosoms, fine Embroidered Spots, Figures, and Cords, at NOYES BROS.

ENGLISH CHEVIOTS, ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLANNELS, SILK AND WOOL AND PURE SILK SHIRTINGS, for Tennis, for Steamer Traveling, for Hunting and Fishing, for Railway and Yachting, Always in stock or made to special measure, at NOYES BROS.

ENGLISH MACKINTOSH COATS for Ladies and Gentlemen, at NOYES BROS.

ENGLISH RUGS and SHAWLS for Steamer and Railway use, at NOYES BROS.

ENGLISH FLANNEL BLANKET AND SHAWL WRAPS, for the Sick Room; for Steamer and Railway traveling. For the bath and house use they are indispensable, $3.25 to $65.00.

ENGLISH NECKWEAR, at NOYES BROS.

Underwear and Hosiery in Pure Silk, Lambs' Wool, Merino, Balbriggan, and English Cotton for early Spring wear, at NOYES BROS.

English Flannel Pajamas, Long Flannel Night Shirts for steamer and railway traveling at NOYES BROS.

NEW FRENCH SHIRTINGS.

CHEVIOTS,
MADRAS,
ENGLISH and
FRENCH
FLANNELS,
and SILK
SHIRTINGS.

For Tennis,
" Railway,
" Car,
" Hunting,
" Traveling,
" Steamer,
" Fishing,
" Yachting,

Always in stock or made to SPECIAL MEASURE.

NOYES BROS.,

Hosiers, Glovers, and Shirt Makers,

Washington and Summer Sts.,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

F. L. DUNNE,

Tailor to the P. A. A.

Constantly in receipt of the latest London and Paris Novelties.

The largest student trade of any house in the United States.

TAILOR TO THE HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

338 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

WE RECOMMEND

J. & P. COATS

BEST SIX-CORD

SPOOL COTTON.

WHITE, BLACK, AND COLORS.

For machine and hand sewing

BUY THE BEST.

ACCIDENTS OF

TRAVEL, SPORT, OR BUSINESS

ARE INSURED AGAINST BY

ORIGINAL
ACCIDENT
COMPANY
OF AMERICA,

LARGEST IN THE WORLD;

ALSO, *BEST OF LIFE COMPANIES.*

LOWEST RATES CONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

FULL PRINCIPAL SUM paid for loss of hands, feet, hand and foot, or sight, by accident; ONE-THIRD same for loss of single hand or foot.

NO EXTRA CHARGE for European Travel and Residence.

ITS RESOURCES are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. PAYS ALL CLAIMS, without discount, immediately on receipt of satisfactory proofs. MOST LIBERAL NON-FORFEITURE provisions in all its Policies.

Paid Policy-Holders $14,500,000.

ASSETS, $9,584,000. SURPLUS, $1,909,000.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, PRES. RODNEY DENNIS, SEC.
JOHN E. MORRIS, ASS'T SEC.

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

"MORAL. INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

J. M. BRADLEY,

Merchant Tailor,

— AND —

MEN'S OUTFITTER,

MAIN STREET, - - - ANDOVER,

Invites an inspection of his line of New Goods for Spring and Summer wear.

People of refined taste desiring specially fine Cigarettes should use our

SATIN, FOUR-IN-HAND, ATHLETIC, AND CUPID,

FOURTEEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

STRAIGHT-CUT, HAND-MADE,

From the best Virginia and Turkish leaf.

PEERLESS TOBACCO WORKS,

ESTABLISHED 1846.

Wm. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

Fashionable Clothing,

FOR YOUNG MEN,

Equal to custom, at much less price.

Spring Overcoats, $12. $15. and $20.
Full Dress Suits, $20. and $25.
Cape Overcoats, $15. $18. and $20.
College Suits, $10. $15. and $20.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

508 Washington Street and 5 Bedford Street,

BOSTON.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 2.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

MARCH 1888.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1878.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 John Street, N. Y.

HENRY HOE Sole Agent.

W. S. Brewer & Co
Tailors
488 Washington St
Nearly opp. Temple Pl.

The new goods for this season now in stock.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Iphigenia,	13
The Sexton's Story,	19
P. A. '89,	24
Influence of Fiction upon the Student,	26
Hearthstones,	29
P. S. '89,	31
James Norman,	33
P. A. '90,	42
The Influence of Athletics,	44
The Bells (Revised),	50
P. S. '90,	52
Editors' Review,	54
Wise and Otherwise,	59
Mirror Reflections,	62
Presidents of Philo,	67
The Phillips Pot-Pourri,	73

THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS.

Editors.

A. F. SHAW,

J. C. CAMPBELL,

A. R. BENNER.

The Mirage.

THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXV. MARCH, 1888. No. II.

Iphigenia.

LEVEL lay the sea that washes the harbor of Aulis;
Bound by unseen hands, its glittering surface of marble
Blazed with the glare of the noontide sun, and mirrored the rising
Stars and the moon as into the evening blue they ascended.
Stagnant and dead it lay, with never a sound of a motion,
Save at the feet of the storm-beat crags and the pebbly beaches
Faintly it moaned and turned, like a child asleep on its pillow.
But through the camp, alas, grim Death stalked ceaselessly onward,
Placing on man and on beast the chill of his hand; and the people
Withered and shuddered and died beside their brazen-beaked vessels.
Day after day they fell, those heroes valiant in battle;
Day after day did a cry of anguish arise from the living,
Even to lofty Olympus, the home of blessed immortals.
Ten long days through the camp the pestilence rages unseemly.
Then Agamemnon, their chief, alarmed for the dead and the dying,
Summons the chieftains in haste from all their tents to assemble.
Straightway throughout the camp and among the brazen-beaked vessels
Hastened the clear-toned heralds along, and summoned the leaders.

Quickly they came; but scarce were they come when straightway among them
Rose, with stately mien the ruler of men, Agamemnon.
Dark was his brow, and flashing his eye, as he rose and addressed them:
"Sons of heroes, Achaeans, came we to Aulis to perish?
Came we o'er shadowy mountains and roaring wastes of the ocean
That by the plague we might fall, while near our swift-going vessels
Rot on the sands of a stagnant deep, and mock our destruction?
Who is the man in our midst who has brought this pestilence on us,
Either by failing to slay for the gods a hundred fat oxen,
Or by his impious deeds, black hates, or the vilest endeavors?
Let him delay not to speak, lest all the host of the Grecians
Melt like the dew 'neath the morning sun, and Ilium triumph.
Who is the man, and whose is the hand that doth slay us?"
Silently sat the chiefs, and each was troubled in spirit,
Pondering deep, with anxious care, the words of their leader;
Sorrowing greatly at heart as they saw the smoke of the pyres
Turning day into night with evil, gloomy forebodings.
Then arose in their midst the priest of Apollo, Calchas,
Leaning long on his staff, his dark eyes fixed upon Atreus,
Spake he, at length, with stinging words, and addressed him:
"Thou art the man, Agamemnon, and thine is the hand that doth slay us;
Thou dost bind in their cave both Zephyrus, Eurus, and Notus;
Thou dost send through our midst the cruel shafts of the goddess;
Up through the camp and around the swift ships grim death dost thou scatter;
Ceaselessly burn the pyres that by thy hands have been fashioned.
Thee hath Artemis marked, and doomed thee unto destruction,
Since on the rugged heights, with thy keen-scented hounds, thou pursuedst,
Dashing o'er torrent and stream, the white-footed fawn of the goddess.
Her, though panting with fear, thou pitiedst not, but with fierceness
Pierced with thy steel her cowering form, and greatly exulted.
Know thou as well, Agamemnon, that, until thou hast offered a virgin,

Even thine Iphigenia, nought but destruction awaits thee."
Answered him never a word the ruler of men, Agamemnon;
But dark rage shook his breast; then strode he out from among them,
Out from the council of chiefs, away from the brazen-beaked vessels.
Lightning shot from his eyes; pale night on his features sat brooding;
And as he went the earth trembled. Long time he sat by the sea-shore,
Terribly struggling in heart with hatred, love, and ambition,
While in the distance the chiefs in whispers spoke and beheld him.
Finally, lifting his head he calls aloud for his heralds.
Unto them thus he speaks, enjoining their duty upon them.
"Hasten to launch a swift vessel; go to Mycenae of Argos;
Seek there for Iphigenia, the fairest by far of the maidens.
When ye have found her, return, nor rest from your oars in your journey."
Straightway unto the deep they hurried the swift going vessel.
Tarried a moment the ship, then leaped away on its errand,
Speeding with foam-roaring bows down the backs of the indolent billows.
Steadily waning, it fades, a speck on the distant horizon
Rises and disappears. Alone sits Lord Agamemnon.
Beautiful Iphigenia, alone 'neath the murmuring branches,
Plied with fingers deft the sounding loom; and the brooklet
Babbling by at her feet rejoiced at the sight of the maiden;
While in the swaying boughs the sweet-toned birds of the forest
Poured in her ear their love, affrighted not by her presence.
Nor was the maiden dumb, whose heart was fresh as the morning;
Loved by all, she loved as well, and sang to her weaving.
Fair was she to behold, the daughter of of Clytaemnestra,
Gracious, also, of heart, and wooed by many a chieftain;
Sought by many accepting but one — Eurybates.
Knit was her heart unto his, and fondly she mourned in his absence;
For with the Greeks had he gone, the herald of Lord Agamemnon,
Unto the walls of Troy and into the thick of the battle.
Singing softly her lay, she lifted her eyes from her labor —
Lo! at her gazing there stood, 'neath an ilex hard-by, Eurybates,

And at his side another, both robed in the garments of battle.
Never a word spake he, as blushing she rose to receive him;
Tenderly clasping her hand, he only with sadness beheld her;
Gazed he mutely so long, so wistfully gazed he, so sadly,
That in the maiden's heart a sudden fear entered, unbidden:
"Speak, Eurybates my own. My father — hast news from my father?"
"Sweet one," answered the youth, "thy father still leads 'gainst the Trojans."
"Why then so sad?" said the maid. "Thou art here, and I am beside thee.
Absent so long hast thou been! Without thee the hours are useless
Days that were moments before go halting along in their lameness;
Even the silvery brooks, the boulders, the fires of the forest,
All that knew thee repine and long for the time of returning.
'Bide with me, dearly beloved, nor seek the fierce onset of battle;
For should the cruel fates relentlessly aim to remove thee,
Iphigenia might live, but would live in a darkness unending."
Her then answered the youth, with head averted from sorrow:
"Truest of true ones, my own, thy father doth need thee at Aulis."
More would he still have said, but grief in his heart overcame him:
Turning aside from the maid, he wept bitter tears in his sorrow.

Morning arose in the East and scattered the hosts of the darkness.
Then from his couch springing up rose Phoebus with glory and brightness.
Glancing across the waves he sees the encampment at Aulis,
Touches with crimson and gold the sea faring ships, in abundance
Flooding the camp with light, the Mermerdonian quarters
With them the tents hard by where dewlt the valiant Achaeans.
Scarce did Phoebus arise to mount his way in the heavens,
When from the camp with mournful tread came forth in procession
All the chiefs of the Greeks and Calchas, priest of Apollo.
Then came driven a herd, a sacrifice worthy the goddess,
Oxen and sheep and goats, complete, well-favored, unblemished.
Last of all there walked, her white hands clasped before her,
Gazing down at the ground, the maiden Iphigenia.
And as she went t'ward her death the people beheld her in silence.

Wherefore, O Sun, didst thou rise! Ye shades, and why were ye scattered!
Sob on thy sands, O Sea! Lament, ye leaves of the forest!
Blush, O East, and in shame thy countenance robe in thick vapors.
For 'neath the morning ray in innocence dieth a maiden!
When to the shore they had come, and Calchas with strong supplications
Lifting his hand on high had prayed aloud for the people
That the plague might be stayed, the winds from their prison be loosened,
Slew they then the beasts and burned their flesh on the seashore.
Sending aloft to Olympus in clouds the sweet-smelling incense.
Finished at last, the priest with blood-stained hands now approaches
Iphigenia; she trembles, the people groan and are troubled.
Slowly he leads her along, she tries to speak but a dimness
Gathers about her sight, then flickered the concourse before her.
Looking wildly about, she sees Eurybates distracted,
Standing there helpless to save, but willing to die for the dying.
Breaking away from her bonds, she sank on the breast of her lover.
There in anguish she clung, and burst into passionate weeping.
Where art thou fled, O Right and Justice, where hidden,
Look ye no more on the earth, regard ye no more the afflicted!
Torn from her refuge away the maiden awaits her destruction
(Lord Agamemnon beside her has covered his face with his mantle).
Flashes on high the blade; but lo! before it has fallen,
Artemis, seeing the maiden, relents, and from mighty Olympus
Hastens down in a mist and rescues the innocent virgin,
Placing a fawn in her stead, but her she carries to Taurus.
Awed and astonished they stood there, those grim and battle-scarred spearmen,
Yet in their hearts they rejoiced as they offered the fawn to the goddess.
Scarce had the smoke died away and scarce to their tents were they scattered,
When from the lofty heights, Apollo sent Zephyrus forward
Roughening over the sea in bristling darkness, and rolling
Wave upon wave on the deep that whitened and gleamed in the sunlight.

All was commotion on shore and hurry of quick preparation.
Into the sea the ships were launched with joy, and the canvas
Bellying white and full with swiftness carried them seaward.
One by one they went, and dropped 'neath the eastern horizon.
One by one, and Aulis forsaken slumbers in silence.

The Sexton's Story.

Second Prize Story.

Many years ago, not long after I had first assumed the duties of sexton in the old parish of Granby, an incident occurred one New Year's eve which has never been entirely effaced from my memory. I had set out from my house at half past eleven on that New Year's eve to ring the midnight bells as a signal of the Old Year's exit and a welcome to the New Year's entrance. It was very dark that night, and windy. I could not see any one in the streets; but, as I left my door, I fancied that I heard footsteps a little way behind me. I should not have noticed it then, if it had not been that on several nights previously I had fancied that some person had secretly followed me as I went about the town. It was striking the three-quarters as I passed over the stile into the churchyard; and just after that I caught a sound like footsteps again. I was ashamed to walk back a little way, for I began to think that I was becoming a coward, so I went on through a pathway between the gravestones.

Now, though I had resolved to banish all thought of the supposed footsteps from my mind, I could not help turning just half round as I stood with the great key in the lock, and looking about in the direction I had come. I own I was frightened then, for at about thirty yards distance, I saw distinctly, as I believed, the dark head of a man peeping at me over the top of one of the tombstones. I hesitated for a moment, and then walked briskly towards it; but the head seemed to withdraw itself immediately and disappear. What was more strange, I walked round the very stone, and could see no one near; nor could I hear any movement. A little further was another tombstone, somewhat higher and with a carved top, and I

tried to persuade myself that it was this top coming close behind the other stone which deceived me. But this could not be; for, stand how I would in the church porch, I could not bring the second stone exactly in line with the first. I felt a little uneasy at this strange fancy; but it would not do to go back, for it was near twelve, and I must be in the belfry, ready to ring out a peal on the stroke of midnight. So I opened the door quickly, closed it behind me, and walked feeling my way down the aisle.

I was quite in the dark, for my lantern was in the vestry-room and matches there to light it. I had to grope about for the keyhole of the heavy iron-plated door, and again to fumble among my bunch of keys to find the right one. A strange sensation came over me, as I stood there in the dark, feeling through all the bunch for the key. The air of the church was close, and had a faint smell of mouldering leather, such as you smell in some libraries. I believe it made me feel faint; for, just then, I had so strong a tingling in the ears, that I seemed to hear the bells already beginning to peal forth in the belfry. I listened and fancied I heard distinctly that confused jingle which precedes a full peal. But when this notion had passed, I set it down for another invention of mine, and began to think the tombstone affair as more worthy of belief than this. So I turned the great key with both my hands; and, opening an inner fire-proof door, I let myself into the vestry-room. I then lighted my lantern and went up the steps again into the dark side-aisle. Just at that moment I suddenly felt a heavy hand laid on my arm. I started, and cried "Who's there?" letting my lantern fall, so that the light went out. Nobody answered; but some one immediately held me from behind, trying to keep back my arms with extraordinary strength. I struggled long, and just as I was getting a little more free, another came to the assistance of the first party. They then bound my arms tightly, and led me back into the vestry-room. I was a little frightened, as you may suppose; but I thought they were only thieves, who had followed me and got into the church, and as I knew that there was very little of value in the vestry-room, I was rather glad to think how they would be baffled.

When they had obtained a light they asked me for my keys. It was no use in my refusing them; I was quite helpless, and they had nothing to do but to take them from my hands. I told them

that the rector kept all the plate in his house, and that there was nothing in any of the closets but a few bottles of wine and some wax candles. The elder of the two men then asked me where the books were kept; but I would not tell him. They tried to terrify me, but finding that did not do, they began sullenly to try all the locks they could find about the room with the keys they had taken from me. In this way they soon found the books they wanted in a fire-proof safe.

And now both began to pore over the books by the light of the candle. They chose two with vellum covers, which I knew to be the marriage-registers. I heard one ask the other if there was no index; for they did not understand our way of indexing. So they had a long search, each of them turning over the leaves of one book and examining it page by page. At last, one of them came to a place which seemed to contain what he was looking for. He showed it to his companion, and they conferred together for a moment in a whisper. Immediately after the elder one tore out, I thought, some half-dozen leaves, and put them in his pocket. They then took some more cord, and bound me fast in the great vestry-chair, and threatening again to return if they heard my voice, they went out down the aisle, leaving the vestry door open. All this happened in a little more than half an hour; for the clock chimed the two-quarters after midnight soon after they had left me.

I sat there two hours alone; but it seemed to me so long that, if I had not heard every quarter chime, I should have expected to see the day dawn through the stained-glass window. It was bitter cold, and sitting there helplessly in one position, my limbs grew stiff, and the cords seemed to get tighter and tighter, and stop the movement of my blood. When I sat with my back to the wall, I looked right into the church, as the door had been left open. I could feel a cold wind rushing into the room; and as I sat staring into the darkness, strange fancies troubled me. I saw dark shapes floating about, as I thought, and peeping at me from the sides of the doorway; and now and then I noticed something like little flakes of light, moving in the gloomy space beyond. I would have given anything for the power to close the door. I fancied strange noises, and began to think of the people I had known who lay in the vaults just below me or in the graves about the church, and several times a heavy

hand seemed to be laid upon my arm again, just in the spot where the man had first seized me. Once I could not persuade myself but that I could hear a low, deep tone from the organ; and the supposed jangling of the bells annoyed me. So I sat till the chimes went the quarter after two.

Soon after that, I saw a little shining light moving about at the bottom of the church. It came nearer to me, and I heard a footstep. I had fancied so many things, that I was not sure yet whether I was deceived again, but now I heard some one call. It was the rector's voice, and I answered him; but he did not know where I was till I called to him to come into the vestry room. As he was unbinding me, I related to him what had happened. He told me he had lain awake since midnight, wondering to hear no bells ringing, and had grown uneasy; and at last he had determined to come in search of me.

This affair made a great stir in Granby. But we could get no clue to the parties, nor to their object in mutilating the register. They had taken out so many leaves that it was impossible to tell what particular entry they had wanted to destroy; but it was a curious thing, that on examining the skeleton index, we found that, although there were as many as thirty entries in those six leaves, every one of them began with one of three letters. This was a small clue, and the marriages at that part of the book were all of many years back.

Eighteen months after the night on which I was bound in the vestry-room, the rector sent for me, and told me he thought he could trace the two strangers. He had received a newspaper, in which was an advertisement inquiring for the marriage register of a Mr. Sidney, which took place about thirty years before. The initial of that name was one of our three letters; but as the advertisement mentioned no place, that would seem a small matter to go upon. But we looked the matter up, and were soon upon the scent, for the rector had ascertained who were the persons likely to be guilty, supposing we were right in our conjecture, that the missing register related to this family. When I saw one of the suspected parties, I recognized him on the spot, although he had worn a mask in the church; but when he spoke I could swear that he was the man, and the officer accordingly arrested him. We got such evidence against

him, as clearly to prove him guilty. He confessed all about it afterwards, and said his companion had gone abroad since, he did not know where, and I believe they never caught him. His motive — as you may suppose — was to defraud children of larger property by destroying the proof of their legitimacy, by which he had been benefited as the next of kin of the deceased person; but the lawyers set all to rights again, in spite of the theft and fright which had occurred that New Year's eve. REX.

P. A. Eighty-nine.

Among the youths who gathered together in the halls of "Old Phillips" on a balmy September day, at the opening of the fall term two years and a half ago, there were thirty or more who entered the Prep. Class. Then was the class of eighty-nine formed, and under very favorable circumstances.

The Prep. year was very humiliating and hard to bear, yet it had its mighty moments, although very few. Most of our time was devoted to learning "the manners of the town" and exploring the mysteries of the "First Latin Book." Tradition says that that most able instructor in Latin has a grudge against the insignificant Prep., and before our first year was finished tradition proved itself too true.

With great pride did we take our seats at chapel on the first morning of our Junior Middle Year. Many of the boys, I warrant, felt of more consequence then than they will again for some time to come. The foot-ball captain of that year was furnished by our class, and we also won the rush for the cane over that formidable class of '88. Who could apply such an epithet now to them?

Before we were aware the Middle Year was reached, without startling our friends with our ability. During the two years of our existence the class has suffered a great change. Some have disappeared for reasons known only to the faculty, others have recently entered, and a select few have aspired to the class above. One of these last we miss very much, because he was a shining light; and report now has it the Seniors have lost him too.

The cane-rush has been won this year, by a splendid victory over the two classes, '88 and 90, and even if they did choose that far away spot, the Punchard Campus, for the scene of action.

Our history is about completed. It pains me much to say that it has been a quite uneventful one. This last has been noticed by many of our rivals, and they have attempted to give much advice on this point. True, we have not done those things which we ought to have done, but we have done those things which "Banty" told us to do. I may here say that the results from giving advice will soon be manifest. Bacon says that he is not going to flunk any more, and Babbitt promises to brush his hair and turn down his coat collar, and Bishop, too, says he expects to be able to take charge of the *Phillipian* next year. So that now I am quite convinced that when the mantle of senior dignity, which we are soon to put on, shall fall upon us, it will find us suited to wear it and to sustain its weight. HISTORIAN.

Influence of Fiction on the Student.

By Third Editor.

Occasionally we hear it said that the student should confine himself to his studies and regular routine of work, even to the exclusion of instructive lectures, debating societies, and light reading. But it is a fact generally recognized that school life cannot be complete without certain diversions in the form of lectures and concerts; and of equal necessity to the full expansion of student life is the reading of fiction. Fiction of the better class, the work of meritorious authors, is referred to.

Our best novels, with their subtile truths, give a degree of finish to the student's education. In their place they become as important to the full development of the mental powers as our studies, in turn, in their place. Certainly, unless this fact were recognized, volumes of this style of literature would not be found in the admission requirement of many of the colleges. Yet the reading of fiction is required, and in connection with literature of a more serious type.

That exercise is essential to the full development of physical powers is obvious; and not one method alone of exercising will suffice; a judicious variety produces the best results. In like manner must the mind be trained not alone by the prescribed studies of the student's course, but also by reading matter of a lighter nature, which does not so severely tax the mental faculties. As variety of exercise refreshes and recreates the body, so does variety of mental employment furnish recreation to the mind.

There is no better opportunity for the reading of fiction, no time when it is more necessary, than during the leisure moments of the student. His mind is guided into new channels of thought, which

strengthen it in a way impossible by other means. This principle can doubtless be attested by many of our greatest statesmen, lawyers, and scholars. The life of the late President Garfield furnishes a remarkable illustration of this requirement of the mind during hard mental labor. It is said that when he was about half-way through his college course he found his mind burdened with the fruit of hard and deep study. He became incapable of proceeding in his college work with his customary vigor and enthusiasm. To read fiction had hitherto been contrary to his principle. But while in this frame of mind he was advised to indulge in light reading with moderation. Adopting the suggestion, he read each month a work of Dickens, Scott, Cooper, or some other author of recognized merit. By this means his mind was restored to its former strength.

The perusal of fiction also assists the mental powers in another department of their work. It furnishes a more copious vocabulary for the expression of thought than can be acquired by other means alone, and facilitates the attainment of a correct style of English composition — an acquirement which especially concerns the student. In his study of the classics his English style, though materially assisted in other ways, is almost certain to become contaminated by the influence of Latin and Greek idioms, unless he guards against them by an English course of reading. Frequently and naturally the student has recourse to fiction. If possible, that style of fiction should be chosen which often instructs as well as entertains. In this way a double purpose is accomplished. With this end in view, no line of reading offers so many advantages to the student as the historical novel. In the greatest historical novels fact and fiction are so blended as to afford all the delightfulnsss of pure fiction, combined with the instruction of history.

Yet, whether the student's taste directs him to the standard historical novels or to works of pure fiction and romance, the result must generally prove most beneficial. It is true that the reading of fiction may be carried to excess — to such an excess, indeed, as to prove positively injurious to the student's other work. But, in regard to the danger of reading an immoderate amount of fiction, to quote from Shakespeare, "Let your own discretion be your tutor." Discretion and judgment are qualities which the student is often required to exercise in nearly all departments of his work.

The lines of Wordsworth bear a special significance to the student, applying as well to the works of fiction which entertain his leisure hours as to more serious reading:

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Hearthstones.

First Prize Poem.

Between the Catskills and the Berkshire hills.
An island lies in smiling verdure clad.
A mansion on its shores its lofty towers
On high exalt. Now crumbling into ruin
But little more than weather beaten walls
Remain, through which the autumn winds make strange
And weird music, as the forest tells
Its tale, forever lost upon the deeps
That flow in silence round the fairy isle.
Here, deeply set in massive walls, behold,
A marble hearthstone lies all smoke begrimed.
And here as I have sat and lightly mused,
While now the twilight deepened into dark,
The feelings strange which all at times have felt
Did reach the portal of my thoughts and knock.
Now on the hearth the blazing fire burns
E'en brighter than it did long years ago.
And bathes in rosy light the paintings fair
My fancy hangs upon the dusty walls.
'Tis not the glare of noon which best reveals
The picture's hidden charm ; the softened light
Of some fireside reveals the features loved,
And gives distinctness clear, until the world
Beyond the grave gives back, as 'twere, the form
And voices dear of those who've gone before.

As looking on the strangers' silent shapes,
The story of their lives before me stands.
Perhaps in these dim halls 'long while ago,
Dark deeds of Indian avarice took place ;
And here were told the tales of Valley Forge ;
Before this blazing hearth, the last farewell
By trembling lips was said, as sire or son
Set out to save their native land from woe.
For voices in the gloom of those old ruins
Again make known the truth of valiant deeds.
But now, the fitful glare upon the hearth
Grows less intense, between the mouldering beams
The distant stars send down their yellow light,
Upon the cold hearthstone, just now aglow
With light reflected from the misty past.
And, as the dusk sinks into midnight gloom,
With crumbling age weighed down, we leave behind
The mansion of the past, and think how vain
The empty strife for honor and renown.
But happy were these crowds of simple people
Unhampered by the pride of present life ;
No wonder that old age to-day his chair
Removes, and scarce endures the heated breath
Of modern warmth, but near the threshold bare,
Still sits and wonders why improvements should
Progress at such a haste, and take from out
The world its former pleasures pure and sweet.
No wonder, when the hearth is growing cold
He takes an ember from the dying flames,
And lights within his heart those vestal fires,
Which only die beneath grim Death's cold dart.

JUNIUS.

History of P. S. '89.

From the time she cast aside the swaddling clothes to don the more mature attire of a Junior Middler, P.S. '89 has held a prominent place in the annals of the last two years. To be sure in her Prep. year when her ranks only mustered fourteen men, and young and previous at that, they were not such a great factor in the acheivments of the institution. But I will skim hastily o'er those verdant days on to her more dignified years. In '86 she had thirty-seven men, and these, with the help of our sister, vanquished '88 in the cane-rush. I will not dwell long on the glories of that bloody field, but it is sufficient to say that "it was a glorious victory." Everybody heard with regret that Mr. H. C. Bierwirth would not return this year; he endeared himself to us in many ways, and we trust he will soon be near us again.

We cherish the memory of our former snaps and sigh. "Oh for another year of Botany or Drawing!" But cruel fate has ordained that we shall live in clover no longer. So we silently go on with our two hours grind on Geometry.

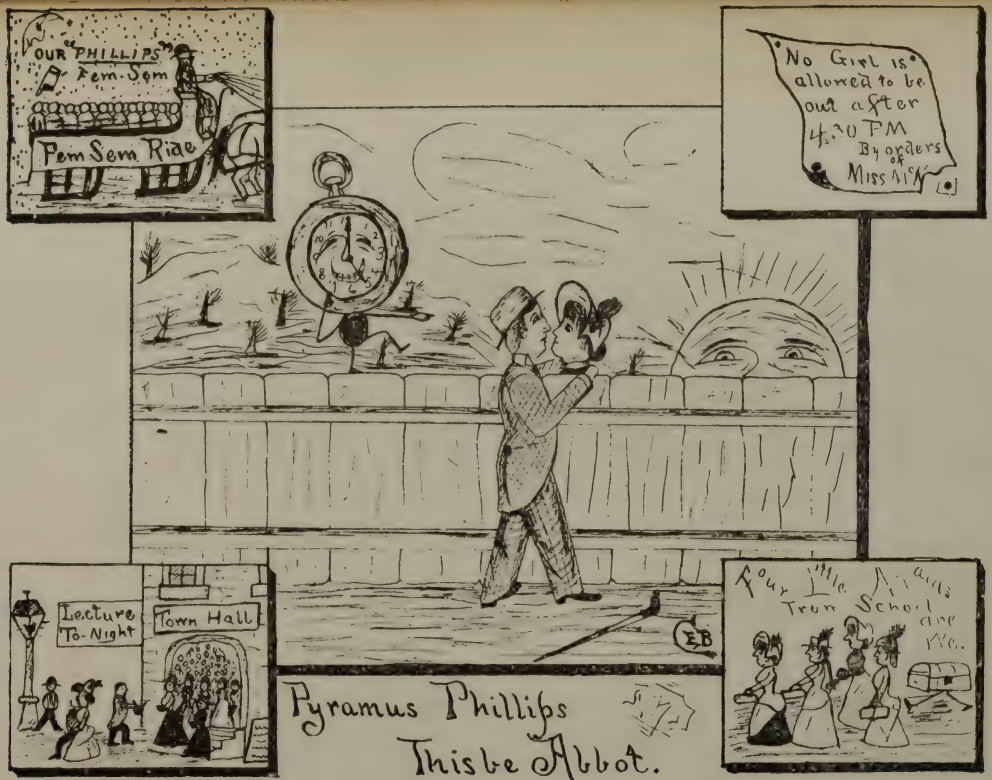
The memory of a very red face and a very loose pair of yellow striped pants still lingers in our mind. Their possessor was perhaps the most universally known of any member of our class; we are told that he was even very well known in Lawrence; surely his reputation must have been great to extend so far away. We wish him all the blessings of a Christian life.

In athletics P.S. '89, has done as well as could be expected. This year she had three men on the foot-ball team, and in the last winter tournament she took more than her share of prizes. She has been peculiarly fortunate in her cane-rushes, and is the only class

in school that has never suffered defeat. Last year she, with the help of her sister P.A. '89, defeated '88 most undisputably on that memorable gory field. This year she was again victorious and vanquished aspiring '90 in a hotly contested fray. These signal victories tend to prove the prowess of her muscle and bone, and the valor of her champions.

Although some members of the class have directed their mail to be sent to Lawrence, one rash youth entrusted his safety to a barge sleigh full of Abbot Middlers, and a pupil in the French class called a horse "an old veal pie," P.S. '89 occupies a prominent place in Inquiry and Philo. and we hope may continue to do so. That she has never taken a "Means" or a "Draper" is to be greatly regretted, and the only conclusion to make is that she has not the means. Her talent lies in some other direction. She has the biggest man in school, if not the prettiest.

In winding up this chronicle, I will say that I have endeavored to present to you P.S. '89 in an impartial and unbiased light, and it is my sincere wish, as I write these closing words, that I have succeeded.


OUR "PHILLIPS"
Fem. Sem
Fem Sem Ride
"No Girl is" allowed to be out after 4.30 PM By orders of Miss Lyon
Lecture To-Night
Town Hall
Four Little Girls From School are We..
EB

Pyramus Phillips

Thisbe Abbot.

James Norman.

First Prize Story.

The good folk of Wampsak, a small village on our Atlantic coast, were in trouble, and in perplexing trouble; the more so, perhaps, because it was trouble of a new kind, and they did not know how to meet it. The old schoolmaster, who had meted out knowledge to the youth of two generations, wielding the ferule successfully for nearly thirty years, was dead. Poor man! he had worked faithfully and, according to his light, well. The crowded church was hushed while the pastor preached the funeral sermon, — rather more lengthy than usual, — and the eyes of old and young alike were moist as they reverently gazed upon the gray locks and peaceful features of their old friend.

The younger part of the village, no doubt, were awed, and, in their way, shared in the general sorrow; but the fresh spirits of youth can never long be oppressed by grief, and soon they realized that their condition after the old man's death was one of greater liberty than before. Of this they availed themselves to the best of their power, and before long had become so unmanageable that their elders were driven to take immediate steps to open the old schoolhouse, which looked out dingy and deserted enough through its broken panes. Accordingly, a town meeting was held, before which the parson, in deliberate tones, laid the necessity of securing a new schoolmaster. Considerable discussion ensued. Finally, Deacon Allen arose and addressed the house:

"I've heerd tell of a smart young man that goes to one o' them colleges — Yale, I think they call it. I calc'late he ought to be a good man for us, and if ye'r all agreed I'll write a letter to him."

This proposition met with general satisfaction, and, after much labor and the aid of the deacon's daughter Dorothy, the letter was composed and sent.

In due time James Norman reached Wampsak, and was cordially received by the deacon, for at his house he was to stay. Now, the deacon's family was large, and the arrival of their new guest and teacher was no small event to the younger part of the household. Many were the surmises and eager questions that passed among the group gathered in the kitchen the evening of his arrival.

"Say, Jim, what sort of a looking one was he?"

"Oh, he was young lookin' and strong — looked as if he could run a mile with the next one."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No; he spoke to me. You see I was trying to git behind the door when father brought him in; but father he saw me, hauled me out, and said: 'This is my son James, Mr. Norman'; then he shook hands with me, and squeezed my hand awful, and said, 'Glad to see you, James: that's my name, too': and then I turned and run out here."

Many days had not elapsed before James Norman found that his task was no easy one. None the less he set himself earnestly about it, determined to make something of it if possible. He found the school building in bad condition, and the children averse to study. The boys, especially, who no longer enjoyed their free liberties, as they supposed, seemed to unite in doing as little work and tormenting their teacher as much as they could. Matters grew from bad to worse, and one day Norman was compelled to discipline one of the boys who defied his authority — showing the brawny farmer's son out of the door with such promptness as to surprise alike the offender and his schoolmates.

From that moment James Norman seemed a different man to his scholars. A profound respect for his promptness took possession of them, and while they felt a little awed, they evidently wished to please him. The effect was wholesome. He, on his part, was not slow to take advantage of the change; he tried in little ways to make the work more interesting, and began to show an interest in their sports as well. He even helped them to organize a base-ball nine, and completely won their hearts by playing a prominent posi-

tion upon it. At times, as a change from the regular school work, he would either relate stories from the old mythology, or read to them something at once interesting and instructive. This way of conducting the school, so novel to them, proved to be so fascinating that they no longer went to school because they were compelled to go, and as a result there was no more serious trouble.

In the family Norman was not less liked. In the long winter evenings he was regularly expected to entertain the household, gathered about the roaring fire, with descriptions of his college life, with now and then a song from his plentiful store, but especially with the doings of the busy outside world from which Wampsak seemed to be so completely separated. His conversation was easy and pleasant, and many a delightful evening was spent in the deacon's spacious sitting-room. It was no uncommon thing for visitors to drop in, and often the old brass fire-dogs looked out upon a happy group of a dozen or more, and listened to the merriment in quiet content.

Among others who came frequently to the deacon's was John Reeve, a young fisherman of good prospects. His visits were intended for Dorothy, the deacon's oldest daughter, to whom he had been quite attentive for some time. What Dorothy's feelings toward him were no one knew, for she was equally friendly and pleasant to all. Reeve continued his visits after Norman came, but his manner changed; he became constrained and silent, and from his corner cast no pleasant look upon the new comer. It was plain to see he disliked him, especially when he showed Dorothy any attention.

One evening, as they sat talking as usual by the fire, Dorothy dropped her ball of yarn, which went rolling across the floor. Instantly Norman rose, and, picking it up, returned it with a pleasant remark. Dorothy received it laughingly, and with a slight blush, as she thanked him. Meanwhile John Reeve, with clouding brow, had watched every motion, and, after sitting sullenly by for some time, he rose and left without a word.

Dorothy was attractive both in looks and manner — a happy and pleasant companion, whose society was much sought after by all the young men of the village. Norman enjoyed being with her as well; but none the less he was careful not to go beyond the bounds of

friendship, knowing how like tinder to the flame a country town with a little gossip is apt to be.

But how was it with Dorothy? Much as James Norman had done to awaken the stagnant town, much as he had accomplished among his scholars in winning their devoted regard, he had wrought a work greater and more lasting than these, of which he was entirely ignorant, and perhaps as well so. It was in Dorothy herself. Accustomed as she was to the society of young men, she was surprised to find in her new friend something entirely novel and strange. From the first of their acquaintance she felt him to be superior to any of her friends. His quiet, manly bearing was calculated to produce respect. His little acts of gallantry and attention, which she had never received nor expected, charmed her; while an evident air of refinement and ease made her other acquaintances seem much inferior to him, and even boorish. She respected and liked him from the first. As time went on that feeling deepened, and ere long stirred her whole nature; but such was her maidenly pride that no one but herself would have guessed it.

In spite of his courageous heart, it was a discouraging task that Norman had undertaken; and at times, after days of hard and seemingly fruitless labor, he would return home quite disheartened. On one of these occasions he told Dorothy that, after all, he thought he might as well give up his school and return home, for he seemed to be accomplishing so little, and almost wasting his time. The lamps were not yet lighted, and the light of the fire was somewhat uncertain; perhaps it was on this account that he did not notice the sudden paleness on Dorothy's cheek. She recovered herself at once, though, and did her best to reassure him. She plainly saw that he had been working too hard, and was in need of encouragement. With nice tact she gave him just the encouragement he needed, helping him to take up his work with more energy; all of which he afterwards gratefully remembered.

The following day Norman waited at the schoolhouse longer than usual to finish a piece of work, placing a lighted candle on the desk, as the days were short. When almost through, he was startled by a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," said Norman, hardly knowing what to expect. "Come in."

The door opened, and several figures entered: but so weak and unsteady was the light that they could not at first be distinguished.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Reeve?" said Norman pleasantly, rising and extending his hand. "I couldn't tell, at first, who my visitors were."

"Yes, it's me," said Reeve, sullenly disregarding the hand. "We've come on business."

"Yes? Come up round the fire."

"No; we 'll stay here. We 've come to tell you that it 's time for you to go. You' ve been here long enough with your new ideas. You warnt hired to turn the town upside down. We give you fair warning now," said he, speaking loudly and angrily. "You leave this town within a week, or we 'll put you out," he ended by working himself into a passion.

Norman watched him keenly as he spoke, and when he had finished quietly said:

"Gentlemen, you are not at all modest in your wishes, even though it is rather unexpected. All I can say is, that my place is here until I hear from the proper authorities. Until then I will not go, much as it would please me to accommodate you."

"You fool," roared Reeve, "do you talk your nonsense to us? We 'll" —

"Come, Jack," said one of his companions, leading him with some difficulty to the door, "give him a chance." Then, turning to Norman, who stood looking on with folded arms, "Mind, now, within a week, or there 'll be trouble."

Norman did not move when he was alone, but stood for some time in deep thought. It was perfectly clear to him that he had incurred the jealous hostility of John Reeve, who had poisoned others against him; nor did he seek long for the cause. As to his own duty, he felt sure. His whole nature revolted against being bullied: if he was despondent before, he was the more courageous now. His was a nature that rises against opposition; and once sure he was right, he was firm.

James Norman went home that evening feeling strong. As he was returning continual thoughts of Dorothy would fill his mind. He liked her happy nature and admired her common sense; but could it be that she thought more of him than she seemed to? No; he answered

promptly; but yet he could not free himself from the thought; it would return. He remembered little things she had said and done for him, and saw them in a new light now. He was both troubled and pleased.

That evening Norman was more entertaining than usual, and the time sped quickly away. Much to Dorothy's pleasure he was his old self again. She went about, attending to the household wants with a light heart, wondering what could have made such a change in him. Norman watched her, now and then, as she went back and forth in her work, stopping a moment to do some one a kindness, or speaking a pleasant word as she passed. Once or twice she found him looking at her with a thoughtful, wistful expression that brought a flush to her cheek, though they both looked away when their eyes met. And so the evening passed, and Norman at last rose to retire; but as he was about to mount the stairs he met Dorothy at the landing, and lightly said:

"Good night, Miss Dorothy; I think I won't go home just yet."

She looked sweetly up at him, as he slowly ascended, and said simply:

"I'm so glad, Mr. Norman."

Her look and tone he remembered long after, until he fell asleep.

The following day was cold and stormy — one of those dismal, easterly storms in the fall that strike the cold through and through one. Norman kept the children in and read to them that afternoon. They had come to look upon this exercise as a real treat, and were quite willing to stay as long as their teacher would read. As he was nearing the close of an interesting story, the door was suddenly burst open, and some one, thrusting in his head, cried out wildly: "A ship on the coast!" and was gone.

At this dread announcement the school was hastily dismissed, and all hurried down to the shore. There a sight never to be forgotten met their eyes. Before them was the angry, tossing sea, over which came chasing each other in quick succession the great white billows plunging with deafening roar upon the beach. Near by stood little groups of people, attentively watching a small vessel, but a little way out, struggling against fearful odds to clear the shore. They could see it rise upon the mighty waves, and sink, with a sickening lurch, almost out of sight. Each plunge seemed to be its last.

"He 's been trying to beat off shore for half an hour," said some one standing near, "but he has n't gained an inch yet."

"What boat is she?" shouted Norman back.

"She 's the Black Bird — John Reeve's boat. He went out this morning, and got caught in the storm. Reckon this 'll be her last trip. Ye see that place yonder, just this side o' her, where the water is all white and foam; that 's a shoal, and if she gits onto that she 's gone."

The situation was terrible. The people stood hushed with blanched faces — some of the women sobbing. It was bitter cold, and the wind blew the spray straight to the land, wetting to the skin all standing there; still, though many were poorly clad, they were too much occupied to notice the cold. One old woman in particular, bareheaded and without wraps, Norman recognized as John Reeve's mother: she had rushed out just as she was when she heard the news, and stood there trembling with cold, wringing her hands, and softly moaning to herself. Pitying her, Norman took his heavy coat from his shoulders and tenderly placed it upon hers. She mechanically folded it together over her breast without turning, and never for a moment took her eyes off the tossing vessel.

Suddenly there was a movement among the crowd and a shriek. "She's struck! She's struck!" shouted some one, at which a groan burst from every lip; for the craft shook and staggered as a great wave drove it upon the shoal. At the same moment its masts snapped, and fell crashing into the angry water.

The suspense was awful, and Norman with the rest was fascinated by the scene: but now he roused himself, and turning eagerly to the men said: "Can nothing be done? Why is the lifeboat not launched?"

The men shook their heads: "No use" said they, "no one would dare go out in this sea, the chances are too small and the risks too great."

"Is that any reason why these men should die without our lifting a finger if there's a single chance? Will no one go with me?

His ardor and determination were contagious, and several of the young men at once volunteering hurried to prepare the boat kept ready for such emergencies.

Strong and not unused to the water, Norman took his life in his

hands in no blind way: fully knowing the danger, he thought more of saving a life than of exposing his own. For the time he even forgot that it was John Reeve who was on the ship, feeling only that a man was in danger. Quickly he turned to follow his companions. He had gone but a few steps when a female figure stopped him holding him fast by the arm: a shawl was wrapped around her, and locks of hair torn loose by the wind played round her forehead. He looked down into her upturned face full of anguish, it was Dorothy.

"Don't go: oh, please don't," said she, passionately, placing both hands upon his shoulder as if to detain him.

"Why not?" said he, moving forward.

"Oh," said she beseechingly, the tears coming to her eyes, "you are noble to go: but you can't do any good, and you will never come back." Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"I hope I shall," said he, trying to speak lightly, and gently freeing himself.

Almost distracted she threw herself before him, and in a low, passionate voice, her white cheeks dyed with a deep blush, said: "If you go you will be lost; if you die, I cannot live. Oh, why do you make me say it? I cannot have you die." And she hid her face on his breast.

"My sweet Dorothy," he said, tenderly clasping her in his arms. "I must save him." A moment he pressed her lips as she clung to him, and then was gone.

The boat successfully launched was soon lost in the gathering darkness, driven by strong and resolute arms. Long, long did the time seem to those anxiously watching on shore before a shout from an old fisherman, who had been intently watching the water, told that the brave men were returning. On they came, straining every nerve to keep from being swamped as they shot like an arrow, riding the crest of a giant wave far up the beach.

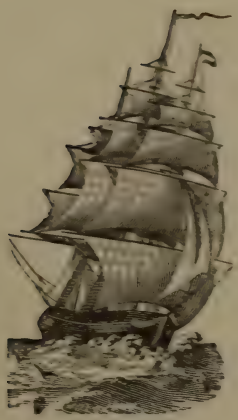
The crew of the Black Bird were all saved; but James Norman was left behind; swept away, they said, as he was lifting John Reeve exhausted into the boat.

The next day his body came ashore; so calm and peaceful were his features it almost seemed as if he slept.

'Twere long to tell of the grief and gloom that clouded the little hamlet. It is better to say that though his body lay buried in the

old churchyard. James Norman's self lived for many a year in the grateful remembrance of the people. His grave never lacked loving hands to place sweet flowers upon it, and at its head was a simple stone with this sentence: "James Norman, one who lived and died for others."

While visiting not long since in one of our quiet New England villages I met a young lady whom I shall never forget, though I saw her but a short time. She seemed to be quite young, yet her hair was nearly white. Her face was one of the sweetest and loveliest I ever saw, and I soon learned that her face was but a mirror of herself. I was told she had come to New England for a change of scene, and that her name was Dorothy Allen. G. B. HOLLISTER.



History of P. G. '90.

The year of 1886 will be remembered in American history as the year in which the class of '90 was organized and began to pursue its career of triumph. It must be understood, however, that '90 does not mean that there are ninety fellows in the class: but it means that most of the members hope to graduate in the year of grace 1890; some of them have graduated already, *cum firo*, and others will succeed in remaining at school much longer, if they only try hard enough.

The class was rather small at the beginning; but fellows kept Cumming, and, while the change was brought about with but little Noyes, it is to-day looked on as one of the first dozen classes in the school. It was seen from the commencement that this class would make its mark in the world, and so it has; you can see it all over the school buildings, and not look for it much either. The boarding-house keepers have been dismayed as they saw the vigorous onslaughts made on the table by this healthy young giant with a remarkably good appetite. One of the professors has been heard to say more than once that he never saw such a class in his life before; in fact, about half the Faculty seems to be knocked out; for two have fled to Germany, one went back to Harvard again, and even the Principal feels tired, and is going to Europe for a rest.

The campus has been broken up by the playful gambols of this young prodigy to the tune of $600, and has not recovered from its treatment yet, and looks now as though it never would. It has been said that '90 is descended from a race who used to drink the blood of their enemies out of skulls. We don't do much of that

now: for there isn't a man in '89 that has nice warm, fresh blood, and a good, decently shaped skull to drink out of, and when we do drink anything we want it good: nor, in fact, have we killed any more of the '89 men than has been absolutely necessary, for we have always restrained our natural tendencies as much as possible.

The class of '90 has been favored in all its undertakings. When, in the fall of 1887, a few of our men holding a cane were set upon by a howling, shrieking mob of the enemy, and, after fighting desperately for several hours against overwhelming numbers, it seemed as though everything would be lost, the gods (from Lawrence) gave their assistance just in the nick of time: the cane was spirited away: and the next time it appeared it was turned out in neat little charms, price three cents each, cash down.

The glory of this class will not end with school life, either: and in the future the great and glorious American eagle will perch on the standards of '90, and crow away as lustily as ever, hurling defiance at the enemy with one claw, and comfortably scratching its beak with the other. HISTORIAN.

The Influence of Athletics.

President's Address.

Some one has said, "That alone is good education which gives to the body and the soul all the perfection and beauty of which they are susceptible." This was the old Greek idea, — "perfect unity in dualism," — and we are gradually coming back to it after centuries of error — error which shows itself in many forms of bodily weaknesses, imperfections, disfigurements, and deformities which the law of heredity has transmitted to us through generation after generation, and which are still noticeable in the great masses of the people. A Greek, Mr. Anagnos, has recently, in an article on athletics, well embodied this Greek idea, that the mind and body are two halves of a well-constituted whole, and that each presents equally forcible claims for nurture and development. He says: "Body and spirit are indivisible — both are essential parts of man. The former was given to the latter as a necessary instrument, without which it cannot act. They are two halves of the same being, and their harmonious developments are conducive to human perfection. Hence we must improve, strengthen, enrich, and harmonize the powers of the physical organism before we can reasonably expect to see aptitude, energy, talent, and learning grow on the tree of life." I say that we Americans are *gradually* coming back to this idea, and I say it advisedly; for even yet all opposition to the devotion of equal amounts of time to physical and mental development has not ceased.

But to me one of the most auspicious signs of the times among this dyspepsia-cursed race is seen in the revival of interest in ath-

letics, and the increasing attention paid to that branch of education — an attention "no longer guided by the lamp of observation alone, but also by the light of physiological knowledge" and modern scientific methods. Even yet the world does not understand or properly appreciate the value of athletics; but it has come to feel that they do possess a value, and are therefore worthy of a mild sort of encouragement. This view of the subject is totally inadequate to its importance, as I propose to show.

For several years nothing in connection with college life has been attacked with so much vigor and persistency by the public press as athletics and the time devoted to them by students. That subtlest of all forms of attack, ridicule, has exhausted its most powerful weapons in this assault. But fortunately, in spite of newspaper misrepresentation, public disapproval, and the discouragement of timid parents, athletics have constantly grown in popularity among those nearest affected by them, until now they wield an influence in the college world equalling that of any other single factor. This influence I wish to consider in three divisions: first, upon the college; secondly, upon those who directly participate in athletic contests; thirdly, upon the "lookers-on."

It is a remarkable fact that, next to the students, athletics have increased in favor with no body so rapidly as with college faculties. From merely regarding the contests of the different teams with indifference, they have come to encourage them. There has been a method in this change of opinion. College authorities have not been unmindful of the elevating influence which these contests have had upon the moral character of the students. They unite in declaring that since the introduction of sports the conduct of the students has been better than in previous years. The contests have proven the the worst enemies of hazing and kindred disturbances; in fact, they have been the only thing which could eradicate such disorders. It has also been noticed that, at colleges where attendance upon recitations is voluntary, as at Harvard, that the athletes are, as a rule, absent from their work less than almost any other set of men. This regularity of habits among men who set the standards of action in so many respects naturally has its good influence upon the great body of students. Athletics influence colleges in one other important respect — attendance. It is useless to argue to the contrary, as the

weight of testimony is all on one side. Admiration and enthusiasm for manly sports are perfectly natural to the growing boy, and he will inevitably be attracted to the college whose athletes are most successful in their competitions. This is demonstrated by the increase in the last two Freshmen classes at Yale — an increase proportionally greater than that in the same classes at Harvard. Moreover, in preparatory schools, as in colleges, prominent athletes establish the standards. Once let these men arouse a strong feeling in favor of any college, and it will not be long before the preparatory school will be sending its delegation solid to that college.

The influence of athletics upon those who participate in them is even more marked. They are, of necessity, men of steady habits — habits which tend to discourage all forms of loose living. At the recent College Convention of the Y.M.C.A. Col. J. L. Greene delivered an address upon "Social Purity in College Life," in which he said: "I believe the spirit and general tendency of this age and in America is toward sins of pleasurable indulgence and self-gratification. The increase of wealth and luxury and abundance and leisure has given a zest to life that runs easily to every form of lust, and to a mental arrogance that is a sure sign of spiritual misapprehension, disproportion, and weakness. These conditions make it necessary that all who come in contact with them shall order their physical lives by a law of discipline, and not of indulgence. In this view, the athletic sports which have become the vogue in every college, with their healthy excitement of normal activity, and the discipline of diet, labor, cleanliness, abstinence, self-restraint, and honorable rivalry, seems to me a direct and powerful aid in a right direction."

But the discouragement of looseness of living is not the only influence for good which athletics exert upon the participant in them; they also found a strong constitution, — a thing too long neglected by Americans, — and they develop the traits of courage, perseverance, loyalty, and a high sense of honor — characteristics of every good citizen. Athletic competitions are the field in which the student's loyalty to his college finds most ready expression. They are not regarded as contests between individuals, but as contests in which the credit and dignity of one's college are involved. But, no matter how intense the rivalry in these contests may be, they

are always conducted with perfect honor. Even the newspapers have never ventured to impeach the honesty of college athletes.

A more striking illustration of this healthy sentiment among college athletes, which demands fair play in all things, could not be found than in the action of the delegates at the recent convention of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. At this meeting, the delegates of the various colleges, recognizing possible dangers, passed rules to prevent any so-called "professionalism" from creeping into intercollegiate contests — rules more stringent than any which college faculties have dared to pass, although this has been a possible evil which these bodies have long desired to crush. And yet, in his last report to the Board of Overseers of Harvard, President Eliot deplores the "trickery condoned by public opinion which characterizes intercollegiate athletics." However, the general condemnation which this statement has met not only in the college press, but also in the newspapers, would indicate that the preponderance of sentiment is at variance with the gentleman upon this point.

I have already said that the athletes, being the most prominent men in our colleges, set the standards which are adopted by the whole body of students. This being so, it is immmediately evident what an influence athletics must exert upon this great body of "lookers-on." All the good qualities which are developed in the athlete, by reflex action are also developed in the spectator. Yale "sand" has come to be not alone the distinguishing trait of Yale athletes, but of the whole body of Yale students. This influence becomes more important when it is known that the athletes are the best students, and take the highest stand in their classes — a fact which has received striking confirmation this year at both Yale and Harvard.

And in still another line is the influence good. It is a remarkable fact, and one fraught with the greatest significance, that during the past four years Princeton has had no athletic team, either in lacrosse, foot-ball, or base-ball, which has not contained at least one, and sometimes as many as seven men who intended to consecrate themselves to the gospel ministry. In commenting upon this fact, the *Princetonian* says:

"We aver that the benefit gained by these men in athletics is of a reciprocal character. Not only will they be enabled to preach

with greater power by virtue of more perfect physical development and clearer brains, but the ministry itself will be enhanced and ennobled in the eyes of that vast concourse of men who are inclined to relegate the sacred calling to the realms of effeminacy, for no other reason than the average type of man who enters its ranks. Thanks to athletics and that manly spirit which is fast developing in our land, dyspepsia and theology are no longer kindred parts of a harmonious whole." Think of the moral influence such men must exert! I do not doubt but that other colleges could offer statistics equally interesting, too.

In that same report already referred to, President Eliot mentions betting and the "hysterical demonstrations of the college public over successful games" as other evils attendant upon athletic contests. Well, for the sake of argument, let us suppose that they are, and to stop them let us abolish intercollegiate contests altogether. Where are the betting men? In the gambling rooms, doing what they would not like to have their friends know of. I will admit there is excessive betting; but to lay the cause of it all at the door of athletics is neither right nor just. The betting would exist, and in a more pernicious form, if we did not have athletic contests. But I will venture to assert that these contests will eventually raise the moral tone of college men to the point where betting will not be tolerated; at least, not as good form: to crush it entirely is another thing. But what has become of the hysterical demonstrations? Have they ceased? Yes; but in their place we have all the exuberance of energy and spirit characteristic of young manhood, instead of finding vent in a systematic manner, coming to the surface in hazings, brawls, horn sprees, vendettas with the proctors, fights with the townies, and other disturbances of the colleges of a few years ago. There is nothing palpable or open, but disorder, constant, irrepressible, and secret, arising from restrained energy and enforced idleness.

Thus have I endeavored to place before you what seem to me to be the most important influences of athletics. That there might be no possibility of our looking at the subject in a one-sided light, we have examined separately the three bodies most affected by them, and in every instance have found the influence to be for positive good. What conclusions are we to draw, then? Certainly, we are

now ready to admit that to deem athletics worthy merely of a mild sort of encouragement is a view entirely inadequate to their importance. I hope we are, at least; for to my mind the sooner we all give to this branch of education our hearty support and enthusiastic encouragement, in all that those phrases imply, the better it will be for our colleges, and consequently for all who resort to them.

The Bells.

Revised.

How various the chimes of the Andover bells!
Each one its warning in a musical way tells
In tones which floating through the air
Come to us Cads so full of care;
And I will put in borrowed rhyme
The language of Zion Hill chime.

Come! come! arise! arise! arise!
Shake dewy slumber from your eyes!
Will you to breakfast be so late
As to break your fast on an empty plate?
My waking thoughts with sorrow dwell
On the early ringing of the Rising bell.

In your studies excel! excel!
Without a "trot" your tasks do well;
Work your way on learning's road;
Do not falter 'neath the load.
Do well! do well! do well! do well!
Rings out the Evening Study bell.

About "Probation" we cannot tell.
But walk not in the road to h——.
Be truthful men of noble deeds.
For truth is holier than creeds.
Your evil passions strive to quell!
Peals forth the Seminary bell!

Death to professors' jokes so old!
Death to the Cad who 'll be so bold
As to pass off antiquated puns for new,
Or say, "The wind through Snowden's whiskers blew"!
Death to all Philo. *Mirror* sells!
Chime forth the tinkling Chestnut bells.

Now, '88, farewell! farewell!
I 've loved you long, I 've loved you well;
How much I love, I cannot tell!
Farewell! farewell! farewell! farewell!
Sadly moans the Andover belle.

History of P. S. '90.

Among all the Junior Middle classes that have come and gone from this venerable institution, P.S. '90 stands preeminent. On account of the talent, industry, and beauty of the members of the class, the Faculty will be able to select from the future great men of the country, many who belonged to '90. Composed as the class is, of representatives from nearly every state in the Union, its members possess all those qualities which are especially cultivated in the different climates of our great domain.

Gorham Kimball King is our "man from Maine," and though a very dignified personage withal, is familiarly known among us as "Jonah." Because of the facilities with which Nature has endowed him, i.e. his mustache, he is a terror among the ladies. He fills the responsible office of Vice President of the class.

Shoulder to shoulder with him in all efforts for the advancement of the class, is Prep. Converse. An unpretentious individual among our universally handsome class, he passes for a man of ordinary ability, but beneath that calm exterior, there lies a determination to succeed and a heartfelt interest in the Society of Inquiry which only his most intimate friend can know.

"Dickey Bird" Sprague was '90's representative on the Eleven, and by his brilliant achievements in the Exeter game ably upheld the honor of the class. On our class Eleven, "Toughy" Foster and Quarter-back Iwaya spread terror through the ranks of the Preps. while our "Balker and Sporting Wind Boy" E. E. Gwynne, silences any rash talker with the hard cash.

Harrison and Wilson represent the class at the Tuesday evening receptions at the Fem. Sem. and are both enthusiastic admirers of the saying, "God bless the women, and especially the young women."

Among the specialties of the class may be mentioned Ikey Morris, a specimen of Nature's forgetfulness. He is filled with blooming freshness, and furnishes a seat on which the Profs. repose at short intervals. Our class pet is little "Joey" Gilbert.

Sears from "down Cape Cod way" is the only man in the school whose hair is the color which Titian loved so well, and our precocious infant, Foster 2d, can put many a "grave and reverend Senior" to shame in the translation of Greek.

But to crown all, we point with pride to our member from the Celestial Empire, the renowned Tokadzio Iwaya, coming champion in the light-weight wrestling.

The class has entered an excellent "Tug of War" team in the tournament and there can be no doubt of its success when it is known that the distinguished athlete Mowry is the captain.

Candidates for the class nine have gone into active training. The battery will be unsurpassed by any in the school. Hoeke, the Washington attorney, will twirl the ball, while Quaker Brewster uses the gloves and mask.

Our financial affairs are in a flourishing condition.

For further information call on or address C. F. Perkins, class President.

Editors' Review.

We desire to express our gratitude to the members of the Philomathean Society in conferring upon us the honor of editing a publication which has always been an honor to the society. Hoping that this, our best effort, will fully maintain the high standard which has been reached, both in excellence of matter and outward appearance, we submit this to the perusal of the reader.

Philo. has this term not only fully kept up to the place which it reached last term, but has gone higher under the able management of Pres. Landon and his associates. New men have shown an interest, old men have been made to feel a responsibility in preparing themselves, the attendance has been large and and the literary work has been of a high order. Several essays and addresses have been highly interesting, while hardly a debate has been closed which has not proved of great credit and benefit to the society. As a result members have been continually stimulated to improve their own personal efforts. While many men in school heartily appreciate the opportunities afforded them at Philo., there are a large majority who do not. We are extremely sorry that this is the case, and cannot understand the cause. Men come to the Academy to enlarge their capacity for self-development, for certainly no one can be developed but by his own efforts, and here is a grand opportunity for this self-development yet sadly neglected. If men would only realize how much influence the ability to think and give clear

expression to their thoughts when on their feet gives them in college, Philo. would be filled even to overflowing. We hope to see an increased attendance next term.

In the early part of the term the seniors took their usual sleigh-ride. Though an extremely cold night it proved a pleasant event to all who participated.

On Feb. 15 the Alumni of this Academy met at the Parker House in Boston. The occasion was the second biennial banquet. There were a large number of influential men present, who did great honor to the name Phillips Academy. Such an occasion must needs have had an elevating influence on the younger Alumni of the Academy, and especially on the members of '88, who shared in the pleasures of the evening. We hope such gatherings will prove not only pleasant, but that in the discussion of the affairs of the Academy her most pressing needs may be realized, and that some good alumnus may open his heart and give the Academy the funds of which she stands in so great need.

The *Phillipian* has safely tided over the time of the year usually conceded to be the hardest for any paper, and has done so in a manner highly creditable to a school like this. Its columns have not been filled with matter the sole object of which is to fill up space, but have always afforded interesting and instructive reading. Moreover, it has become an organ of the school in the true sense of the word, for it has presented any school grievances in a fair and manly manner, and has also been prompt to acknowledge favors received by the school. Such is our ideal of a school paper, and we hope the moral standard which has been reached by the paper under the management of Editor-in-chief Landon and his associates will always be maintained.

The work done by Inquiry this term has been fully up to that of last term. The meetings have been interesting, and on Sunday

evenings well attended. But there is room yet for more on Wednesday evening. However, the members who have been in regular attendance have done their duty nobly, and we think have personally felt a benefit from their efforts.

For the list of Philo Presidents found in another portion of this work we are greatly indebted to Mr. Porter Beardsley, '82, and Mr. G. D. Pettee, '83. The work must have consumed a large amount of time, but we are sure the result of their labors will be thoroughly appreciated by all members of Philo, both present and past.

Our thanks are due to G. B. Hollister for the privilege of printing his poem "Iphigenia." As it had been written for the Senior Club we did not feel justified in entering it for a prize, though of great merit.

As judges Messrs. Graves, McCurdy, and Norton kindly served. For stories, the first prize was awarded to G. B. Hollister and the second to Rex. The contribution of poems was small, and even had it been larger that by Junius no doubt would still have received the prize for its excellence. The competition in cuts was strong, and the work of Mr. Gilbert was awarded the prize, though it was a matter of discussion whether his "Midnight Scene in Commons" or the "Mirage" was the better. The former was finally accepted by the majority of the committee as deserving the first place. The work of Mr. Beeson was well executed, and was second in the opinion of the judges. "Pyramus and Thisbe" and "Examination Tremens" are both from his hands, the former being considered the better of the two. To Mr. Flagg we are also indebted for the cut "The Senior Snap." Others handed in cuts the ideas of which were good, but which were ruined in the execution; for either the lines were indistinctly drawn or executed with a pencil; either of which spoils a drawing which is to be engraved.

Since the above Editorial in regard to the cuts was written, we

received the disagreeable news that in some way through the mail our drawings were lost. This seemed at first to destroy all our previous self-congratulation on being able to show such good cuts; but, though very reluctantly, we asked Gilbert and Beeson if they would not try to reproduce their works. Though it involved a good deal of labor, they very kindly assented, and we are still able to publish some remarkably good work. To these gentlemen we wish to express our heartfelt thanks.

Among the literary attractions within the reach of the students this term none have proved more entertaining and instructive than the course of Shakespearian lectures given in the Town Hall during February. Mr Clapp, the lecturer, is the well-known dramatic critic of the *Boston Advertiser*. By his expressive and pleasing flow of language he could hold the undivided attention of his audience for a period of time somewhat beyond the lecturer's ordinary limit. His lectures, occurring one each week, were on the following plays: Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV., Othello, The Winter's Tale. These plays, he showed, represented each in its order the four periods of Shakespeare's dramatic life. As any one of these lectures can hardly be too much praised, it is certainly very difficult to choose a particular one as surpassing the others in interest. Yet all must feel that from Othello he drew the greatest moral lesson and in this lecture revealed his full power. In his final lecture Mr. Clapp appeared in one of his most entertaining moods, and caused us to deeply regret that that evening completed his course.

The Glee Club concert as rendered Mar. 12, and again on Mar. 15, because of extremely bad weather the first evening, was very enjoyable. The skilful blending of voices gives full and pleasing volume of sound. A very pleasing feature of the entertainment was the work of the Banjo Club. Of these two organizations the school is well proud.

The past term is one that usually lacks out-door sports in a measure. But the coasting during January and February was excellent and exceedingly attractive. It was far superior to that of last year and has rarely been surpassed in former years.

The tournament Mar. 17 proved to be a success. The events of special interest were feather and light wrestling, high jump, hitch and kick, and horizontal bar.

The prizes were awarded as follows :

Middle Weight Sparring,	J. D. Upton.
Heavy Weight Wrestling,	S. Mowry.
Light Weight Sparring,	T. Johnson.
Feather Weight Wrestling,	P. C. Aylesworth.
Heavy Weight Sparring.	P. T. Haskell.
Light Weight Wrestling.	G. K. Davis.
Fence Vault,	O. G. Cartwright.
Indian Clubs,	S. C. Hutchins.
High Jump,	R. W. Holmes (5ft 2½ in.).
Parallel Bars.	C. H. Foss.
Tumbling,	G. K. Davis.
Rings,	C. H. Foss.
Hitch and Kick.	H. L. Bixby.
Horizontal Bar.	C. H. Foss.

Wise and Otherwise.

Why are the hairs in Hamlin's moustache (?) like angels' visits?
Because they are few and far between.

Why are the Fems. like St. Paul?
Because they write epistles to the Phillipians.

A bold Prep. has asked us whether we could say, "Righteousness and Truth have kissed each other," when a Theologue and Fem. indulge in osculatory demonstrations. We hardly think so.

When are the members of the Faculty not full grown men?
When they 're "bouncing" boys.

"Plena manu sustulit."
He raised him with a full hand.

How does a Theologue playing tennis differ from David?
The Theologue serves in the courts of Zion's Hill, while David served in the courts of Saul.

What connection would there be between the removal of the theological professors and refusing alms to the needy?
Both would be uncha(i)ritable acts.

To trot, or not to trot; that is the question:
Whether 'tis easier for a boy to suffer
In quiet submission to a cold, cold flunk,
Or to take up arms against a sea of subjunctives,
And with a "horse" to end them all? To plug, to grind
No more; and by a "translation" to end
Hard work and all the tasks a Cad, poor boy,
Is plagued with — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To "horse," to "crib";
To "crib" — perchance be caught; ay, there's the rub
For in that state of doubt what thoughts do come
Of "Home Sweet Home" and manual toil!
They make us pause! There's the pinch
That makes a doubt of so short life;
For who could bear the slips of indirect discourse,
The horrors of Greek verbs, the dreadful ἄν,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a good "pony"? Who would all these troubles bear,—
To work and fret day after day,—
But that the dread of something after —
Examination, that dire monster from whose grasp
No "trotter" returns unharmed — puzzles the will,
And makes him rather bear those ills he has
Than fly to others that he knows not of?
Thus examinations make students of us all;
And thus we see so often, everywhere,
On this account, Anthon upon the shelves,
And Homer students "plugging" by themselves.

— *The Hamlet of To-day.*

What evidence is there that Virgil had coasted?

"Facilis descensus Averno; sed revocare gradum, hoc opus, hic labor est."

Landlady. — I would like some appropriate motto for my dining-room, such as "Eat, drink, and be merry."

Clerk (ex-P. A.) — We are all out of "Eat, drink, and be merries"; but how would "Remember the Judgment Day" do?

Chestnut = Bartlett's calf story.

Why are some girls like sugar?
Because there is a good deal of sand about them.

Man proposes, but the girl disposes.

O Abbot Academy, may your influence spread
Till all girls use grammar, and dunces are dead!
Till no one dare say, in this land of the free,
"I done," for "I did"; or "its him," for "it 's he."

Silence is preferable to Noyes ('90).

FABULA CUM PRAECEPTO.

"Ego locum nescio."
Puer olim dixit;
Doctor nihil puero,
"Proxime," sed inquit.

Mirror Reflections.

"We never dare to write as funny as we can."

Mirror Editors

"And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new."

Phillipian Editors.

"A babe in the house is a well spring of pleasure." *Weeks.*

"Three little maids in school are we."

"*Maiden*" *McClelland*, "*Aggie*" *Googins*, "*Miss Gussie*" *Phillips.*

"'Tis Grease, the same old Grease of yore!"

Boarding-house Butter.

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

"*Fatty*" *Paramour.*

"They'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair." *Landladies.*

"Equo ne credite," Phillipians!" *Professor.*

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
Of hard, hard work, of cold, cold flunks,
And poker, too, we fear."

Winter Term.

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare;
And little boys win where big ones might despair."
Freddie "Kupid" Hollister.

"The very type of innocence." *Converse*, '90.

"Let him pass for a man." "*Stub*" *Prentiss.*

Und der Wind hat durch seinen Bart geblasen.
"*Hair*" *Henning.*

"I'll go to sleep if I can; if I cannot,
I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt."
Bishop.

"I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that little high chair?
I 've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I 've bedewed it with tears; I've embalmed it with sighs.
Would you know the spell? A Fem. so fair
Sent the nice little, cute little, dear little chair."
Adonis Bill.

εἶς(t)-μία-ἕν *Poultry Thief.*

The Blunt House boys have been seen with him,
And the old ornament of his cheeks hath already disappeared."
Fuller, '88.

"Thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if you be in love, may sigh it off." *McCormick.*

"I want to be a tough boy,
And with tough boys to band,
With a "three for a dime" in my mouth.
And a "full house" in my hand."
A certain Prep.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

The aforesaid Prep.

Who would not be an Editor — to write
The magic "We" of such enormous might?
To be so great, beyond the common span,
It takes the plural to express the man."

Landon.

"Four of a kind." *Babbit, Smith, Gillis,* and *Hutchins.*

O Boarding-house! the rich and fertile soil
From which spring petty costs and awful rent.
Oft have thy sons burned midnight oil
To "tap the till" in sweet content!
And Oh, may pi(e)ous Heaven their lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile.
Though dyspepsia beck and call,
The Bloody Five will eat the while,
And 'gainst all odds will make their mighty haul.

From deeds like these your reputation springs,
That makes you loved at home and known elsewhere.
On milk and pies they feast like kings
But leave no trace of their midnight fare.
And truly while these lunchings last,
The squash pie leaves the mince pie far behind;
For what is mince pie? A crust from iron cast,
Disguising oft mixtures of many a kind
Studied in arts of cookery and by the cook refined.

"Such exclusive people, that the rabble may be checked,
Have to keep their social circle exclusively select."

Senior Club, P.A. '88.

"Are you not he that frights the maidens of the villagery?"

Wheeler.

"Be not wise in your own conceit." *Carr*, '88.

"Fems are guardian angels o'er my life presiding,
Doubling my pleasures and my cares dividing."
Husted.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." *Parker*, '88.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." *Decker*, '89.

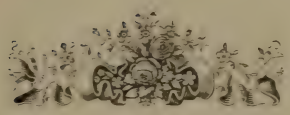
"Much study is a weariness of the flesh." *Crofton*, '88.

"What's in a name?"
Rudolphsen Michael Weyerhaeuser, P.S. '88.

"He has lungs of iron, throat of brass." *Marsh*, '88.

The "Bummer" Corps.

President,	*Low.*
Vice-president,	*Low.*
Secretary,	*Low.*
Treasurer,	*Everybody.*
Headquarters,	"*Chap's.*"



Presidents of Philo.

1825-1888.

Why, there's a group of wise savants,
Each one of whom did sit
In Philo's Presidential chair,
And, battling with applause,
Right valiantly did wield the arm
In order's sacred cause.

Semi-Centennial Poem.

1825.

Nathaniel G. Winslow,	Williston, Vt.

1826.

Emery Shute.	

1826-27.

James B. Hadley,	Wenham, Mass.
William H. Hadley,	Waterford, Vt.
Preserved F. Davidson,	Waterford, Vt.

1827-28.

Timothy Abbott,	Andover, Mass.
Josiah M. Bartlett,	Newburyport, Mass.
Thomas N. Kimball,	Andover, Mass.

1828-29.

Nathaniel A. Keep,	Pelham, N. H.
Calvin Butler,	Pelham, N. H.
Charles Noble,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Edward A. Manning,	Andover, Mass.

1829–30.

Henry Callahan,	Andover, Mass.
Henry W. Sweetzer,	Portsmouth, N. H.
Seth W. Bannister,	Newburyport, Mass.
Samuel W. Wilson,	Boston, Mass.

1830–31.

Benjamin Kingsbury,	Boston, Mass.
David Morgan,	Wilton, N. H.
William C. Coley,	Pittsford, Vt.
John Wilson,	Lowell, Mass.

1831–32.

Nahum Gale,	Worcester, Mass.
Henry E. Morrill,	Boston, Mass.
Fernando C. Putnam,	Leominster, Mass.
Levi Wilder,	Lancaster, Mass.

1832–33.

B. Franklin Winslow,	Pittsford, Vt.
Richard Hackett,	Salisbury, Mass.
Charles Rich,	Boston, Mass.
P. L. B. Stickney,	West Newbury, Mass.

(Records lost from 1833 to 1856.)

1856–57.

Flavius Josephus Cook,	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Bradford Morton Fullerton,	So. Abington, Mass.

1857–58.

Melville Cox Day,	Biddeford, Me.
Henry Hamlin Stebbins,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Edwin Stewart,	Brooklyn, N. Y.

1858–59.

Sherburne Blake Eaton,	Lowell, Mass.
Gorham Phillips Stevens,	Lawrence, Mass.
Leander Trowbridge Chamberlain,	West Brookfield, Mass.

1859–60.

George Mumford Coit,	Fall River, Mass.
Thomas Browning Hewitt,	No. Stonington, Ct.
William Everett Eaton,	North Reading, Mass.

1860–61.

John Wesley Churchill,	Nashua, N. H.
Charles Edgar Smith,	Ellsworth, Me.
Joseph Appleton Bent,	New Ipswich, N. H.

1861–62.

Leslie Lewis,	Freeport, Ill.
Willis Jay Tew,	Silver Creek, N. Y.
George Putnam Smith,	New York City.

1862–63.

David Jacob Burrell,	Freeport, Ill.
Michael Burnham,	Essex, Mass.
George Washington Duncan,	Haverhill, Mass.

1863–64.

Francis Eugene Seagrave,	Uxbridge, Mass.
William Henry Backus,	West Killingly, Ct.

1864–65.

Augustus Linfield,	Randolph, Mass.
John Francis Locke,	Watertown, Mass.
William Gardiner Sperry,	Billerica, Mass.

1865–66.

Washington Choate,	Essex, Mass.
Frank Henry Pierce,	Hillsboro', N. H.
Charles Edwin Coolidge,	Chicopee Falls, Mass.

1866–67.

James Bradish Wells.	New York City
Byron Crane Williams,	Newark, N. Y.
Joseph Rhoads Walter,	Wilmington, Del.

1867–68.

Frederick Shepard Dennis,	Newark, N. J.
Harry Wilton Cragin,	Lebanon, N. H.
Milton Scott Jenkins,	No. Andover, Mass.

1868–69.

James Hayward,	Hannibal, Mo.
John Parsons, Jr.,	Saugus, Mass.
William Edwin Stanley,	No. Attleboro', Mass.

1869–70.

Leverett Mears,	Essex, Mass.
Thomas Parmelee Wickes,	New York City.
George Hyland Campbell,	Nashua, N. H.

1870–71.

Henry Sayer Van Duyer,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Almet Francis Jenks,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Charles Franklin Thwing,	New Sharon, Me.

1871–72.

Sumner Burritt Stiles,	Middleton, Mass.
William Henry Moody,	Salem, Mass.
Charles Albert Dickinson,	Westminster, Vt.

1872–73.

Nathaniel Upham Walker,	Concord, N. H.
Nathan Davis Abbott,	Watertown, Mass.
Charles Maynard Barnes,	Decatur, Ill.

1873–74.

Charles Moore,	Ypsilanti, Mich.
Edward Oscar Dyer,	Shrewsbury, Mass.
Charles Everett Fish,	Cotuit, Mass.

1874–75.

William Hale Parmenter,	Athol, Mass.
Nehemiah Boynton,	Medford, Mass.
Henry Herbert Donaldson,	New York City.

1875–76.

David Collin Wells,	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Robert Mackemmie Higgins,	Maynard, Mass.
Remsen Varrick Messler,	Pittsburgh, Pa.

1876–77.

Edwin Edgerton Aiken,	Virgennes, Vt.
William Porter Day,	Catskill, N. Y.
William Alvin Knowlton,	Natick, Mass.

1877–78.

William Elder Bailey,	Harrisburgh, Pa.
William Herbert Gates,	Worcester, Mass.
Frank Maynard Eaton,	Milltown, N. B.

1878–79.

Heinrich Conrad Bierwirth,	Celle, Hanover.
William Gardiner,	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Edward Stevens Beach,	Litchfield, Ct.

1879–80.

Edward Wyckoff Harris,	Hightstown, N. J.
William Edwin Freer,	Newark, N. J.
George Reddington Blodgett,	Buckstown.

1880–81.

Walter Allen Halbert,	Binghamton, N. Y.
Paul Irving Welles,	Fayetteville, N. Y.
George Catling Woodruff,	Litchfield, Ct.

1881–82.

Edward Johnson Phelps,	Andover, Mass.
Porter Beardsley,	Aubnrn, N. Y.
Philip Battell Stewart,	Middlebury, Vt.

1882–83.

Frank Pratt Van Valkenburgh,	Milwaukee, Wis.
Herbert Farrington Perkins,	Salem, N. H.
Fordyce Perkins Cleaves,	Kennebunkport, Me.

1883–84.

Charles Tilden Sempers,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Herbert Lionel Grant,	Waterbury, Ct.
Harlan Ward Cooley,	Dubuque, Iowa.

1884–85.

James Hardy Ropes,	Andover, Mass.
William Davis Sawyer,	Dover, N. H.
Robert Eliot Speer,	Huntington, Pa.

1885–86.

Franklin Eldridge Libby Watson,	Beech Tree, Pa.
George Buell Hollister,	Rutherford, N. J.
William Odlin,	Andover, Mass.

1886–87.

James Wilson Osborne,	Calumet, Mich.
John Lockwood Dodge,	Council Bluffs, Iowa.
James Wilson Grimes,	Hillsboro', N. H.

1887–88.

Ernest Clark Bartlett,	Woburn, Mass.
Hugh McKennon Landon,	Kokomo, Ind.

Winter Midnight Scene in Commons.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.

H. McK. LANDON. Kokomo, Ind.

VICE PRESIDENT.

B. M. ALLEN. Walpole.

SECRETARY.

A. B. BROWN. Dover, N. H.

TREASURER.

H. B. McCORMICK. Harrisburgh, Pa.

MIRROR EDITORS.

A. F. SHAW, Wellsboro, Pa.
J. C. CAMPBELL. Stevens Point, Wis.
A. R. BENNER, Waldoboro, Me.

EXECUTIVES.

O. H. BRONSON, New York, N. Y.
F. W. MOORE. Independence, Ia.
E. B. BISHOP, Newton Centre.
A E. ADDIS, Leeds.

MEMBERS.

Adams, F. W.	Williamstown.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Allen, B. M.	Walpole.
Atha, G. R.	Providence, R. I.
Babbitt, J. A.	Swanton, Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	Swanton, Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Balliet, A. J.	Normal Square, Pa.
Bartlett, E. C.	Woburn
Benner, A. R.	Waldoboro, Me.
Bird, E. A.	Abingdon, Va.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Bronson, O. H.	New York, N. Y.
Bronson, W. H.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, O. B.	Deering, Me.
Boddie, W. P.	La Fayette, Ky.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Campbell, J. C.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Carr, J. T.	Dubuque, Ia.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmon, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eaton, R. G.	Wakefield.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kansas.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Flagg, W. D.	Holyoke.
Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
Frissell, L. F.	Summit, N. J.
Gillis, L. N.	Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

Goodwin, W. B.	Bangor, Me.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro'.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hallock, H. B.	Portland, Me.
Hammond, F. E.	Worcester.
Henning, G. N.	Washington, D. C.
Higgins, W. M.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, H.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hubbard, N. C.,	Wheeling, W. Va.
Husted, J. W., Jr.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Landon, H. McK.	Kokomo, Ind.
Low, D. S.	Ridgewood, N. J.
Lyon, W. R.	Indiana, Pa.
Massonneau, E. P.	Red Hook, N. Y.
McChord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisbnrgh, Pa.
Moore, F. W.	Independence, Ia.
Mosely, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Neale, J. C.	Kittanning, Pa.
Noyes, G. R.	North Andover.
Oglevie, J.	Lawrence.
Parker, W. R.	Norfolk, Neb.
Parker, W. W.	Washington, D. C.
Philbrook, G. R.	Bethlehem, N. H.
Pierce, C. P.	Hardwick.
Sandford, E. R.	New York, N. Y.
Shaw, A. F.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Smith, G. A.	Andover.
Snowden, P. C.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Spaulding, H. N	Andover.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Torbert, H. G.	Dubuque, Ia.
Townsend, O. E.	Zanesville, O.
Tucker, F. D.	Monson.
Tyler, S W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	No. Reading.
Weeks, A. G.	New York, N. Y.
Welles, D. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

PRESIDENT.

E. C. BARTLETT, Woburn.

VICE PRESIDENT.

O. B BROWN, Deering, Me.

SECRETARY.

W. P. BODDIE, Lafayette, Ky.

TREASURER.

H. B. McCORMICK, Harrisburg, Pa.

MEMBERS,

Adams F. W.	Williamstown.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds, Mass.
Allen, B. M.	Walpole.
Andress, O. O.	Cincinnati, O.
Atha, G. R.	Pawtucketville, R. I.
Austin, C. W.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Babbit, J. A.	Swanton, Vt.
Babbit, W. H.	Swanton, Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Balliet, A. J.	Normal Square, Pa.
Bartlett, E. C.	Woburn.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Benner, A. R.	Waldoboro, Me.
Blanchard, G. A.	Hudson Centre, N. H.
Bliss, C. D.	New York, N. Y.

Bliss, L. T.	New York, N. Y.
Boddie, W. P.	La Fayette, Ky.
Bradford, J. M.	Washington, D. C.
Bronson, O. H.	New York, N. Y.
Bronson, W. H.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, H. K.	Denver, Col.
Brown, O. B.	Deering, Me.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Campbell, J. C.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmon, N. Y.
Case, J. A.	Charles City, Ia.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Converse, C. R.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Darling, S. Boyd,	Somerville.
Davis, A. B.	Acton.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro.
Eaton, R. G.	Wakefield.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kan.
Edson, W. A.	Portland, Me.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyr, N. Y.
Everett, E. H.	Manchester, N. H.
Everett, R. M.	Manchester, N. H.
Farwell, R. K.	Freeport, Ill.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Frissell, L. F.	Summit, N. J.
Gilbert, J. B.	Denver, Col.
Gillis, J. T.	Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

Gillis, L. N.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Goodwin, W. B.	Bangor, Me.
Gove, J. S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, F. E.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro.
Graves, H. S.	Andover.
Gwynne, E. E.	New York, N. Y.
Hall, D.	Dover, N. H.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hallock, H. B.	Portland, Me.
Hammond, F. C.	Worcester.
Haskell, H. B.	West Falmouth, Me.
Hassenzahl, L.	Toledo, O.
Holbrook, G. M.	Springfield
Holland, J. W.	Westfield.
Hollister, E. C.	Rutherford, N. J.
Hollister, F. K.	Rutherford, N. J.
Hollister, G. B.	Rutherford, N. J.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hopkins, S.	St. Clair, Mich.
Hubbard, N. C.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Hutchins, S. C.	Danielsonville, Ct.
Hyde, F. C.	Newton Highlands.
Iwaya, T.	Tokio, Japan.
Jacobson, S.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Jameson, A. H.	Amherst.
Johnson, G. D.	Andover.
Jones, R. E.	Webster City, Ia.
Kent, G. A.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kent, H. F.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kimball, G. E.	Bradford.
Kimball, H. W.	Bradford.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lakeman, F. W.	Nashua, N. H.
Landon, H. McK.	Kokomo, Ind.

Leverty, R. G.	Bridgeport, Ct.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Indiana, Pa.
Malone, L. J.	Andover.
Massonneau, E. P.	Red Hook, N. Y.
Mayer, H. W.	Holbrook.
McClelland, W. F.	Denver, Col.
McCord, R.	New York, N. Y.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
McKinney, E. M.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Merrill, R.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Moody, E. C.	East Andover, N. H.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Morrison, W. R.	Newport, R. I.
Mosley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Owen, T. N.	Granville, N. Y.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Peabody, W. H.	Laramie, Wyo. Ter.
Perkins, E. A.	West Newton.
Philbrook, G. R.	Bethlehem, N. H.
Pierce, C. P.	Hardwick.
Puffer, E. W.	Lowell.
Richards, T. Y.	New York, N. Y.
Rowley, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Russell, H. D.	Oswego, N. Y.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Shaw, A. F.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Smart, M. H.	Portland, Me.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, G. M.	Plantsville, Ct.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro, Me.
Snowden, P. C.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Sterns, W. H.	Westfield.
Stetson, H. C.	Bangor, Me.

Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Thayer, S. W.	Cambridge.
Tucker. F. D	Monson.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	North Reading.
Webber, L.	Portland, Mich.
Wheeler, G. S.	Chelsea.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chatanooga, Tenn.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Wiley, G. P.	Charleston, Ill.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

"Examination Tremens"

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT.

W. M. CROFTON,	Fort Buford, Dak.

SECRETARY.

W. W. PARKER,	Washington, D. C.

TREASURER.

C. MORGAN,	Aurora, N. Y.

DIRECTORS.

A. H. PRESTON,	Omaha, Neb.
B. D. BOGART,	New York, N. Y.
J. W. HUSTED,	Peekskill, N. Y.
J. A. PHILLIPS,	Pittsburgh, Pa.
A. E. GALE,	Haverhill.
H. C. STETSON,	Bangor, Me.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Baker, C., Jr.	Hiogo, Japan.
Bartlett, E. C.	Woburn.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Bixby, H. L.	Los Angelos, Cal.
Bliss, L. T.	New York, N. Y.
Brainard, E. H.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Brewster, J. H.	Wellsborough, Pa.

Burton, M.	La Crosse, Wis.
Campbell, J. C.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Campbell, G. A.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmon, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Clark, A. C.	Plantsville, Ct.
Coffin, A. D.	Windsor Locks, Ct.
Converse, C. R.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Davis, G. K.	Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Decker, W. H.	Davenport, Ia.
duPont, J. C.	Houma, La.
Eaton, R. G.	Wakefield.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kan.
Farwell, R. K.	Freeport, Ill.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Flagg, W. D.	Holyoke.
Fuller, P.	New Haven, Ct.
Funk, E. D.	Shirley, Ill.
Gilbert, P. F.	Andover.
Gilmore, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hamlin G. J.	Chicago, Ill.
Hollister, E. C.	Rutherford, N. J.
Hollister, F. K.	Rutherford, N. J.
Hollister, G. B.	Rutherford, N. J.
Holland, J. W.	Westfield.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hopkins, S.	St. Claire, Mich.
Hutchins, S. C.	Danielson, Ct.
Iwaya, T.	Tokio, Japan.
Jacobson, S.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Jameson, A. H.	Amherst.
Johnson, L. F.	Bangor, Me.
Johnson, H. B.	Leavenworth, Kan.

Johnson, A.	Belfast, Me.
Joy, R. P.	Troy, N. Y.
Keene, N. P.	Evansville, Ind.
Kent, G. A., Jr.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kent, H. F.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kimball, G. E.	Bradford.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lakeman, F. W.	Nashville, N. H.
Laverty, R. G.	Bridgeport, Ct.
Low, D. S.	Ridgewood, N. J.
Malone, L. J.	Andover.
McClelland, W. F.	Denver, Col.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Marsh, W.	Omaha, Neb.
Massoneau, E. P.	Red Hook, N. Y.
Merrill, R.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Moore, F. W.	Independence, Ia.
Mosely, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Mowry, L. D.	Englewood, N. J.
Mowry, S.	Englewood, N. J.
Neale, J. C.	Reading, Pa.
Ogden, W. J.	Chicago, Ill.
Orvis, G. A.	Manchester, Vt.
Paramore, J. A.	St. Louis, Miss.
Parsons, J.	New York, N. Y.
Peabody, W. H.	Laramie, Wyo. Ter.
Perkins, C. F.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Pettibone, A. W.	La Crosse, Wis.
Richards, T. T.	New York, N. Y.
Richardson, J. W.	Auburn, N. Y.
Rondebush, J. H.	New York, N. Y.
Rowly, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Russel, C. A.	Pittsfield.
Russell, H. D.	Oswego, N. Y.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. Y.
Smith, G. M.	Plantsville, Ct.

Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro, Me.
Sprague, R. P.	Chicago, Ill.
Sprague, R. W.	Chicago, Ill.
Stanley, A. W.	New Britain, Ct.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stone, C. J.	Andover.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Terry, R. A.	New Bedford.
Webster, S.	Chicago, Ill.
Weeks, A. G.	New York, N. Y.
Weyerhauser, R. M.	Rock Island, Ill.
Wiley, G. P.	Medway.
Wilson, G. E.	Charleston, Ill.
Woodruff, W. H.	Auburn, N. Y.
Woodworth, A.	Chicopee.

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '88.

Colors: Old Gold and Blue.

"*Virtute Vincamus.*"

President,	G. B. Hollister.
Vice President,	H. B. McCormick.
Secretary,	P. Fuller.
Treasurer,	G. R. Philbrook.

P. S., '88.

Colors: Green and Blue.

Courage sans Peur.

President,	W. M. Crofton.
Vice President,	B. D. Bogart.
Secretary and Treasurer,	J. C. duPont.

P. A., '89.

Colors: Yellow and Wine Color.

'Απὸ πείρας πάντα.

President,	S. E. Farwell.
Vice President,	E. B. Bishop.
Secretary and Treasurer,	W. M. Higgins.
Historian,	F. A. Googins.

P. S., '89.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.

"Avise le fin."

President,	E. D. Funk.
Vice President,	W. G. Preston.
Secretary and Treasurer,	F. W. Lakeman.
Historian,	C. Baker.

P. A., '90.

Colors: Violet and Yellow.

"De Die in Diem."

President,	C. J. Stone.
Vice President,	P. S. Ellsworth.
Secretary and Treasurer,	G. C. Hixon.
Historian,	A. E. Addis.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"Sans Pareil."

President,	C. F. Perkins.
Vice President,	G. K. King.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. P. Johnson.
Historian,	H. P. Johnson.

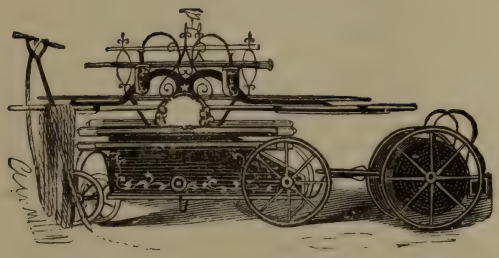
P. A., '91.

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	W. B. Stover.
Vice President,	S. B. Darling.
Secretary and Treasurer,	S. S. Yardley.

P. S., '91.

Unorganized.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

C. Morgan.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

E. D. Funk.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

C. W. Frear,
H. S. Graves,
R. Merrill,
F. W. Lakeman,
F. K. Hollister.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

G. B. Hollister,
C. E. Beeson,
H. C. Stetson,
E. C. Hollister.

DRIVER.

W. H. Woodruff.

Phillips Academy Orchestra.

CONDUCTOR.

J. W. Richardson.

SECRETARY.

C. Morgan.

FIRST VIOLIN.

O. B. Brown, J. W. Richardson.

SECOND VIOLIN.

C. Morgan, L. Weber,
R. K. Farwell,

FLUTE.

C. W. Frear.

CLARIONET.

A. W. White, W. F. Howard.

CORNET.

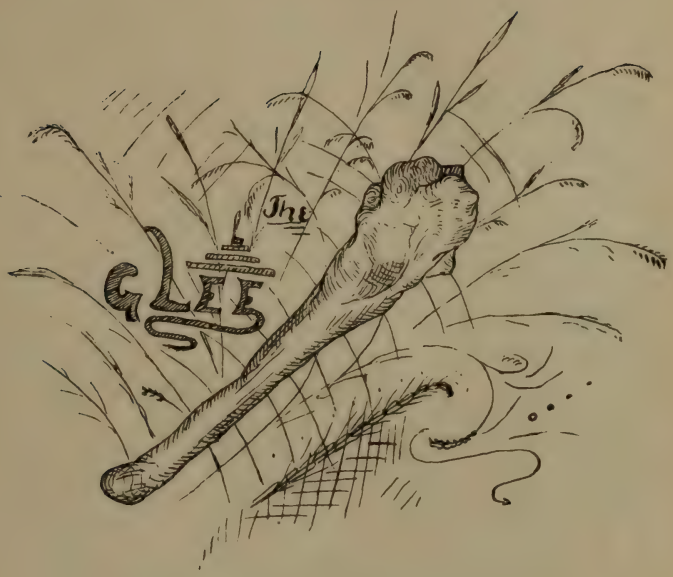
H. Kent, H. W. Kimball.

TROMBONE.

J. C. du Pont.

CONTRA BASS.

C. E. Beeson.



PRESIDENT.

G. B. Hollister.

MANAGER.

J. T. Carr.

FIRST TENOR.

J. T. Carr, G. J. Hamlin,
A. J. Balliet.

SECOND TENOR.

G. B. Hollister, A. E. Addis,
F. K. Hollister.

FIRST BASS.

S. E. Farwell, L. J. Malone,
W. H. Stearns.

SECOND BASS.

R. K. Farwell, H. W. Kimball,
C. J. Stone.

PHILLIPS CHAPEL CHOIR.

ORGANIST.

W. S. Haskell.

AIR.

G. B. Hollister,
G. R. Atha,
H. F. Flint,
F. K. Hollister,
F. D. Tucker,
S. E. Farwell,
G. R. Philbrook,
C. Morgan.

TENOR.

A. J. Balliet,
G. J. Hamlin,
J. T. Carr,
A. E. Addis,
W. M. Higgins.

BASS.

H. W. Kimball,
W. H. Stearns,
F. E. McDuffee,
R. W. Holmes,
R. K. Farwell,
L. J. Malone,
H. D. Russell,
H. W. Greenough.

Phillips Academy Banjo Club.

BANJOS.

W. M. Crofton, F. K. Hollister,
W. Marsh, J. W. Ogden.

GUITARS.

C. E. Beeson, J. T. Carr.

Abbot Street Banjo Quartette.

"Long Bill" Crofton," "Doc" Brown,
"Toughy" Marsh. "Freshy" Brainard.

MANAGER.

"Aggie Old Girl."

"Grand Stand" Decker turns the music, and is general supe.

Formerly we were taught, but now we teach.

Phillips Brass Quartette.

FIRST CORNET. SECOND CORNET.

H. F. Kent. R. A. Coffin.

ALTO. TROMBONE.

H. W. Kimball. J. C. du Pont.

THE PHILLIPIAN.

MANAGING EDITOR.

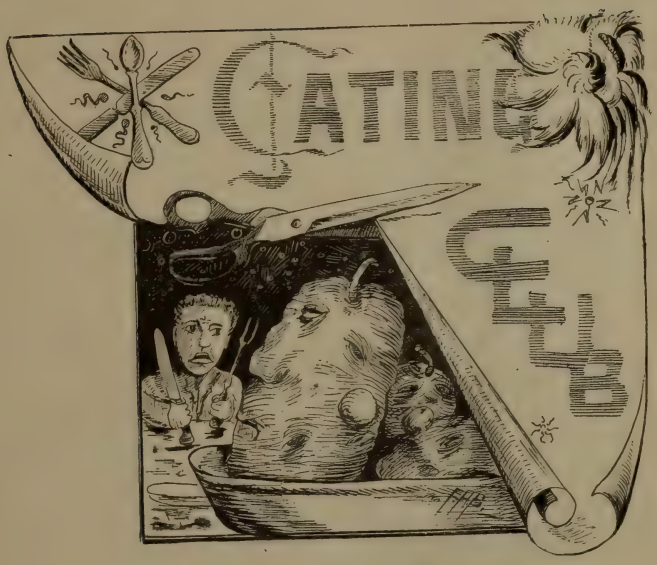
H. McKennon Landon.

EDITORS.

A. E. Addis, '90,
E. H. Brainard, '88,
E. B. Bishop, '89,
J. T. Carr, '88,
J. C. du Pont, '88,
E. A. Bird, '89,
F. D. Tucker, '88.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

E. C. Bartlett.



German Table.

F. E. McDuffee.
O. G. Cartwright.
J. D. Upton.
H. B. Hallock.
R. W. Holmes.
J. D. Cameron.
A. F. Shaw.
J. L. Benbow.
L. C. Grant.
L. J. Malone.
G. B. Hollister.
H. D. Russell.
A. S. Taylor.
D. H. Welles.
W. W. Hassenzahl.
W. P. Boddie.
J. Schoen.
F. B. Taylor.

ENTRIES FOR WINTER TOURNAMENT.

SPARRING.

1.	*Light Weight*,	J. A. Phillips, O. B. Brown, A. Johnson.
2.	*Middle Weight*,	J. T. Upton, E. B. Bishop.
3.	*Heavy Weight*,	P. T. Haskell, A. D. Coffin, S. Jacobson, R. Weyerhaeuser.

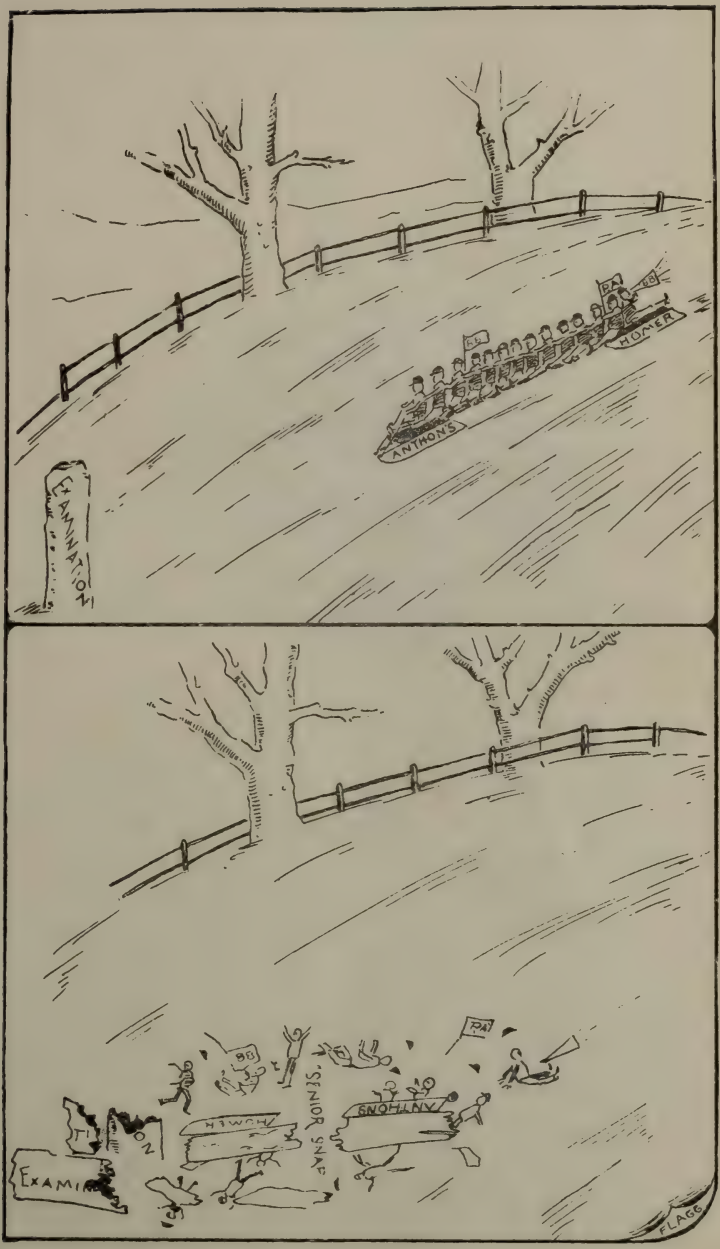
WRESTLING.

4.	*Feather Weight*,	T. Iwaya, R. K. Dickerman, P. C. Aylesworth.
5.	*Light Weight*,	E. R. Sanford, G. K. Davis.
6.	*Middle Weight*,	C. E. Moody, J. T. Upton, P. Fuller.
7.	*Heavy Weight*,	S. Mowry, A. T. Coffin.

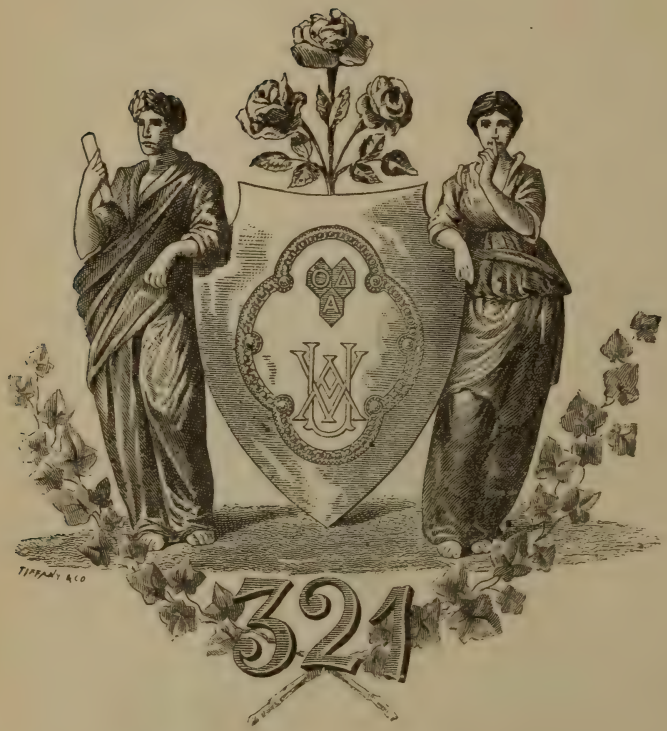
8.	Parallel Bars.	C. H. Foss, O. G. Cartwright.
9.	Horizontal Bar,	C. H. Foss, F. W. Moore.
10.	Hitch-and-kick,	P. T. Haskell, H. L. Bixby, J. A. Phillips.
11.	High Jump.	R. W. Holmes, J. H. Field, H. L. Bixby, E. H. Brainard.
12.	Tumbling.	G. K. Davis, G. S. Wheeler, J. T. Upton, W. W. Parker.
13.	Fence Vault.	E. D. Funk, O. G. Cartwright.
14.	Club Swinging,	C. H. Foss, S. C. Hutchins.
15.	Rings.	C. H. Foss, G. A. Orvis.

Tug of War Teams.

P. T. Haskell,	P.A. '88,	Anchor.
W. H. Peabody,	P.S. '88,	No. 3.
O. B. Brown,	P.A. '88,	No. 2.
W. W. Parker,	P.A. '88,	No. 1.
	'89.	
E. D Funk,	P.S. '89,	Anchor.
C. Moody,	P.A. '89,	No. 3.
C. B. Bishop,	P.A. '89,	No. 2.
G. M. Smith,	P.S. '89,	No. 1.
	'90.	
S. Mowrey,	P.S. '90,	Anchor.
A. E. Addis,	P.A. '90,	No. 3.
J. H. Brewster,	P.S. '90,	No. 2.
F. E. McDuffee,	P.A. '90,	No. 1.
	'91.	
C. H. Foss,	P.A. '91,	Anchor.
J. Ogilvie,	P.A. '91,	No. 3.
J. E. Case,	P.A. '91,	No. 2.
R. W. Sprague.	P.S. '91,	No. 1.


EXAMINATION
ANTHONY'S
HOMER
SENIORS
FLAGG

G. B. Hollister,
E. B. Bishop,
W. J. Ogden,
A. H. Preston,
R. Merrill,
F. K. Hollister,
W. W. Parker,
C. Morgan,
E. C. Hollister,
J. H. Field,
C. J. Stone,
W. J. Preston.



C. E. Beeson.
C. D. Bliss,
B. D. Bogart,
F. H. Brainard,
H. K. Brown,
W. M. Crofton,
J. L. Emerson,
A. E. Gale,
G. J. Hamlir,
J. A. Phillips.
G. N. Prentiss.

T.F.C.Q.
K.O.A.

HOFFMAN HOUSE.

(A FAVORITE FAMILY HOTEL.)

BROADWAY AND MADISON SQUARE,

NEW YORK.

Central to all principal Theatres and points of interest in the city.

RESTAURANT, CAFE, AND SALOONS UNEXCELLED.

Rooms $2.00 per day and upwards.

C. H. READ & CO., Proprietors:

BASE BALL GOODS.

RACKETS AND TENNIS GOODS.

Improved Striking Bags for Gymnasium Use.

NOBBY CAPS and ELEGANT NECKWEAR.

EXTRA HEAVY SWEATERS,
FOR SKATING AND TOBOGANNING.

'S Samples of French and English Flannels,
FOR SPRING OF 1888.

AGENCY AT L. C. 2-2.

Phillips School Books.

NOVELTIES IN STATIONERY.

PAPER BY THE POUND.

Engraved Cards and Invitations.

AT THE

ANDOVER BOOKSTORE.

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1

CIGARETTES

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost **GOLD LEAF** grown in Virginia. This is the **Old and Original brand of Straight Cut** Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

Beware of Imitations

and observe that the FIRM NAME, as below, is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

NEW MAIL

ONLY WHEEL WITH

Trigwell's Ball Head,

Greatest Modern Improvement!

UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS!

ALSO

PERFECTION BACKBONE and KIRKPATRICK SADDLE

See this Wheel before purchasing, and Send for Catalogue.

WM. READ & SONS.

107 Washington St., BOSTON.

—o—

Photograph of New Mail 10c. in stamps.

Holland & Roberts

Artistic Photography.

PERFECT WORK, INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

FINEST STUDIO IN NEW ENGLAND. ELEVATOR FROM STREET FLOOR.

10 TEMPLE PLACE, COR. TREMONT ST.

RECEPTION ROOM ON FIRST LANDING. **BOSTON.**

FRENCH, PUFFER & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

CROCKERY, CHINA and GLASS WARE,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Plated Ware, Lamps, Chimneys,

WOODEN WARE, &c. &c.

389 ESSEX ST., - LAWRENCE, MASS.

Geo. W. Colburn & Co.,

STATIONERS, NEWSDEALERS,

Gilders and Picture Frame Manufacturers,

DEALERS IN FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS & ART NOVELTIES,

281 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.

GORDON & DILWORTH

MANUFACTURING PURVEYORS

ESTABLISHED 1847.

SEE OTHER SIDE.

J. Ottmann Lith. NY

GORDON & DILWORTH

MANUFACTURING PURVEYORS

ESTABLISHED 1847.

ALL OF OUR PRODUCTIONS BEAR THIS TRADE MARK. WILL PROSECUTE ALL IMITATIONS & INFRINGEMENTS OF THE SAME

OVER 100 DOMESTIC & FOREIGN FRUITS & VEGETABLES TRANSMUTED INTO TABLE DELICACIES

PRESERVED · CANNED & BRANDY FRUITS · VEGETABLES · SOUPS · SYRUPS · JELLIES · Bl^ey BRANDY · CATSUPS · JAMS

PRICES ON PRESERVES REDUCED DEC. 1ST. 1885.

MINCE MEAT · PLUM PUDDING · SWEET PICKLES · CAPERS · OLIVES · SALAD DRESSING · WINE JELLIES · MARMALADES · &C. & C.

OUR PRESERVES & JELLIES

HAVE LED THE MARKET FOR 40 YEARS

OUR MINCE MEAT & PLUM PUDDING

ARE SIMPLY INCOMPARABLE.

OUR SALAD DRESSING & NEW PROCESS CATSUP

GIVE TONE TO THE MOST MODEST REPAST,

WHILE OUR

OLIVES CAPERS AND BRANDY FRUITS

ADDED THERETO, TRANSFORM IT INTO A FEAST.

FOR SALE BY THE LEADING GROCERS ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

SEE OTHER SIDE

GEORGE H. LECK,

PHOTOGRAPHER

283 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE.

Students of PHILLIPS ACADEMY will find it more convenient and less expensive to come here for Photographs than to go to Boston. Special prices to classes. Nothing but first-class work.

WM. FORBES & SONS.

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

Steam, Gas, and Water Fitters

448 & 450 Essex St., cor. Hampshire St.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

C. W. PARTRIDGE, D. D. S.,

No. 461 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, - - MASS.

DYER & CO.,

337 ESSEX STREET, - LAWRENCE.

BANJOS, * GUITARS, * VIOLINS, * &c.,

BICYCLES, TENNIS GOODS, AND CROQUET.

M. W. MORRIS & CO.,

TAILORS,

465 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, - - MASS.

Specialties in Graduating Suits.

NEW YORK, SOUTH AND WEST,

VIA

FALL RIVER LINE.

STEAMERS PILGRIM AND BRISTOL.

Lighted by Electricity. Heated by Steam.

SPECIAL EXPRESS;

Connecting with Steamer at FALL RIVER in 80 minutes, leaves

Old Colony Station

Week days, at 6, P.M., until Jan 1, Sundays, at 7, P.M. Connecting to Brooklyn and Jersey City by annex boat. Tickets, Staterooms, and Berths secured at

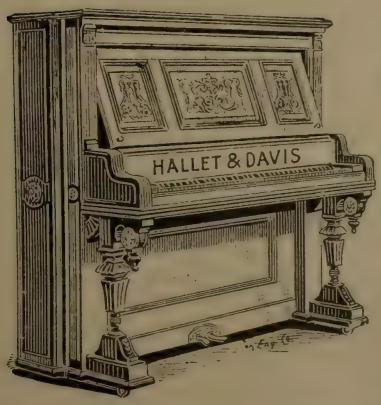
No. 3, OLD STATE HOUSE,

Cor. Washington and State Sts., and at the Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK, General Manager. GEO. L. CONNOR, Agt., 3 Old State House.

KENNELLY & SYLVESTER

Have a Large Assortment of



NEW AND SECOND-HAND

PIANOS

AND

ORGANS

FOR SALE AND TO LET OR SOLD ON INTSALMENTS.

VIOLINS, BANJOS, AND GUITARS.

Large assortment of Sheet Music and other musical merchandise. Tuning and repairing promptly done.

256 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

THEODORE B. STARR,

No. 206 Fifth Avenue,

Between 25th and 26th Streets

(MADISON SQUARE),

THROUGH TO 1126 BROADWAY.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,

Importer of Precious Stones, Bronzes, Clocks and Decorative Porcelains.

NON-MAGNETIC WATCHES.

Paillard's Patent Non-Magnetic Compensation Balance and Hair Spring.

The rapidly increasing use of Electricity in its multiform applications makes a watch which is impervious to magnetism an absolute necessity for those who require accurate time-pieces, to be depended upon under all circumstances.

We have now in stock a variety of the celebrated Geneva Non-Magnetic Watches containing Paillard's Patent Non-Magnetic Compensation Balance and Hair Spring, which are uninfluenced by Magnetism or Electricity, and will not rust nor corrode.

These watches, made by the most approved machinery and finished by skilled labor, are unsurpassed for durability and accuracy of performance.

Every watch warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Send for circular.

HENRY P. NOYES,

FURNITURE MAKER,

ANDOVER.

PLAIN AND FANCY HARDWARE,

Glass, Putty, Paints and Oils,

ALSO

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF SPORTSMEN'S GOODS, CUTLERY, ETC.

H. McLAWLIN,

MAIN STREET, - - - - ANDOVER.

H. P. WRIGHT,

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

DR. CHARLES E. ABBOTT,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

48 MAIN, STREET.

George H. Parker,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY

ANDOVER, MASS.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

E. H. Barnard,

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTER,

GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING.

DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Window Glass and Wall Papers.

ESSEX STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

BENJAMIN BROWN,

DEALER IN

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDRENS'

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

SWIFT'S BUILDING, MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

Having added one of the English Repairing Machines to our Fitting Department, and having in our employ a first-class workman, we are now prepared to insert New Gores in Congress boots and shoes, and repair uppers with front and back strips, button pieces, foxings, etc., in the neatest manner, at reasonable prices.

SMITH & MANNING,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS

and GROCERIES,

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN CORNELL,

DEALER IN

Wood, Coal, Hay and Straw,

OFFICE IN CARTER'S BUILDING, MAIN ST.

COMMONS DINING HALL,

Open to students of Phillips Academy from September to July.

PERMANENT BOARD $3.00 A WEEK.

WILLIAM MARLAND, Propr.

T. J. FARMER,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Salt, Smoked, and Pickled Fish.

OYSTERS, CLAMS, AND LOBSTERS,

3 CENTRAL ST. (opp. Baptist Church), ANDOVER.

REA & ABBOTT,

— DEALERS IN —

Meat & Provisions,

MAIN ST., OPPOSITE THE BANK,

ANDOVER, - - - - MASS.

C. A. BOONE,

CARRIAGE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL

PAINTING

DONE AT REASONABLE PRICES.

ESSEX STREET, - - - ANDOVER.

VALPEY BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN

MEATS AND PROVISIONS,

Corner Main Street and Elm Square,

ANDOVER, MASS.

G. H. VALPEY. E. H. VALPEY.

William F. Findley,

DEALER IN

FISH OF ALL KINDS,

FRESH, SALT, SMOKED, PICKLED.

LOBSTERS, CLAMS, AND OYSTERS.

Fancy Fish of all kinds in season. Goods delivered.

MAIN STREET, - - ANDOVER.

L. J. Bacigalupo,

MANUFACTURER OF

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY,

AND DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT AND ICE CREAM.

Barnard's New Block, Main Street, Andover.

W. H. EATON,

WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN,

ANDOVER, MASS.

OFFICE * WESTERN * UNION * TELEGRAPH.

JOHNSON'S

ANDOVER and BOSTON EXPRESS.

BOSTON OFFICES:

32 COURT SQUARE & 105 ARCH STREET,

Andover office at my Store.

J. H. CHANDLER, Proprietor and Messenger.

BROWN'S

Andover & Boston Express,

BOSTON OFFICES, 34 Court Square and 77 Kingston St.

ANDOVER OFFICE, No. 1 Park Street.

F. B. JENKINS, PROPRIETOR.

ELM HOUSE,

A. F. WILBUR, Proprietor.

OPPOSITE MEMORIAL HALL, ANDOVER, MASS.

This Hotel is pleasantly situated in one of the most beautiful and healthful towns in New England.

Ample Accomodations for Summer Boarders.

First Class Livery connected with the House.

G. C. LYLE,

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

CONFECTIONERY

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

FINE BRANDS OF CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

ICE-COLD SODA DURING SUMMER MONTHS.

ALL FLAVORS AND THE VERY BEST SYRUPS.

Also a general Stock of Stationery and Small Wares.

Carter's Block, Central Street, Andover.

O. CHAPMAN,

DINING ROOMS.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, BLANK BOOKS,
STATIONERY, INKS, KEROSENE OIL AND LAMPS.
LARGE STOCK OF CANNED GOODS, BASE BALL GOODS.

Everything Pretaining to a Student's Outfit.

FORGET-ME-NOTS

—AND—

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

—AT—

MRS. WATERMAN'S,

HIGH STREET, - ANDOVER.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods & Groceries,

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

CENTRAL STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN H. DEAN,

Merchant Tailor,

Spring and Summer Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc., etc. Repairing, cleaning and pressing done at short notice.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

J. H. CHANDLER.

DEALER IN

PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY,

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY,

Also Office for Franklin and White Ash Coals and Hard and Soft Wood.

Opposite Town Hall, - Andover, Mass.

J. A. LEITCH, M. D.,

BARNARD'S BLOCK,

ANDOVER, MASS

OFFICE HOURS, 1 TO 3, AND 7 TO 9.

J. E. WHITING,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

Call at the New Boot and Shoe Store.

J. E. SEARS,

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

Bank Building, Main Street, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

Repairing in all its branches done with neatness and despatch.

CHARLES H. GILBERT,

DENTIST,

DRAPER'S BLOCK, - - ANDOVER, MASS.

Season 1888.

LATEST FASHIONS. LEADING NOVELTIES.

REASONABLE PRICES.

ANDOVER,

MASS.

TAILOR TO THE PHILLIPS CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY CO.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

Hatters to the P. A. A.

BIGELOW & CO.

Heath's London Hats.

SILK, FELT AND STRAW.

Tennis Caps, Zaporellas, Caps,

Tennis Blazers.

The latest shades and shapes in Felt Hats.

407 WASHINGTON ST., 407.

BOSTON.

SCIRE
EST
REGERE.

PHIΣO. MIRROR.

EDITORS.

H. McK. Landon
A. J. Balliet,
B. M. Allen.

Cheviots and Serges.

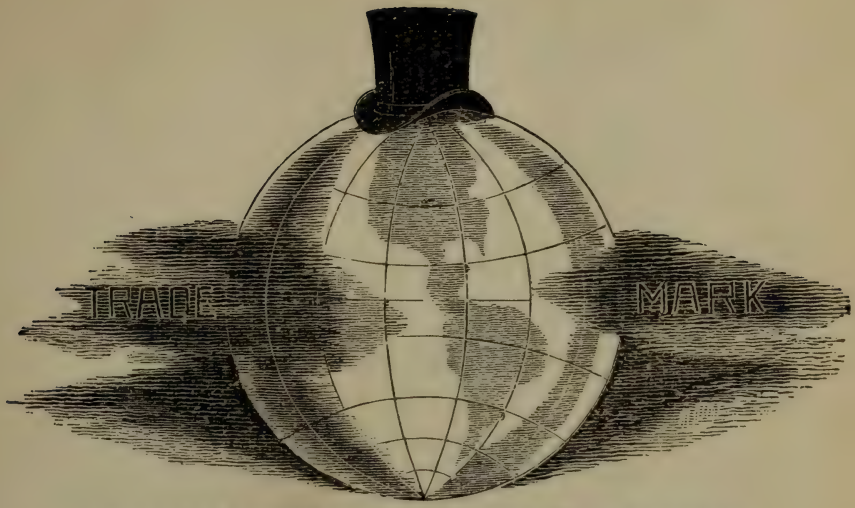
Plain Serge and long-line Cheviots, in Blues and Blacks, from the best Foreign and American looms, cut into Sacks and Frocks.

The most popular fabrics for Summer use, —being soft in finish, and of light material, and yet exceptionally strong in texture, and make a most desirable, and dressy garment for Gentlemen's and Youths' warm weather wear, may now be found upon the counters in our Gentlemen's department, cor. Washington and Summer Streets, at

$12.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, $22.00 & $25.00.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

BOSTON.



COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

Successors to D. P. ILSLEY & CO.

HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

381 Washington Street, opposite Franklin, - Boston, Mass.

English and American Hats of every description.

RICHARDSON & SWETT,

(SUCCESSORS TO W. HAPGOOD,)

Tailors and Importers,

17 COURT ST., BOSTON.

THE LATEST LONDON NOVELTIES FOR STUDENTS' WEAR.

JOHN N. COLE,

PHILLIPS ACADEMY

BOOKSELLER

—AND—

STATIONER.

Andover Book Store.

Successor to W. F. Draper.

THEODORE B. STARR,

Fine Jewelry, Precious Stones, Watches, Silverware, etc.,

206 Fifth Ave. (Madison Square), New-York,

Importer and Manufacturer.

NEW DEPARTURE IN WATCHES.

Paillard's Patent Non-Magnetic, Non-Oxidizable Compensation Balance and Hair-Spring, the invention of Mr. Carl A. Paillard, a celebrated adjuster of watches, of Geneva, Switzerland, after fourteen years of scientific experimenting.

These are made of Palladium with certain alloys, the only combination yet discovered which is entirely devoid of magnetism and uninfluenced by Electricity, and will retain permanent and accurate *adjustment* of the Balance with no loss of Elasticity of the Hair-Spring under any and all conditions during the life of a first-class Watch or Marine Chronometer.

The extraordinary merit and great value of the watches having these improvements have been, after the severest practical tests, unqualifiedly certified to by such competent authorities as the Jury of the National Exhibition of Watchmakers at Besançon, France; Haswell, the ship chronometer constructor, of London; Leroy, chronometer maker for the French Navy, Paris; Kulberg, of London, etc. Prominent among Americans who have used them, and whose unsolicited testimony is in their praise, are Thomas A. Edison, Professor Elihu Thomson, Osborn P. Loomis, I. L. Morris and Lieut. F. W. Toppan, U. S. Navy.

These watches have also full Non-Magnetic Escapements; are accurately adjusted to Temperature, Isochronism and Positions, and are unsurpassed for durability, workmanship and accuracy of performance. They can be placed upon and remain in actual contact with Dynamos or most powerful Electro-Magnets without being at all affected in their action; and, in short, they fully answer the long-felt need of Railway Operators, Electricians, Dynamo Engineers, Telegraph Men, etc.

They are made of all grades, from simple timers to the usual forms of the most "Complicated," of various sizes for Gentlemen's and Ladies' use, at $15.00 and upwards in Silver, and at $57.50 to $225.00 in Gold Cases, either Hunting or Open Face—Chronographs, Split-seconds, Repeaters, Calendars, etc., at $125.00 to $800.00—all the prices comparing favorably with those of competing watches that have not the Paillard improvements.

Goods sent on approval, satisfactory references being given. Send for a Circular.

BLANKET WRAPS FOR BABY.

Blanket wraps for the nursery, the bath, the sick room or steamer travelling, for men, women, children, and the baby, at Noyes Bro's.

Morning and evening wedding outfits in shirts, collars, cravats, and gloves a specialty, at Noyes Bro's.

English mackintosh coats for ladies and gentlemen, at Noyes Bro's.

English silk umbrellas, in gold, silver, and natural wood handles; ladies' and men's, $2.75 to $35.00, very rare and choice designs, at Noyes Bro's.

DRESS SHIRTS,

For Weddings and Receptions.

The present fashion of Shirts, with Linen Cords, Embroidered Figures, and Spot Bosoms, may be had of Noyes Bro's., most thoroughly and elegantly made.

We have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for Repairing Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves; or any article belonging to gentlemen can be laundered and repaired at short notice. at Noyes Bro's.

SPECIAL LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT.

For Dress Shirts, Vests, and Wash-Scarfs, Re-laundered equal to new goods, at Noyes Bro's.

NOYES BRO'S,

HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRT MAKERS,

WASHINGTON and SUMMER STREETS,

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Lawn Tennis and Yachting Suits.

Flannel, Madras, English, Cheviots and Silk Shirtings } For Traveling Shirts, " Railway Cars, " Steamer Wear, " House Night Wraps, " Bath or Sick Room, " Hunting and Fishing, " Lawn Tennis, " Office and House coats.

NOYES BRO'S.

Lawn Tennis shirts, coats, trousers, belts, sashes, and caps, ladies' blouse waists, from best English and French Flannels and Oxfords, at Noyes Bro's.

Boys' Waists in Flannels, Cheviots, and Oxfords; Flannel Office Coats, English Hold-alls, Steamer Wraps and Rugs, at Noyes Bro's.

English Travelling Rugs for Railway and Steamer use, $3.75 to $50.00, at Noyes Bro's.

English Dressing-gowns, Study Coats, House Coats, and Office Coats, and Long Wraps, $5.00 to $45.00, in stock or to measure, at Noyes Bro's.

Pure silk, pure lamb's wool, English balbriggan and merino wool underwear and hosiery, sizes 28 to 50 inches, at moderate prices, at Noyes Bro's.

Gloves for street, driving, dress, and travelling and. Coachmen's gloves and mourning gloves a specialty, at Noyes Bro's.

The famous London tan street gloves, $1.35; every pair warranted, at Noyes Bro's.

Pajamas, or East India sleeping suits, and long night-shirts, made from the best English flannels, cheviots, oxfords, and silk, for steamers, sleeping cars, yachting, or hunting, at Noyes Bro's.

Blanket wraps, English rugs and shawls, for steamer and railway use, at Noyes Bro's.

NOYES BRO'S.

Hosiers, Glovers,

AND

SHIRT MAKERS,

Washington and Summer Sts.,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

Shreve, Crump & Low,

WATCHES,

THE CELEBRATED

PLATED GORHAM WARE,

EQUAL TO SILVER.

PRIZES IN SILVER.

FINEST ASSORTMENT OF STATINONERY.

CANES, UMBRELLAS.

432 WASHINGTON, cor. SUMMER ST., BOSTON.

PHOTOS BY
Holland
10
Temple Place.
Boston, Mass.

BUY THE BEST.

ACCIDENTS OF

TRAVEL, SPORT, OR BUSINESS

ARE INSURED AGAINST BY

ORIGINAL
ACCIDENT
COMPANY
OF AMERICA,

LARGEST IN THE WORLD;

ALSO, *BEST OF LIFE COMPANIES.*

LOWEST RATES CONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

FULL PRINCIPAL SUM paid for loss of hands, feet, hand and foot, or sight, by accident; ONE-THIRD same for loss of single hand or foot.

NO EXTRA CHARGE for European Travel and Residence.

ITS RESOURCES are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. PAYS ALL CLAIMS, without discount, immediately on receipt of satisfactory proofs. MOST LIBERAL NON-FORFEITURE provisions in all its Policies.

Paid Policy-Holders $14,500,000.

ASSETS, $9,584,000. ***SURPLUS, $1,909,000.***

JAS. G. BATTERSON, PRES. RODNEY DENNIS, SEC.
JOHN E. MORRIS, ASS'T SEC.

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

"MORAL. INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

MIXTURES FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE.

THREE KINGS, Turkish, Perique, and Virginia.
MELLOW MIXTURE, Turkish and Perique.
TURKISH and VIRGINIA.
PERIQUE and VIRGINIA.
GENUINE TURKISH.

FLAKE CUTS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR THE PIPE.

Vanity Fair. - - Old Gold.

SALMAGUNDI, A NEW GRANULATED MIXTURE.

KIMBALL'S STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES

Are exquisite in style.
Are dainty, and carefully made.
Are extremely mild and delicate.
Are always uniform and up to standard.
Are put up in satin and elegant boxes.
Are unsurpassed for purity and excellence.
Are specially adapted to people of refined taste.
Are composed of only the finest Virginia and Turkish leaf.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

PEERLESS TOBACCO WORKS,

14 First Prize Medals. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591, Broadway, New York,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUMENTS,

APPARATUS, AND SUPPLIES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sole proprietors of the Patent Detective, Fairy, Novel, and Bycicle Cameras, and the Celebrated Stanley Dry Plates.

AMATEUR OUTFITS in great variety from $9.00 upwards. Send for Catalogue, or call and examine.

☞ *More than Forty Years Established in this line of business.*

PUBLISHERS OF

ANTHONY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN,

Prof. CHAS. F. CHANDLER, Editor, DR. A. H. ELLIOTT, Associate Editor.

Subscription price, $3.00 per annum.

Young Men's Suits,

$10.00, $12.00, and $16.00.

Nobby and handsome effects, suitable for School, College, and Dress wear. These Suits embrace a selection of the newest designs of the strong and durable Irish Tweeds and Scotch Cheviots, and the finer grades of American, English, and German Cassimeres and Worsteds. We recommend all our clothing as thoroughly made and trimmed, of substantial and reliable fabrics, and in general excellence the finest we have ever had the pleasure to manufacture.

SPITZ BRO'S & MORK,

Manufacturers, Wholesalers, and Retailers,

508 WASHINGTON ST. and 5 BEDFORD ST.,
BOSTON.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 3.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

JUNE 1888.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 *John Street, N. Y.*

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.

W. S. Brewer & Co
Tailors
488 Washington St
Nearly opp. Temple Pl.

The New Goods
for this Season now in stock.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The City of St. Augustine,	15
Greek Mythology and Hebrew Tradition,	19
The Somnambulist,	22
Has the Mugwump Come to Stay?	26
A Summer Day Dream,	29
A Legend o' Faunfield,	30
Has the Mugwump Come to Stay?	37
Reflections,	40
The Present Administration,	41
Rondeau,	44
Editors' Review,	45
"In Nineteen Hundred and One,"	53
Mirror Observations,	57
The Phillips Pot-Pourri,	61

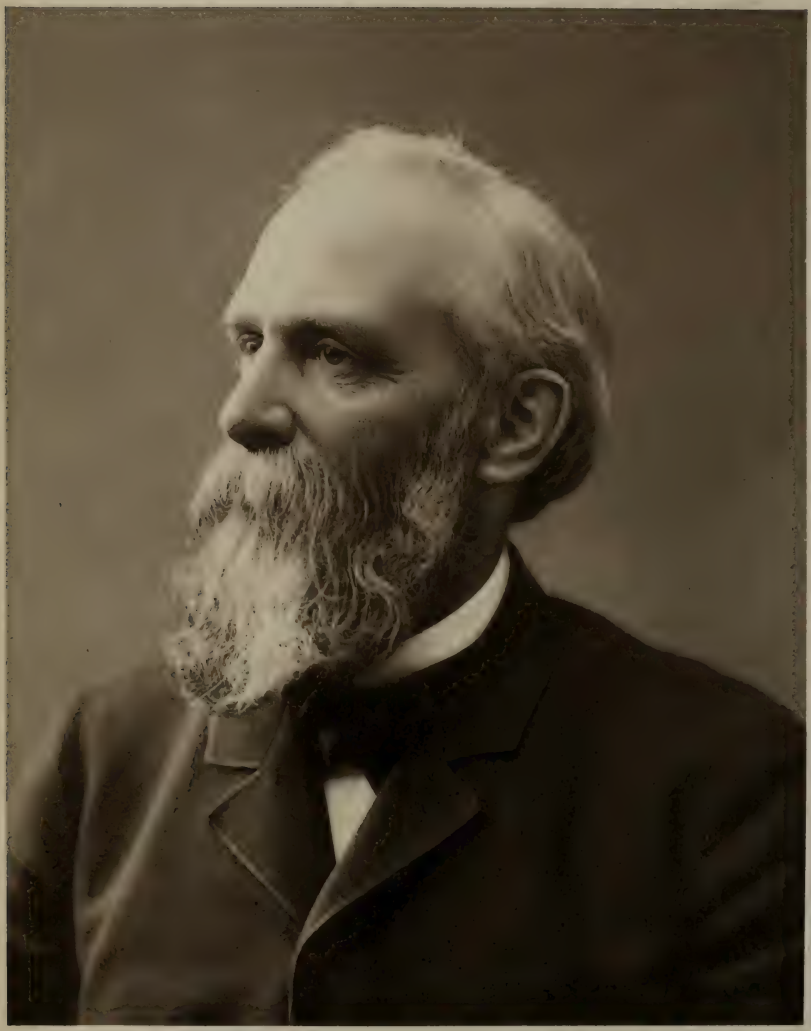
THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS.

Editors.

H. McK. LANDON,

B. M. ALLEN,

A. J. BALIET.



THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXV. JUNE, 1888. No. III.

The City of St. Augustine.

First Means Prize.

Far in the dreamy Southland,
By the side of the summer sea,
Where the palmetto greets the orange
And the south wind wanders free,
Where the waves are of blue and of silver
And the skies are of crimson and gold,
There stands a storied city
In the roll of our cities old.

Like the enchanted princess
Who fell asleep one day,
And slept till the prince awoke her
When years had rolled away,
Sleeps the strange, old-fashioned city
With its air of a vanquished time,—
Famous in song and story,
Famous in tale and rhyme.

Through its streets and grey stone archways
Moved, three hundred years ago,
The haughty dons of proud Castile
With their stately accents slow.
And the dark-eyed Spanish maidens
From their narrow casements small
Would watch for their soldier lovers,
As they passed beneath the wall.

For, in the quaint old dwellings
That shadowed the narrow street,
Abode grim conquestadors
With their daughters, fair and sweet
As the white magnolia blossoms
That, over the rose-grown wall,
Seemed sometimes to whisper and beckon,
Sometimes to murmur and call.

To and fro, from the old cathedral,
The black-robed priests would pass
With the incense of smoking censers,
As they chanted the evening mass.
Out from the grey stone convent
The nuns, with silent tread,
Went gliding on holy errands
To the living and the dead.

Then the glitter and gleam of weapons
Would light up the narrow way
As the steel-clad knights with nodding plumes
Went forth to bloody fray.
For they were men of iron,
And ruled with no gentle hand;
And terror and death and destruction
Reigned over the Southern land,—

Where the gospel was preached with the bullet,
And spread by fire and sword,

For the Lord God of battles
  Was the Spaniard's Sovereign Lord.
And they murdered their helpless captives
  In the Name of the Prince of Peace,
Who commanded all wrong and oppression,
  All strife and contention to cease.

And a dark and a dreadful picture
  Were the toiling Indian slaves,
Who, under the whips of their masters,
  Were filling unnumbered graves.
As they wrought by Matanzas river,
  In the burning Southern sun,
No sooner was one task ended
  Than another was begun.

E'en now, 'tis said, strange groanings
  And cries as of torturing pain,
Are heard when the Equinoctial
  Brings its hurry of driving rain ;
And the superstitious negroes
  Whisper, with bated breath,
That the ghosts of the murdered natives
  Have returned from the grave and death,

And are driving their old-time masters —
  With a whip whose dreadful lash
Is made of the breath of the whirlwind,
  And whose swing is the lightning's flash —
To the selfsame tasks by the river
  That they wrought so long ago,
Repaying with double measure
  The wrongs from their ancient foe.

Four times the skies at evening
  Reflected the lurid light
That shone from the burning city
  As it blazed through the silent night.

Four times the red cross of England
To the Southern breeze was flung,
When, at matins or at vespers,
The Angelus was rung.

Thus, through many a storm and tempest
The city has lived its life,—
One moment in peaceful beauty,
The next in bloody strife
Its streets and walls would re-echo
With the booming cannon's roar,
Answering back to the billows
That broke on the sandy shore.

Gone from the land of flowers,
The Spaniards all are gone;
Though they shall remain in story,
Still be remembered in song.
And oft in the summer evening,
When the mist from the river is seen
Veiling the rough stone bastions
With its glamor of silvern sheen,

The ghosts of the old conquestadors,
As the chimes from the belfry peal,
Walk again through the streets of the city
In their armor of gleaming steel.
And still stands the quaint old city,
By the side of the summer sea,
Where the palmetto greets the orange,
And the south wind wanders free.

Greek Mythology and Hebrew Tradition.

President's Address.

In all ages, the formation of the earth, man's origin, and his relations to higher powers, have been questions for which satisfactory answers have been sought. The belief that the earth was created by a Supreme Power, though old and wide spread in the East, never met with the approval of the Greek. They thought of the world, not as made by a Creator, but as born from pre-existing elements. From Chaos came forth Earth, Hell, Love, Night, and Day; from Earth sprung the Heaven and the Sea. Earth and Heaven became the parents of superhuman beings in human forms. Of this race of Titans is born Zeus, who after a long struggle becomes king of the Olympian gods.

After accounting for the creation of the Earth and of the gods, they turn their attention to man. According to popular belief, Prometheus, the Titan, formed man from clay and Atheus breathed a soul into him. Prometheus, by his theft of the celestial fire and teaching its use to man, aroused the anger of Zeus. In order to take revenge, Zeus orders Hephaestus to create a beautiful woman, called Pandora, whom he is to send to the foolish Epimethus, in whose house was the jar which contained all evils. Pandora removed the cover, these escaped, and men, who had been free from care, pain, and disease have ever since been tormented.

We are led to compare this legend with the Biblical story of the fall. Man has transgressed, and in both cases woman brings woe into the world. There is hope of redemption in both cases. Although God cursed Adam, he promised him a Saviour. In the Greek legend, too, the same promise of a redeemer exists, but this

promise does not proceed from the mercy of the gods, but from the iron will of Fate, before which even the gods must bow.

All accounts of man's primeval condition, though differing in some points, agreed upon this,— that in the Golden Age men lived in happy communion with the gods, but lost their good fortune by their own presumption.

During the Silver and Brazen Ages, men began to degenerate to such an extent, that Zeus in his wrath determined to destroy them by a flood. Deucalion, being warned, built an ark, into which he entered with his wife, Pyrrha. For days and nights they were tossed on the waters, till at last their vessel landed on Mount Parnassus. Pleased by their sacrifices, Zeus granted their prayer for the restoration of man, and commanded them to throw stones behind them, from which sprung a new race. Eastern mythology bears a still greater resemblance to Hebrew tradition; but how are we to account for these striking similarities in Greek mythology? The legends of Greece, for the most part, are built upon stories from the East; from a time when written records were unknown, or known only by Egyptian priests, when there was no system of thought, and abstract notions were impossible. In order to express abstract thought and describe inanimate objects, personification was called into existence. All changes of nature and all phenomena were personified, as no other means could be found to explain the workings of those unknown powers. External conditions and internal qualities of nations, as they played their part in the world's history will explain the differences between their various beliefs, but it will not explain the similarities. We can easily see how Greek bards might find fragments of Egyptian mythology, and by piecing them together build up a theology resembling that of Egypt, and it is through this process that Greek legends correspond to our beliefs.

The nearer we get to a beginning the nearer we approach the truth, and we must, therefore, look to the East to find the answer to our question.

Mythology is a plant of late growth, and takes its birth from truth. Scholars admit that in early times one language prevailed, and that all men had certain myths in common. If we can account for these, and prove they sprung from truth, resemblances may be accounted for. Fables and myths are the tales of other times; but

in the earliest times, the other times did not extend back far enough to afford the imagination time in which to gain ground. Therefore truth existed at first. As age after age passed by, when authentic tradition was lost sight of, or when men began to tamper with primitive truth, then mythology was born. We may therefore assume that the marked resemblances between certain Greek myths and Biblical tradition is due to the fact, that traces of pre-historic truth have remained, that Greek mythology being of a later growth than Eastern tradition sprung from it, that Hebrew tradition is nearer the beginning, that truth was taught man at first, and that the God who, "in the beginning created the heaven and earth," and who "made man in his own image," was and is the teacher of truth.

The Somnambulist.

Second Prize Story.

LAST year, when I was wandering over Europe in search of the picturesque, I was surprised one evening by a violent storm, and it became suddenly dark. I had twelve miles to go to the town at which I intended to pass the night, and I knew that there was no desirable shelter nearer, unless I chose to throw myself on the hospitality of the monastery of Ludovico. So I turned off the road, and rang a heavy bell, which was answered by a burly, rosy-cheeked lay brother, and he forthwith conducted me to the prior. He received me very kindly, and we chatted away for some time on politics and the affairs of the world, but soon the brothers were summoned to the refectory. There were two tables in the hall, and I was seated next the prior, in a situation that gave me a pretty good view of the whole company, and as I cast my eyes round to take a survey of the various countenances, they were suddenly arrested by one that struck me as about the most remarkable I had ever beheld. From the height of its owner as he sat, I judged he must be a very tall man, and the high square shoulders gave an idea of great physical strength; though at the same time the whole mass seemed to be composed of bone, for there was very little muscle to cover it. The color of his great coarse face was of an unnatural whiteness, and the rigid immobility of the features favored the idea that the man was more dead than alive. There was altogether something so remarkable in his looks, that I could not turn my eyes from him. My fixed gaze, I imagine, roused some emotions within him, for he returned my scrutiny with a determined and terrific glare, If I forced myself to turn away my head for a moment, round it would come

again, and there were his two great, mysterious eyes upon me; and that stiff jaw, slowly and mechanically moving from side to side, as he ate his supper, like something acted upon by a pendulum. It was really dreadful; we seemed both bewitched to stare at each other; and I longed for the signal to rise, that I might be released from the strange fascination. This came at last, and the next day I learned the story of Brother Capuchin, — for so I found he was called.

The window of the room I occupied during the night looked into the burying-ground of the monastery, and the next morning I perceived a monk below digging a grave.

"You have a death amongst you?" said I to the prior.

"No," returned he, "we have even no serious sickness at present."

"I see one of the brothers below digging a grave," I replied.

"Oh," said he, "that is Brother Capuchin; he is digging his own grave."

"What an extraordinary fancy!" said I. "But perhaps it is a penance?"

"Not a penance imposed by me," replied the prior; "but by himself. Brother Capuchin is a very strange person. Perhaps you may have observed him in the refectory — he sat nearly opposite you at the table?"

"Bless me! is that he? Oh yes, I observed him, indeed. Who could help observing him?"

"Brother Capuchin is a somnambulist," returned the prior, "a natural somnambulist; and is altogether, as I said before, a very extraordinary character. At the last monastery I inhabited, before I became prior of Ludovico, we had a monk, Fra Dominique by name, who was known to be a somnambulist. He was a man of sombre character and gloomy temperament. His nightly wanderings were very irregular. Occasionally he would leave his cell, and after being absent from it for several hours, would return of his own accord, still fast asleep, and lay himself in bed. This strange malady had caused us some anxiety, and we had not neglected to seek the best advice we could obtain with respect to its treatment; at length the remedies applied seemed to have taken effect; the paroxysms became more rare, and they ceased to be a subject of observation

amongst us. But one night, instead of going to bed when the rest of the brotherhood retired to their cells, I seated myself at my desk, for the purpose of reading, and soon afterwards I heard the closing of a distant door, and immediately a foot in the long gallery that separated my room from the cells of the brotherhood. What could be the matter? Somebody must be sick, and was coming to seek assistance; and I was confirmed in this persuasion when I perceived that the foot was approaching my door. In a moment the door opened, and Fra Dominique entered, asleep. His eyes were wide open; but there was evidently no speculation in them, — they were fixed and glassy. In his hand he held a large knife. At this strange apparition I stood transfixed. From the cautious manner in which he had opened the door, and the stealthy pace with which he advanced into the room, I could not doubt that he was bent upon mischief. With all the precautions he would have used not to arouse me had he been awake, he moved towards the bed, and in so doing he had occasion to pass quite close to where I stood, and I saw that his brows were knit, and his features contracted into an expression of resolute malignity. When he reached the bed, he bent over it, felt with his hand in the place where I should have been, and I confess I was frightened out of my wits lest he should discover that I was not there, and possibly detect me where I stood, but apparently satisfied, he lifted up his arm, and struck successively three heavy blows; and then suddenly he started — the uplifted arm was arrested — the pursuer was at hand; he first rushed to the window, and opened it, but being only a small lattice there was no egress there, so he turned to the door, making his escape that way; and I could hear his feet distinctly flying along the gallery till he reached his own cell. It would be vain to attempt to describe the amazement with which I had witnessed this terrible scene. I had been, as it were, the spectator of my own murder, and I was overcome by the horror of this visionary assassination.

The next day Fra Dominique's countenance was sad, but expressed no confusion, till I inquired what had been the subject of his dreams the preceeding night. Then he started and changed color, and after a short delay told me the story of his life, which was to this effect.

While a child of four years of age, he awoke one morning and found that his poor mother lay a bleeding corpse by his side. She

had been murdered during the night by a miscreant relative, in order to obtain some inheritance by her decease. The effect of the circumstance, with its painful details, had disturbed his infani faculties, which led to occasional fits, and to terrific dreams. These dreams made him feel as if he were under a stern necessity of performing the part of the murderer of his mother.

"Do you," I inquired, "select any particular person as your victim in those dreams?"

"Always," he replied.

"And what does this selection depend upon?"

"It is a peculiar influence that I cannot explain," returned Dominique; "Perhaps," added he, "you may have observed my eyes frequently fixed on you of late, and on whomsoever I look at in that manner that is the person of whom I dream."

Such was the prior's account of this strange personage. When I had heard his explanation, I began to feel particularly queer, for I was already satisfied that Fra Dominique and Brother Capuchin were one and the same person; and I perceived that I was in considerable danger of being the selected victim of his next dream; and so I told the prior.

"Never fear," said he, "we lock him up every night, and have done so ever since my adventure. Added to which, he is now very unwell; he was taken with a fit yesterday, and we have been obliged to bleed him."

"But he is digging there below," said I.

"Yes," replied the prior, "he has a notion he is going to die, and entreated permission to prepare his grave: It is a mere fancy, I dare-say."

A week after this I was informed that Brother Capuchin was dead, and I confess I did not much regret his decease. I thought a man subject to such dangerous dreams was better out of the world than in it. On the day I quitted the monastery I saw from my window one of the brothers completing the already partly-made grave, and learned that he was to be buried that evening; and as I descended the stairs I passed some monks who were carrying his coffin to his cell. "Rest his soul!" said I, as I buckled on my spurs; and having heartily thanked the good prior for his hospitality, I mounted my horse and rode away. LEON.

Has the Mugwump Come to Stay?

Second Means Prize.

The Mugwump is an important factor in American politics, and the question "Has he come to stay?" rests heavily on the mind of the intriguing and corrupt politician of the day. It is the political ghost that will not down at his bidding. Although a new term in the political vocabulary, the Mugwump is no new character in the political field. The existence of the independent voter is nearly coeval with party organizations in this country. He sanctions not the corruption of his own party, opposes dishonest leaders, is not fascinated by their blandishments nor intimidated by their threats.

The Mugwump is the political alchemist that passes his own party through the crucible of defeat that it may be changed, purified, and strengthened. He is the advanced thinker, agitator, and reformer in the political world; and this same mugwump spirit inspired those men who left the ranks of the old Whig and Democratic parties, opposing the unjust concessions to the slave power, insolent and rapacious in its demands. Few in number, at first, they were reviled, scorned, persecuted, and murdered, even in the northern states; but the blood of the martyrs gave them new strength, the justice of their cause new accessions, until they gained the ascendency in the government. Then the South, exasperated by their triumph, struck at the flag of the nation, struck at the unity of the states, and slavery went out forever amid the lightnings and thunders of civil war.

How changed the times! How changed public sentiment! Now there is no one; no, not one in all this broad land, who would give slavery a breath of life; then the lives of the anti-slavery leaders

were in danger, even in Massachusetts; for, you remember the fearless Garrison was dragged, with a rope around his neck, by a howling mob, in the streets of Boston; now his imposing statue is placed in her finest, broadest avenue, but no rope encircles the neck. Another commanding statue, commemorative of the great Sumner delivering his greatest anti-slavery speech, stands in the public garden, but no cane is raised to strike him down. The cane is not commemorated. It is well. Let the rope or cane be forgotten, or placed in the museum with other instruments of torture devised by the inventive genius of ecclesiastical power in former centuries, and used to crush the progressive spirit of the people on their way to the higher and holier plane on which they stand to-day.

One great system of slavery is extinct forever; but a greater slavery, a greater crime against humanity, rests upon this state and nation than that extinguished by the war; a crime against every home, every fireside, every living man, woman, and child, gigantic in its power, terrible in its visitations, brutal in its effects. You know what I mean — the rum power. It stalks boldly into your political conventions, and the two great parties bow in cowardly subserviency, vying with each other in assurances and concessions for its aid at the ballot-box. It dictates the spiritual part of the platforms, and so potential is its voice in Massachusetts politics, that only ten thousand men will say, by their ballots, that this crime against humanity shall cease.

Why, O Massachusetts, are thy sons, always in the advance, halting in the rear? As colonists they were at the front facing British aggression, and inscribing with the sabre and bayonet in letters of blood the great principles of liberty and self-government upon every battle-field of that revolution; — at the front, when the spirit of rebellion flashed its reddening glare all along the Southern sky, to strike in defence of this union; — at the front in all great struggles for the right; but to-day, in the rear, licensing saloon keepers. Licensed to do what? To wreck humanity. Fathers and mothers, to furnish from your sons victims for the gallows, inmates for the penitentiaries and jails, to scatter broadcast over your state the seeds of domestic desolation, poverty, crime, disease, and death. When the two great political parties sanction such a traffic, is it strange that there is a breaking from their ranks? Is it not more strange that only ten

thousand prohibition Mugwumps are already in the field in the old Bay State? But like the old abolition guard they have "come to stay," to stand by their guns until the last saloon shall go down.

The labor Mugwump, the anti-Blaine Mugwump may pass away with the cause that produced them, but the prohibition Mugwump never! never!! until this murderous, soul-destroying traffic shall be swept from the land. Then will poverty, misery, degradation, and crime go with the cause that gave them birth, and a nobler type of manhood will follow, advancing to a higher, a broader plane of social and political life.

Come, then, join in the grand movement for its destruction!

"Come, as men come, when armies are banded!
Come, as the waves come, when navies are stranded."

A Summer Day-Dream.

First Prize Poem.

It was a torpid summer afternoon,
Upon some slow and sluggish forest stream,
Whose banks were shadowed by the solemn gloom
Of sighing willow-trees, that ever lean
To meet in sad embrace ; 'twas there the sun
Had driven — hiding from his burning gaze —
The timid birds of air ; that, safe in sleep,
Reposed, forgetful of their woodland lays.
Alone — so in my dream — I seemed to lie
In some canoe, well lined and draped about
With soft and mellow cov'ring ; so I seemed
To rest upon a floating lounge. No oars
Were there to break the water's sleep ; but slow
I floated, as thoughts do in opium dreams.
Thus, lying 'midst the cushion's scented silk,
I drifted down this drowsy Lethe stream ;
Above, the grape vine's climbing threads did join,
And from the willows, back and forth, did weave
A leafy lace-work, sifting rosy rays,
In purple twilight, on the stream beneath,
As though it were the sod upon a grave ;
Green slime the buried waters covered o'er ;
The fragrant water-lilies breathed perfume ;
No living sound the dreamy silence broke —
The birds and reptiles slept amidst the gloom,
And thus, unmoved by care, in perfect rest,
My soul, o'ercome, sank in forgetfulness.

N. O.

A Legend o' Faunfield.

First Prize Story.

"I was at my eighteenth year when thy grandfather, master Wolfert, was born. Faith I well remember the joy of his father when 'twas told him that it was a boy. All Faunfield greatly rejoiced, but the joy was of but short life for the Lady Laura died but two days after.

My lord did grieve most heavily for many days, and 'twas decreed that he should soon follow her to the grave. And strange, he was killed in the hunt eight score days after her death. A vicious black steed did throw and trample on him. I was close to him, and held him in my arms as he was dying. As the blood was a flowing fast I bent over him, and he saith, "Have a care for the boy, Herrick!"

. . . . . .

Never was there such a child for growing as the young lord. Faith,he was nigh twice the common size of brats of his age. When he was but two years old, he could lift his father's sword and hold it at arms length. He seemed to take to horses like a duck to water, and he was that quick at most any sport.

At his fifth year, a tutor of whom his uncle, Sir Sidney Breman, had spoken came to the castle. Certes, I was much surprised, as was everyone, to find he was a holy father of the Papists. He was to have entire charge of my lord, so Sir Sidney said.

Father Mirable was a most pleasant man to obey. Always he spake in a soft and pleasing voice, and was careful not to be a plague to anyone. He was learned and polished. Faith I never have heard a more pleasing musician, and as for expounding the Holy Writ there was not a better. But he was not only excellent at such

things. With the rapiers he could disarm any man i' th' castle, and we had some skilful swordsmen then.

I have seen my young lord Gerald sit for hours when a child, with his eyes staring and bright, listening to the father play on his lute. When Lord Gerald was old enough the father taught him Latin and Greek, as well as some other studies, and full many an hour was spent by his lordship poring over the musty old books o'th' priest. He also taught him to play on the lute; which was of especial delight to my young lord. And wheretofore Lord Gerald was wont to ride out i' th' hunt, now he would spend his time studying the Latin writings with the priest or practise music. As the time passed on it seemed that ne'er did a man have such a hold o' a boy.

The years went by like this, and Lord Gerald grew most marvelously. Then there came many wise and holy men to the castle, who would talk to my young lord and the priest for hours, on strange and learned things of which I could make but little sense.

There was one tune most enchantingly sweet that the father oft played, and whenever he did so, my lord seemed like one transfixed. Faith, I myself paused on tiptoe before the door, well nigh o'ercome with the sweetness of the strains. But suddenly the priest would stop, and so suddenly, indeed that a deaf fool could tell the tune was only half finished; and then my lord would beseech him to continue, but not a note would the priest play, but set his lute aside and leave the room quite hastily. I' the truth I would have to hurry to get to the turn before the priest opened the door. Once I lingered a bit too long, and as I was scurrying behind the arras, the priest came from the room, and on seeing me fleeing his face grew quite stern, and he spoke for once harshly, "Zounds, Master Daggett, a plague on your damned eavesdropping," quoth he. Then my young master calls from within: "Nay, nay, father, softly; Herrick meant no eavesdropping. Methinks he too was enchanted." Then says I to myself, "Certes, Herrick, 't was surely not according to thy dignity."

One bright, Autumn's afternoon, as my lord set out for a ride, having got about a league away from Faunfield, we comes upon a lady unattended, and mounted upon a most nettlesome steed. She had dropped her gauntlet and was loath to lose it, but could not leave her horse. So my lord dashes up, and gallantly returns it to her.

As she turns to thank him, he blushes and doffs his plumed hat, and I get a sight o' her face. She was as fair a lass and as well proportioned as one could imagine. But presently a groom comes riding up, and they ride off, leaving us staring at them. I found out afterwards that she was the Lady Judith Varney, the mistress of Varney Court.

And priests and holy men came e'en more oft than afore to Faunfield Castle, and many a meeting was there of preists in the castle hall. Quite frequently too, knights and gentlemen from London would come to see the Father Mirable. They usually came i' th' night and left afore the break of day. From certain conversations, I learned that in a few months my lord was going off to the court at London, and that some plan had been arranged in which he was to play a leading part. Faith, I could comprehend naught of its objects; but methinks if it were successful it would prove most enriching and edifying to the Holy Church of Rome.

A few days after my lord's meeting with the Lady Judith Varney certain of our retainers, methinks muchly under the effects of the bumpers of ale which they had drunk at the tavern, met perchance a couple of attendants from Varney Court. They had some words with them, and 't was said they did rudely belabor a certain henchman named Seth Woll.

The next day Lord Gerald learning o' the matter, rode, with me in the rear, to the court to make apology. The Lady Judith receives him warmly, and saith, "Indeed, my lord, if my henchmen are not valiant enough to sustain themselves 't is quite fitting they should be so belabored." Upon his departure my lord turneth in his saddle and asks, "Pray, my lady, may I not ride again to Varney Court?" And the Lady Judith answered aptly, "Forsooth, my lord, its portals always clash a welcome."

After that my lord oft did ride to Varney Court. As the Lady Judith took great delight in music, the two would sit on the terrace, in the summer's evening, while my lord would play the lute and my lady would sing sweetly. Also she took great delight in seeing him fence; for she, though a woman, was marvelously fine in the art.

'T was a beautiful summer's afternoon, Master Wolfert, when my lord and I set out for the court. On mounting the steps my master came softly upon Lady Judith, who, ignorant of his arrival, was sing-

ing softly an old air; when she had finished the first verse, my lord joined in, and his voice so startled her that she dropped the lute. And he quickly picked it up, and finished the song, Lady Judith looking merrily at him meanwhile. I betook myself to the stables to have a care about the horses, and a short time afterwards again approached the veranda, but went not far, for as I turned the corner, I saw the Lady Judith and my lord sitting together on the bench, and her brown locks were resting on Lord Gerald's breast, and his arm was thrown around her and his face was bent over hers. Fearing to intrude on the sanctity of the scene, I returned to the stables. I had hardly got there when my lord comes in gay and happy, and says, "Herrick, my boy, make haste, night-fall must not find us here." Lord Gerald shouts from very joy all the way home, and I think to myself, "Well, 't is plain that Lady Judith will afore long be the Lady of Faunfield."

. . . . . .

After supper I crept up to th' big hall to think over the events o' th' day, and while thus musing i' th' corner, in comes my lord and Father Mirable. They walk to the fire, and I see my lord is very pale and his mouth has a firm shut expression, that ha' ne'er seen afore. The father sits down and begins to play a few cords on the lute, when my lord interrupts him, saying in a low firm voice, "Father, mayhap what I am about to say will marvelously surprise you; nay I blame thee not if it causeth you great anger; but it must be done." The priest looketh up at him with a suspecting, menacing look that was aught but pleasing.

"I am," continued my lord, "most passionately in love with the Lady Judith of Varney Court (then he broke forth quite wildly) O! God! I love her, I worship her, my sweet Judith, my love. This evening, father, she accepted me, and now (here my lord draws himself up like a king) I tell thee that Gerald Faunfield prefers to rot away rather than enter into a conspiracy against his queen, e'en if it be for the Holy Church of Rome. I have been rash, blind, foolish, but am now awakened to the truth."

The priest had sat still whilst my lord spoke, but his face was most deadly pale and quite grewsome to see. For several minutes neither spake a word, but the father fastened his shining eyes on my lord's flushed face, and there was something terrible in his stare;

I durst not look at his eyes. After a most painful pause, Father Mirable took up his lute, and, never taking his eyes off my lord's face, played the air that was so wondrous sweet. He played and played, and my lord knelt down on the hearth-stone. He seemed enchanted by the great sweetness. Soon the priest came to the place at which he was wont to stop so shortly. But, faith, he did not stop, and the music grew more sweet than afore. 'T was as if the wind was bearing me playfully to and fro, floating in the balmy air, and soft words were being whispered in my ear, while far off, behind a cloud, a chorus of angels were chanting. I could see naught but the two shining eyes of the priest, staring wildly at my lord, who was standing in a ball of fire; and the music suddenly grew wild and awful, and it was as if one were in hell, so terrible did it sound. And I could hear nothing but horrible cursing mingled with the music, and the priest called on Heaven to send my lord to hell. I was overcome soon by its awfulness, and swooned.

That night the Father Mirable disappeared from Faunfield Castle, and that night my Lord Gerald was turned quite mad. The music of the priest had bewitched him.

Never since that evening did my lord see Lady Judith, and one would have thought he had forgotten her. How well I remember one night, when I suddenly awoke with the feeling that something had gone wrong; I ran hastily to my lord's room. It was empty, and methought my lord had gone out, as was his wont ofttimes, to Varney Court. So I made haste to mount and ride to the court.

'T was a November night, and the moon shone out clear and bright. Snowflakes were softly falling on the frozen road and the noise from the horse's hoofs rang out clear and sharp in the wintry air. I came to the park, and rode fast through it towards the court. When I got near to the trellis, I see Dapple Jane, my lord's favorite horse, hitched to a tree. I dismounted, and ran quickly up the terrace. I was startled to see my Lord Gerald standing on the top of the trellis work 'neath the Lady Judith's window. I hastened to the wall, and called softly to my lord, but he seemed not to hear me. I was greatly confounded to see him entering the window of my Lady's apartment. He was inside and standing behind the arras before I could collect my wits.

The Lady Judith gives a little cry when she perceives someone

is behind the arras, and says immediately, in a low voice, "Whoever is behind that, come forth, or I will thrust him with a sword."

My lord never stirs; I try to cry out, but my tongue fails me. Then the Lady Judith makes a lunge through the arras, and my lord falls forward, dragging the curtains within. The Lady Judith, with a very pale face, draws the curtain aside from the face of my lord, and seeing who it is, falls like one smitten, without a cry.

Upon this I climb up the trellis and enter the room. My lord seems like one dead, while my Lady Judith is little better. A flagon o' water being near, I pour a cupful on the forehead of my lady, and it revived her. And seeing the body of my lord, she throws herself on him, weeping bitterly, and taketh his head on her bosom. And she presseth him to her heart saying, "Oh, my love! my heart! my darling! Thou canst not be dead. No, love, why dost thou not wake, Gerald."

I tried to reason with her, as she sat moaning and weeping wildly, that she would let me take my lord and strive to revive him; but she clasped him closer, and bade me leave her with her dead.

However, she is so exhausted that she faints again, and I take my lord and pour water o' his face and strive to revive him; but I hear sounds in the hall, and footsteps near my lady's door. So I take my lord and climb down the trellis work, where, after descending with much labor, I mount Dapple Jane with my lord's body in my arms just as Lady Judith's door is opened by the servants.

Ah! 't was a lonely ride in the cold moonlight through the gloomy woods with the cold body of my master in my arms. But Dapple Jane did not make it very long, and soon I ha' my master's body i' his own bed, and no one the wiser for it. And what surprised me was, that though my master ha' been deeply thrust, there was not a drop on his doublet; but scarcely ha' I laid him on his bed when the blood burst forth i' a red gushing stream, and with it my lord opened his eyes.

. . . . . .

I rode over to Varney Court in the morning, and begged that I might see Lady Judith, saying that I had something o' grave import to speak with her. She was very weak, but she consented to see me. She was sitting in a great arm-chair when I came in, her face as white as snow, while her eyes were dry and bright with dark lines

'neath them. When I told her Lord Gerald was alive, her joy was most great. I shed tears of joy myself, seeing her joy.

I tell her all concerning my lord's bewitchment, of the priest, his awful music, his cursing, and of my lord's madness. And not a thing did I conceal. The beautiful Lady Judith shed many tears, and when my tale was done insisted on riding back with me to Faunfield, where she might nurse Lord Gerald.

And she left not his bedside for two whole days and nights. 'T was her sweet presence and her gentle nursing that saved my lord from the grave. And the Lady Judith showed that she had as true a womanly heart as e'er breathed.

When my lord was getting well they would sit for hours together in the west casement window. Lady Judith would sing him some sweet ditty and read passages from the Holy Writ. But my lord would rise and, leaning over the back of a chair, would whisper, "Judith, my Judith, dost thou not know that thou art sweter than any music and more lovely than any words to me."

Then my lady would look up at him, with her brown eyes filled with tears of joy, and would say, with a happy smile, "Gerald, my love, so art thou to me." Then my lord would take her in his arms and hold her to him, and she would lift her sweet face up to his, and put her white arms around his neck; then I would steal away lest my presence should be a sacrilege.

There was a quiet wedding one evening at sunset, and the Lady Judith became the Lady of Faunfield. But, indeed, why should I say more? For my story is done. Master Shakespeare has fittingly said, "All's well that ends well."

Has the Mugwump Come to Stay?

Third Means Prize.

It has been said that there is a solution to all problems, no matter how complex they may appear. If we may accept this statement as an axiom, we may easily find the answer to our question, the Mugwump has come to stay. The epithet "Mugwump" is one of the late political names given to a class of the most intelligent and thoughtful men of this nation, because of their political actions. What is a Mugwump?

There have been many definitions given as to the exact meaning of that term; but I think the most appropriate definition is, a voter with a conscience; a man upon whom the ties of party rest easily, when that party to which he has allied himself ceases to be the party of the people, of progress, of patriotism, and of reform. In every emergency of our national life, since Prescott repelled the British forces at Bunker Hill, there has come from the ranks of the people some "plain, blunt man" to lead us through the impending dangers. When the war of the Revolution came, there was Washington to lead the "Patriot Army" to victory. In our momentous "civil conflict" there was Lincoln at the helm. Just so when the spoils system threatened the life of the nation, the Mugwump came to his country's call. Strongly imbued with a sense of fidelity to the right, and anxious that the government of the people, for the people, and by the people should receive no detriment, the Mugwump cut himself loose from his party associates, and stood boldly forth for civil service reform. He has not permitted partisan

abuse upon one hand, nor success upon the other, to turn him from the path of duty. Under a form of government like ours abuses will naturally arise when one political party is permitted to remain too long in power. The grossest abuses had been committed in the civil service. Heads of the various departments under the government deserted their posts that they might dictate nominations and control ward-room politics. Government clerks, both men and women, were compelled to make voluntary contributions for campaign purposes. In a word, we may say that there was a well-drilled army, more than a hundred thousand strong, utilized for personal and party ends, and that a check might be put upon such practices the Mugwump came.

The spoils system is an old institution, said to have originated upon the advent of Andrew Jackson to the presidency, when he proclaimed that to the victor belonged the spoils, and, acting upon that assumption, he soon displaced the greater part of those whom he found in office, and filled their places with his personal and political adherents. The Mugwump of that period protested, but the hero of New Orleans neither heard nor heeded. That vicious precedent was strictly followed by each succeeding president and it is not until Gen. Grant is elected that we hear of the first civil service law. The man who had led armies and won victories found that in the presence of the office-holders and place-hunting congressmen he was utterly powerless. He gladly welcomed the passage of the civil service law, but his success in enforcing it seems to have been inadequate.

Next came President Hayes, who issued the first official proclamation that federal employes should not take part in political conventions; an indirect result of Mugwump influence. General Garfield was nominated and elected as a most worthy exponent of reform; but his administration was too brief for us correctly to judge what would have been the result. Certain it is, that brilliant career was cut short by the direct influence of the spoils system, and it took an assassin's bullet to arouse the nation to the fact that it was sleeping upon a political volcano which at any moment might break forth and destroy it. Then followed the memorable campaign of 1884. On one side it was claimed that a straight-out spoils candidate had been nominated, on the other an avowed reformer; the Mugwump

espoused the cause of the reformer, and he was elected. However much we may disagree as to results, all will confess that there has been perceptible improvement; and if there are those who are disposed to complain of the slow progress that reform appears to be making, let them take heart; reform must come. Political parties can deceive all the people a part of the time, a part of the people all the time, but not all the people all the time.

Reflections.

My studies o'er, I laid aside my book;
Turned down my lamp, and on the night did look;
With face upturned, I gazed upon the sky;
No cheerful moonlight there, nor twinkling star
Lit up its gloomy, cold, and sullen blue;
But though no light there was, as I looked up,
The sky seemed dimly lighted from above,
As is the earth at twilight, by the sun;
And this dim, misty light I gazed upon
Was caused by sun's rays, from the other side
Of this terrestrial ball, reflecting back
His mighty light, which earth, e'en, could not hide.
Just then, a twinkling star broke through the gloom,
Soon followed by another, and then, more;
And these increased the dim light of the sky.
So thus I thought: "That dim light that I see,
Is God — as dim reflected in man's mind;
Those twinkling stars are they that have his light
More clear reflected by their pious lives;
And by their virtue do they light the whole.
But how compares the light of starry night
As to the glorious brightness of the day?
How can the glory of the greatest saint
Compare with mighty God — the shining sun?" N. O.

The Present Administration.

It is a great pleasure to us to be able to present to our readers, as a frontispiece, a portrait of Dr. Bancroft; and it is especially appropriate that we should do so just now, on the eve of his going abroad for a much needed vacation.

Dr. Bancroft has been Principal of the Academy for fifteen years, and he has become so thoroughly identified with its work, that the history of the school and the man during this time are inseparably connected. When he assumed the Principalship the school was in a somewhat chaotic state. Dr. Taylor, for more than thirty years the Principal of the Academy, had died two years before. His successor, Mr. Frederick W. Tilton, held the office but two years. Mr. Tilton introduced needed changes in the curriculum, in discipline, and in administration, but he did not remain long enough to develop them. Upon receiving a flattering invitation to become Head Master of the Rogers High School, Newport, R. I., he resigned, and Dr. Bancroft was elected to the headship of the Academy.

The new Principal cheerfully recognized the value of the changes in school methods introduced by Mr. Tilton, but carried them into a wider and more vigorous application. The old course of three years in both the classical and scientific departments has been extended to four years. The number of teachers has been largely increased and organized into a Faculty. Until Dr. Bancroft's time there was, strictly speaking, no Faculty; and the teachers, with the exception of Mr. James S. Eaton, for many years the distinguished Principal of the English Department, were rarely in office for more than two

years. But nearly all the present Faculty have been connected with the Academy for ten years or more, and are permanent members of the organization. This fact, alone, accounts for much of the efficiency of the work of the school.

The school administration is now in the hands of the Faculty, with its regular weekly session, where once it was controlled chiefly by the Principal. Discipline is administered with an even-handed justice. The scholarship has been raised by the system of frequent examinations, most of them written. During Dr. Taylor's time there had been no aim at qualifying boys for admission to any college. The limits of the preparatory education were overstepped, and there was an endeavor to make scholars of the students. The result was, that the requirements for admission to college were not anticipated by the Andover method, and the authorities were compelled to bear the chagrin of seeing some of their cleverest boys heavily conditioned at Harvard. Under the present administration, the college requirements have been made the standard of the work done, and the manner in which Andover has met these requirements has enabled the colleges to enlarge and systematize them. Students now become familiar with college methods before entrance into college. The scientific Department has been greatly strengthened in its teaching force, method, apparatus, and laboratory.

The average yearly attendance has greatly increased over former years and the consequent effect upon the treasury has been such as greatly to contribute to the liquidation of the once heavy debt of the Academy. During Dr. Bancroft's economical administration the debt has been entirely paid, and the institution has entered upon an era of financial prosperity. New buildings have been built to meet the increasing demands of the school, and the interior of the Academy building has been remodelled and improved in several important particulars. The Commons Boarding-house has never been in so satisfactory a condition as it is at present.

Although the Academy is out of debt, its very prosperity is a powerful argument, and should be a persuasive appeal for an enlargement of funds. The school is doing work that, on the whole, is unsurpassed among the secondary schools of the land; but it could treble its efficiency with an ampler financial equipment.

The success of the Centennial Celebration in 1878 was largely

due to Dr. Bancroft's executive skill. The Academy received a powerful impetus forward as the result of that memorable occasion. Another result of this celebration was the more efficient organization of the Alumni Association; and for this, too, the school is largely indebted to the untiring exertions of Dr. Bancroft. As a result of his efforts the alumni are coming to understand better the needs and requirements of the school.

No account of the history of the school during the past fifteen years would be complete without the mention of two facts,— the personality of its Principal, so genial, approachable, sympathetic, embodying the law of kindness in his relations to the students, and so unselfishly devoted to the larger interests of the school; and, secondly, the co-operation, unity, and harmony of a faculty composed of able, scholarly, and Christian gentlemen, who individually and collectively command the enthusiastic loyalty of the entire school.

Rondeau.

My love (alas! she is my love
In no possessive sense)
Said: "Sir, I saw you gaze upon
Another maid so tenderly:
Is that all you care for me?"
(Well, I am in a mess!)

Whilst I, with tender gaze and sigh,
Protest my love will never die:
Yet dare not say in repartee:
"How, then, about those young men three
To whom you fly when each you see?
Is that all you care for me?"
Alas! she might say yes.

N. O.

Editors' Review.

Again we have come to the closing days of the school year. There is a general feeling of satisfaction that the work of the year has been so well accomplished, and of relief that now again the season of rest is upon us. The year has been a remarkably successful one in every respect, and it is an absolute pleasure to glance back over the past ten months. It has been a year characterized by faithful work and steady progress. Seldom have the wheels of government moved so smoothly, and rarely have there been so few occasions for the exercise of severe discipline. And so instructors and students have been satisfied, and in mutual sympathy with each other. This has greatly facilitated the work of both, and has enabled them to accomplish the same amount of work as heretofore with an economy of effort. Hence all can welcome the close of the year with hearty satisfaction.

But for '88 this satisfaction must be mingled with some regret. There is not a man in the class but that must feel a pang of sorrow when he realizes that with commencement he ceases to be a Phillips boy. He can be an "old boy" and continue to cherish the same spirit of loyalty for this grand old school which now fills his heart, but never can he be a Phillipian. He has passed out of the school, and out of that intimate bond of sympathy and affection which holds us all together. Other associations will come into his life, other ties, perhaps as dear as these, be formed, but never will the remembrance of the happy life here entirely fade from his mind.

Eighty-eight has always been a prominent class in the school, a class whose influence has been felt in school affairs from the time of its formation until now, the time of its dissolution. But we do not flatter ourselves with the thought of how we will be missed when we are gone. We have seen other classes as worthy as '88 go out from among us, but the effect of their departure has never been to check for a moment the steadily onward flow of the stream. Other classes have moved into their places, and no disaster has attended the change; and so it will be with us. But we do flatter ourselves upon the record the class has made during the four years of its stay in the school. There is no need to recount its achievements; they are written into the history of the school, and there will remain uneffaced.

We hope and believe that every man of the class of '88 will go forth from old Phillips with a proper appreciation of his indebtedness to those who have been not simply his instructors, but his models and true friends. The influence they have exerted over us is one of the most important, next to that of home the most important, which will ever shape our lives. Unfortunately it is one which we cannot now thoroughly appreciate; and it is one which, now or hereafter, we can never overestimate. It has been quiet and unobtrusive in its workings, but it has been ever present and ever active. It is this quiet force, shaping and influencing the character of all who come into contact with it, which has built Phillips Academy up and made it the grandest institution of its kind in our land.

The interest in Philo always lessens with the approach of warm weather, but under the able administration of President Campbell this change has not been so noticeable as in previous years. While the attendance has fallen off slightly the standard of the work done has been elevated in no slight degree. This is very encouraging, especially when it is known that new men have taken a prominent part in the work. Many who had been prominently identified with the society and faithful in its support, have this term dropped out and left the brunt of the work to the younger toilers. This responsibility has been met in a manner worthy of the highest commendation, and which augurs well for the future of the society. The year

which is just drawing to a close has been a most prosperous one for Philo. The interest and enthusiasm which were characteristic of the work a half-dozen years ago have been revived and sustained by the persistent efforts of a few hard workers. We accept this as one of the evidences of the prosperity of the school. The class of '88 has always been prominently represented in the work in Philo, and has played no small part in restoring the society to its former usefulness; but '89 is well represented too, and that class has been active in the work of regeneration. On its shoulders now devolves the burden of the responsibility for the future of the society. We all know what the work of Philo is, and how important it is. Our interest in the society will therefore continue even in our absence, and we will watch to see how '89 acquits herself of the responsibility thrown upon her.

The Means and the Draper speakings are two events of the Spring Term which help to make it the most attractive of the year. These competitions this year were excellent, fully sustaining the high standard of previous years. It is difficult to say which of these events is the more enjoyable. The Draper speakers almost always possess the greater elocutionary ability, but additional interest is lent the Means by the knowledge that the speakers are expressing their own convictions in their own language. The contests this year were remarkably evenly balanced, so much so, indeed, that in neither competition were the judges able to satisfy the audience by their award of the prizes. Those who won prizes may therefore feel justly proud of their achievement.

There is, however, one feature of these speakings which we think should be eliminated. The audiences this year were very large, too large for comfort or safety. This was especially so at the Draper, and we may safely say that we have never seen so mixed an assemblage in Andover. There were many in the hall who had no business there, and who did not come merely for the enjoyment the speaking would afford. The plan of issuing tickets now in vogue at Abbot Academy is an excellent one, and one by which the size and character of the audience may be controlled. Whether this plan be adopted or some other, is immaterial, but certainly something should

be done to remove this very objectionable feature from otherwise exceedingly enjoyable entertainments.

The chief interest in athletics this term has centered in the nine, and that interest culminated in the contest with Exeter and our glorious victory over our old rival. What a pleasure it is to review the record of our nine this Spring! Discouraged by defeat at the hands of teams composed of manifestly inferior material, hampered by bad luck and worse weather, through all the men have continued in that persistent endeavor, that faithful work, and that determination to overcome all obstacles which have finally brought the championship to dear old Phillips. This has been accomplished by team work. It is true that we have had the greatest pitcher we have ever had, but pitchers don't win games of ball; they contribute much towards it, of course, but unless supported with a clock-work precision by the other eight players their efforts will be futile. Stearns has in the main received that support, and when he has the team has been invincible. The victory over the Beacons will pass into the history of the school. There was really more credit in winning that game than in the victory over Exeter, though of course the latter was the more desirable. The Stars, too, have gone down once before our prowess, and, last and most important, Exeter has been squarely and unquestionably defeated. We never remember an Exeter game which was attended by such intense excitement, and for the nine to win a victory under such circumstances as it had to contend with was indeed a glorious achievement. Captain Brainard has proved himself a hard and faithful worker, and the greatest credit is due him for the manner in which he has discharged the duties devolving upon him as captain. He has had many difficulties to surmount, many obstacles to overcome; moreover he has had to suffer by comparison with the incomparable Knowlton who piloted us to victory last year. And yet, notwithstanding all this, he has succeeded in winning for himself by his faithful work the confidence of the school, and all are glad to grant him the praise he so justly deserves. But he was merely the head, directing and ordering the work of the men, and unless there had been a hearty response, that earnestness and regularity which has characterized the work of the men, and that willing-

ness on the part of each to play his best in whatever position he should be placed, we never could have defeated Exeter. Stearns has played a remarkable game, his work at times being really phenomenal. For so young a pitcher his record against the Beacons has never been equalled. He has been beautifully supported by Gorman. The latter and White will prove great acquisitions to the athletic interests of the schools. The other men on the team have all played in such a manner as to call for the highest praise.

The management of the nine has been another commendable feature. It has been a long time since we have had such efficient men in charge of any of our athletic teams, and our success may be attributed in no small measure to their untiring efforts.

The work of the Society of Inquiry has been remarkable throughout the year. None of us realize the influence which it has exerted upon the life of the school. This influence is so quiet and unobtrusive in its workings that we do not realize how powerful it is, and probably never will unless by some misfortune we should be deprived of it. The number who have taken active part in the work this year has been very large, and the proportion of these who are lower class men would indicate that the work of the society will be marked by the same earnestness and efficiency another year.

The long standing discussion concerning the advisability of changing the Society of Inquiry into a branch of the Y.M.C.A. culminated this term in the organization of a branch of the Y.M.C.A. as a separate society. We are heartily glad that this matter has at last been definitely settled, for so long as it remained undecided it would have continued to come up for discussion every year; and, first and last, it has been the cause of much ill-feeling. We feel, too, that the discussion could not have ended in a better way. There were well founded objections to any change being made in Inquiry; the most valid in our eyes being that a strong minority were conscientiously opposed to such a change, and it would have been unwise for a majority to have endeavored to force the change upon them. But this majority was composed of men of strong convictions, men who firmly believe in personal work, and who feel that there is a field

for work here which Inquiry does not and cannot touch; in these circumstances it was inevitable that a branch of the Y.M.C.A. should, sooner or later, be organized in the school, and the sooner the better. It has been organized, and is proving itself a lusty infant. It has met with much opposition, not confined to the students alone; but that opposition has been disarmed, and we confidently hope will entirely cease to exist when those who have been prominent in the discussion have left the school. All the men who favor the new society have in an unmistakable way made manifest their attitude towards the religious work of the school. Such a spirit is very commendable, and if maintained insures for the Y.M.C.A. a prosperous and a useful future. The society has been well officered, President Brown especially deserving praise for the interest and faithful manner in which he has discharged his duties.

We feel greatly indebted to Messrs. Coy, Gile, and Welles who very kindly consented to act as the committee on the award of the Mirror prizes. They award the first prize for stories to Colgate Baker, Jr., who is the author of "The Legend of Fanufield;" the handling of the dialect in this story is its most commendable feature. "The Somnambulist," by T. N. Owen, was given the second prize. The editors increased the amount of the prize offered for the best poem in the hope that they would thereby stimulate the competition; it seems, however, to have worked the other way, for but two persons competed for the prize, which Mr. H. A. Bayne secures. We take the liberty to use other work of his also. The competition for the prizes for cuts was good. Mr. Osgood secures the first, and Mr. Bayne the second prize; Mr. Gilbert's work deserves mention, and we have used one of his cuts.

After a year's trial the Phillipian has received the stamp of an emphatic success as a semi-weekly paper. In this form it has approached nearer the ideal school organ than ever before. This result has been obtained, not because the paper has been managed by men of any special ability for such work, but because the present plan possesses many inherent advantages over the old one. The

paper could never have been a news organ so long as it reached the fellows but once a week; and it could never have been a news organ so long as it was compelled to publish items ten days old in order to fill its columns. As a semi-weekly it has achieved both of these ends and has taken a high rank in school and college journalism. The paper has been ably managed this term by Mr. Addis and his associates, and every indication points to a success next year even greater than that attained this year.

The Draper Reading at Abbot Academy occurred on the evening of Friday, June 8th. A large number of Phillips boys were fortunate enough to secure tickets, and one and all manifested their appreciation by attending. The reading was of unusual excellence; and it is needless to add was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Misses Rockwell, Chapin, and Wanning are especially deserving of praise for the manner in which they interpreted their selections; Misses Stow and Perry also did very nicely.

We are greatly indebted to Prof. Churchill for assisting us in the preparation of our sketch of Dr. Bancroft's administration. We appreciate Prof. Churchill's kindness the more because we know that at the time he gave it he was very busy. We are also under obligations to Rev. C. C. Carpenter for help in this matter.

The taste of social life which we have had this term makes us regret very much that such pleasures do not come oftener. We consider it a great misfortune that the fellows are deprived of social advantages to the extent they are. We are here to secure an education. Education is the symmetrical development of all the faculties and yet the social side of our nature is being dwarfed at a time when social characteristics are of paramount importance. How pleasant it would be if a few receptions or some such form of social entertainments were held at intervals during the year. And if the young ladies at Abbot were allowed a trifle more liberty, although we are duly thankful for favors received, we think that

the faculty of that institution would find that "those terrible Phillips boys" are not so terrible after all. Viewed at close quarters we are quite respectable. Thus our imagination, beguiling us, discloses visions of what might happen if —. For '88 these visions must always remain visions; but we earnestly hope that the time is not far distant when the school will have more social life.

In closing we desire to express our thanks to the society for the confidence reposed in us. We hope that we have appreciated the responsibility resting upon us, and we humbly submit the result of our labors for your approval or disapproval.

"In Nineteen Hundred and One."

Abbot Street Version.

I'll sing you of Abbot Street as she will be
In nineteen hundred and one,
When "Fem. Sems." with students will roam about free
In nineteen hundred and one,
When Brainard will cease at the girls to make eyes,
When Bayne out in left field will catch all the flies,
And Prentiss will find some fair maiden his size, —
In nineteen hundred and one.

The Abbot Street seniors will get in at eight
In nineteen hundred and one,
And study-hour rules will be out of date
In nineteen hundred and one;
O, "Doc." Brown on flowers won't spend all his "stuff,"
And Billy Marsh swear off and cease to be "tough,"
And Jim Carr will say that he *has* sung enough,
In nineteen hundred and one.

The Faculty'll give us a "cut" every day
In nineteen hundred and one,
And Googins, as actor, to full houses play,
In nineteen hundred and one;

O, Bailey will chew and will horribly swear,
duPont on his upper lip have some thin hair,
And Perkins will cease the same necktie to wear,
In nineteen hundred and one.

The Abbot Street banjos will all cease to twang
In nineteen hundred and one,
The Glee Club will *not* sing the songs that it sang
In *eighteen* hundred and one,
O, Crofton will pray, and will temperate grow,
And Parker's head burst with the Greek he does know,
The Dutchman won't sit in the bald-headed row,
In nineteen hundred and one.

Art in Phillips Academy —
The drawing class

F. L. DUNNE,

Tailor to the B. A. A.

MY SPECIALTY:

The Largest and Best Assortment

of London Styles,

The Largest Student Trade of any House in the United States.

TAILOR TO THE HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

" " WILLIAMS " "

338 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Mirror Observations.

"On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest." *Gillis.*

"Let me have men about me that are fat." *Holland.*

Wanted: The senior "snap." *P.A.* '88.

Got it. *P.S.* '88.

"I-er-er, I-er wish-er to express-er m-my admiration-er of the Faculty." *Hassenzahl to Dr. Bancroft.*

"Up from the south at break of day,
The cyclone bore on its track dismay.
Towns, villages, and churches it overthrew,
And e'en through Snowden's whiskers blew."

Snowden says he would not mind the above if it was not so hackneyed.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
Chase.

"Pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit." *Baker.*

"One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him."
Chisholm.

"Oh! to be poetic, and with sweet song invoke the muse for power to express the passions of this mighty heart." *Speer.*

My dear Fem. Sem., in dust to thee
Low I bend the adoring knee.
Bestow on me one gentle sigh,
And "Germany" for you will die."
R. Michael Weyerhauser.

"Nature has framed strange fellows in her time."
The Babbitt Brothers.

When the heavens are dark above us,
And sleep soothes all weary minds,
The Theologue sits in his study
And silently, steadily grinds.

When night drops her curtain o'er us,
And solos are sung by the cats,
Fem. Sems. sleep, and dream in their slumbers
Of new styles and new summer hats.

When black is the night around us,
And we all sleep, and some of us snore,
There floats from a room in the Blunt House,
"I'll take it, and raise you five more!"

"We shall ne'er be aware of our own wit till we break our shins against it." *Phillipian Editors.*

"He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show." "*Miss*" *Phillips.*

"He hears merry tales and smiles not." *Parsons.*

"I never knew the old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass to bring anything but loss of sleep." *Fuller.*

To " Kupid " Hollister.

Who is our pet and heart's delight?
Who never serenades at night,
But in his cradle sleeps so tight?
Unser Fritz.

Whose eyes are lit with roguish smiles?
Who brings forth all the milliner's styles?
Who hath so many real cute wiles?
Amor Noster.

Who's getting to be a big boy now,
With downy lip and banged brow?
Who doth to Fem. Sems. neatly bow?
Cupido.

Who rivals Cupid in all his art?
And yet don't seem to reach her heart,
Although he shoots dart after dart?
Our Freddie.

" Never dye your moustache, for your moustache will die of itself."
Bartlett, (speaking from experience).

There was a young man named Malone,
Who talked with a pitiful moan,
With his gold headed cane
He will give you a pain,
For he walks with a gait all his own.

" The world hath noted the gravity and the stillness of thy youth." *McCord.*

" As smooth as Hebe's his unrazored lip." *King.*

" Tush, tush, 'twill not appear:
For many, aye, many a day,
'T will naught be but softest down."
Bishop's moustache.

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They keep the even tenor of their way."
The Theologues.

"Melancholy marked him for her own." *Henning.*

"Totus mundus agit histrionem." *Googins.*

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a Yankee village passed
A youth, whose face beamed as the sun,
Because he thought that Harvard had won.
Next morning in the twilight grey
His sweetest smiles had faded away
Because the men of Yale had won,
And beaten Harvard, seven to one.
Landon, after the first Harvard–Yale game.

But when again, on the ninth of June,
Harvard stock had taken a boom,—
The reason why 'tis easy to see,
For she'd beaten Yale seven to three,—
And Exeter's nine, which we had feared,
Our boys had defeated, six to four,
That smile benign once more appeared
Fuller and brighter than ever before.

"Thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle." *Jameson.*

A great while ago the world begun
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we've striven to please you every one.
Mirror Editors.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.

J. C. CAMPBELL, Steven's Point, Wis.

VICE PRESIDENT.

A. E. ADDIS, Leeds.

SECRETARY.

F. W. MOORE, Independence, Ia.

TREASURER.

G. R. ATHA, Providence, R. I.

MIRROR EDITORS.

H. McK. LANDON, Kokomo, Ind.
B. M. ALLEN, Walpole.
A. J. BALIET, Normal Square, Pa.

EXECUTIVES.

G. A. CAMPBELL, Steven's Point, Wis.
J. D. CLARKE, Canterbury, Ct.
W. W. PARKER, Washington, D. C.
H. G. TORBERT, Dubuque, Ia.

MEMBERS.

Adams, F. W.	Williamstown.
Addis, A E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Allen, B. M.	Walpole.
Babbitt, J. A.	Swanton, Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	Swanton, Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Balliet, A. J.	Normal Square, Pa.
Bartlett, E. C. (honorary member)	Woburn
Benner, A. R.	Waldoboro, Me.
Bird, E. A.	Abingdon, Va.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Bronson, O. H.	New York, N. Y.
Bronson, W. H.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, O. B.	Deering, Me.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Campbell, J. C.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Carr, J. T.	Dubuque, Ia.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eaton, R. G.	Wakefield.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kansas.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Flagg, W. D.	Holyoke.

Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
Frissell, L. F.	Summit, N. J.
Gillis, L. N.	Mt. Pleasant, Ia.
Goodwin, W. B.	Bangor, Me.
Gove, J. S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro'.
Halderman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hammond, F. E.	Worcester.
Hassenzahl, L.	Toledo, O.
Henning, G. N.	Washington, D. C.
Higgins, W. M.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, H.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hubbard, N. C.,	Wheeling, W. Va.
Husted, J. W., Jr.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Landon, H. McK.	Kokomo, Ind.
Low, D. S.	Ridgewood, N. J.
Lyon, W. R.	Indiana, Pa.
Massonneau, E. P.	Red Hook, N. Y.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
McCormick, V.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Moore, F. W.	Independence, Ia.
Môré, J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Mosely, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Neale, J. C.	Kittanning, Pa.
Noyes, G. R.	North Andover.
Oglevie, J.	Lawrence.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Parker, W. W.	Washington, D. C.
Philbrook, G. R.	Bethlehem, N. H.
Sandford, E. R.	New York, N. Y.
Shaw, A. F.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Snowden, P. C.	Peekskill, N. Y.

Spaulding, H. N.	Andover.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Torbert, H. G.	Dubuque, Ia.
Townsend, O. E.	Zanesville, O.
Tucker, F. D.	Monson.
Tyler, S W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	No. Reading.
Weeks, A. G.	New York, N. Y.
White, J. H.	Whitman.

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

PRESIDENT.

G. B. HOLLISTER, Rutherford, N. J

VICE PRESIDENT.

B. M. ALLEN, Walpole.

SECRETARY.

T. L. ELLIS, Oxford, Me.

TREASURER.

C. G. SMITH, Williamstown.

MEMBERS,

Adams F. W.	Williamstown.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds, Mass.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Allen, B. M.	Walpole.
Andress, O. O.	Cincinnati, O.
Atha, G. R.	Pawtucketville, R. I.
Austin, C. W.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Babbit, J. A.	Swanton, Vt.
Babbit, W. H.	Swanton, Vt.
Bailey, W. A	Zanesville, O.
Balliet, A. J	Normal Square, Pa.
Bartlett, E C	Woburn.

Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Benner, A. R.	Waldoboro, Me.
Blanchard, G. A.	Hudson Centre, N. H.
Bliss, C. D.	New York, N. Y.
Bradford, J. M.	Washington, D. C.
Bronson, O. H.	New York, N. Y.
Bronson, W. H.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, H. K.	Denver, Col.
Brown, O. B.	Deering, Me.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Campbell, J. C.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Case, J. A.	Charles City, Ia.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. A.	West Winsted, Ct.
Darling, S. Boyd,	Somerville.
Davis, A. B.	Acton.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro.
Eaton, R. G.	Wakefield.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kan.
Edson, W. A.	Portland, Me.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Everett, E. H.	Manchester, N. H.
Everett, R. M.	Manchester, N. H.
Farwell, R. K.	Freeport, Ill.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.

Gilbert, J. B.	Denver, Col.
Gillis, L. N.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Goodwin, W. B.	Bangor, Me.
Gove, J. S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, F. E.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro.
Graves, H. S.	Andover.
Hall, D.	Dover, N. H.
Halderman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hallock, H. B.	Portland, Me.
Hammond, F. C.	Worcester.
Harrington, A.	Lyons, N. Y.
Haskell, H. B.	West Falmouth, Me.
Hassenzahl, L.	Toledo, O.
Holbrook, G. M.	Springfield
Holland, J. W.	Westfield.
Hollister, E. C.	Rutherford, N. J.
Hollister, F. K.	Rutherford, N. J.
Hollister, G. B.	Rutherford, N. J.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hubbard, N. C.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Hutchins, S. C.	Danielsonville, Ct.
Hyde, F. C.	Newton Highlands.
Iwaya, T.	Tokio, Japan.
Jacobson, S.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Jameson, A. H.	Amherst.
Johnson, G. D.	Andover.
Jones, R. E.	Webster City, Ia.
Kent, G. A.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kent, H. F.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kimball, G. E.	Bradford.
Kimball, H. W.	Bradford.
Kimberly,J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.

Lakeman, F. W.	Nashua, N. H.
Landon, H. McK.	Kokomo, Ind.
Leverty, R. G.	Bridgeport, Ct.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Indiana, Pa.
Malone, L. J.	Andover.
Massonneau, E. P.	Red Hook, N. Y.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Môré. J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Morrison, W. R.	Newport, R. I.
Mosley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Owen, T. N.	Granville, N. Y.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Peabody, W. H.	Laramie, Wyo. Ter.
Perkins, E. A.	West Newton.
Philbrook, G. R.	Bethlehem, N. H.
Pierce, C. P.	Hardwick.
Puffer, E. W.	Lowell.
Rowley, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Russell, H. D.	Oswego, N. Y.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Shaw, A. F.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Smart, M. H.	Portland, Me.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, G. M.	Plantsville, Ct.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro, Me.
Snell, H. L. W.	Andover.
Snowden, P. C.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Speer, V.	Harrisburg, Pa.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Sterns, W. H.	Westfield.
Stetson, H. C.	Bangor, Me.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.

Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Tucker, F. D.	Monson.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	North Reading.
Webber, L.	Portland, Mich.
Wheeler, G. S.	Chelsea.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chatanooga, Tenn.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Wiley, G. P.	Charleston, Ill.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

Y. M. C. A.

PRESIDENT.

O. B. BROWN, Portland, Me.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

C. E. MOODY, East Andover, N. H.

PERMANENT SECRETARY.

L. C. GRANT, Middleborough.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

J. D. CAMERON, Round Hill, N. S.

TREASURER.

W. L. BEARD, South Killingly, Ct.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Bartlett, E. C.	Woburn.
Beard, W. L.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Blanchard, G. A.	Hudson Centre, N. H.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, O. B.	Portland, Me.
Bronson, O. H.	New York, N. Y.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, J. C.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.

Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kan.
Frissell, L. F.	New York, N. Y.
Gove, J, S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, L. C.	Middleborough.
Halderman, D. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.
Hodgden, F. W.	Haverhill.
Landon, H. McK.	Kokomo, Ind.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
McDuffee, F. W.	Bradford, Vt.
Moody, C. E.	East Andover, N. H.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Shaw, A. F.	Wellesboro, Pa.
Tucker, F. D.	Monson.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT.

EUGENE D. FUNK,	Shirley, Ill.

VICE PRESIDENT.

J. C. DU PONT,	Houma, La.

SECRETARY.

J. T. CARR,	Dubuque, Iowa.

TREASURER.

C. D. BLISS,	New York, N. Y.

DIRECTORS.

A. H. PRESTON,	Omaha, Neb.
R. MERRILL,	Milwaukee, Wis.
J. A. PHILLIPS,	Pittsburgh, Pa.
A. E. SHELDON,	Rutland, Vt.
S. C. HUTCHINS,	Danielsonville, Ct.
F. W. MOORE,	Independence, Ia.

MEMBERS.

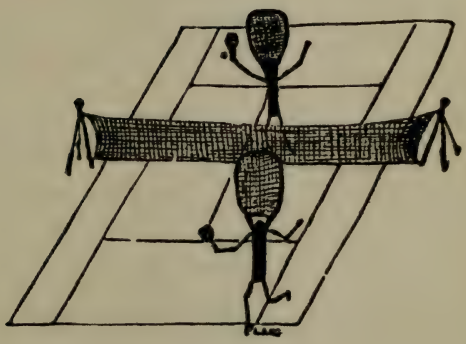
Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Atherton, P. S.	Boston.
Babbitt, J. A.	Swanton, Vt.
Bacon, H. S.	Rochester, N. Y.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Baker, C., Jr.	Hiogo, Japan.
Balliet, A. J.	Normal Square, P. A.

Barbour, F. H.	Detroit, Mich.
Bartlett, E. C.	Woburn.
Bayne, H. A.	New Orleans, La.
Benner, A. R.	Waldoboro, Me.
Bill, C. G.	Springfield,
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Bixby, H. L.	Los Angelos, Cal.
Bliss, C. D.	New York, N. Y.
Bliss, L. T.	New York, N. Y.
Bogart, B. D.	New York, N. Y.
Brainard, E. H.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Bremner,	Oxford, Mass.
Brewster, W. T.	Lawrence.
Brown, H. K.	Denver, Col.
Brown, O. B.	Deering, Me.
Burton, M.	La Crosse, Wis.
Campbell, G. A.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Campbell, J. C.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Carr, J. T.	Dubuque, Ia.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Clark, F. A.	Plantsville, Ct.
Coffin, A. D.	Windsor Locks, Ct.
Coffin, R. A.	Bangor, Me.
Crofton, W. M.	Fort Buford, Dak.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Decker, W. H.	Davenport, Ia.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro,
Donovan, W. W.	Andover.
duPont, J. C.	Houma, La.
Eaton, R. G.	Wakefield.
Eddy, G. S.	Leavenworth, Kan.
Ellsworth, D. S.	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Emerson, J. L.	Titusville, Pa.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Farwell, R. K.	Freeport, Ill.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.

Foss, C. H.	Lowell.
Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
Frissell, L. F.	Summit, N. J.
Fuller, P.	New Haven, Ct.
Funk, E. D.	Shirley, Ill.
Gallaway, J. M.	New York, N. Y.
Gillis, L. N.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Googins, F. A.	Bucksport, Me.
Halderman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Harrington,	Lyons, N. Y.
Haskell, P. T.	West Falmouth, Me.
Hixon, G. C.	La Crosse, Wis.
Hoeke, W. W.	Washington, D. C.
Holbrook, G. M.	Springfield.
Holland, J. W.	Westfield.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hood, J. C.	Chelsea, Vt.
Hutchins, S. C.	Danielson, Ct.
Husted, J. W., jr.	Peekskill, N. Y.
Hyde, F. C.	Newton Highlands.
Jacobson, S.	Wellsboro, Pa.
Johnson, H. P.	Leavenworth, Kan.
Johnson, A.	Belfast, Me.
Joy, R. P.	Detroit, Mich.
Kent, H. F.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Kent, W. E.	Binghamton, N. Y.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lakeman, F. W.	Nashville, N. H.
Landon, H. McK.	Kokomo, Ind.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
McClelland, W. F.	Denver, Col.
McCormick, H. B.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
Malone, L. J.	Andover.

Marsh, C. C.	Warsaw, Ill.
Marsh, W.	Omaha, Neb.
Merrill, R.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Moore, F. W.	Independence, Ia.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Morris, N. H.	Chicago, Ill.
Morse, H. E.	Andover.
Mosely, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Mowry, L. D.	Englewood, N. J.
Mowry, S.	Englewood, N. J.
Moody, C. E.	Andover, N. H.
Orvis, G. A.	Manchester, Vt.
Paramore, J. A.	St. Louis, O.
Parker, W. W.	Washington, D. C.
Parsons, J.	New York, N. Y.
Perkins, C. A.	West Acton.
Perkins, C. F.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Pettibone, A. W.	La Crosse, Wis.
Phillips, J. A.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Prentiss, G. N.	Watertown, Wis.
Preston, A. H.	Omaha, Neb.
Preston, W. G.	Omaha, Neb.
Richards, T. T.	New York, N. Y.
Rowly, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Russell, C. A.	Pittsfield.
Sanford, E. R.	New York, N. Y,
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Schoen, J.	Cleveland, O.
Shattuck, G. B.	Lowell.
Shaw, A. F.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Sheldon, A. E.	Rutland, Vt.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro, Me.
Spaulding, H. N.	Andover.
Sprague, R. P.	Chicago, Ill.
Sprague, R. W.	Chicago, Ill.
Spear, V.	Huntington, Pa.
Stanley, A. W.	New Britain, Ct.

Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stone, C. J.	Andover.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Terry, R. A.	New Bedford.
Torbert, H. G.	Dubuque, Ia.
Torance, W. S.	Conn.
Towsend, O. E.	Zanesville, O.
Webber, L.	Portland, Mich.
Webster, S.	Chicago, Ill.
Weeks, A. G.	New York, N. Y.
Welles, D. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Weyerhauser, R. M.	Rock Island, Ill.
Wheeler, G. S.	Chelsea.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chatanooga, Tenn.
White, J. H.	Whitman.
Woodruff, W. H.	Auburn, N. Y.
Woodworth, A.	Chicopee.



P. A. TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT

A. E. Stearns.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

H. N. Spaulding.

SECRETARY.

F. W. Moore.

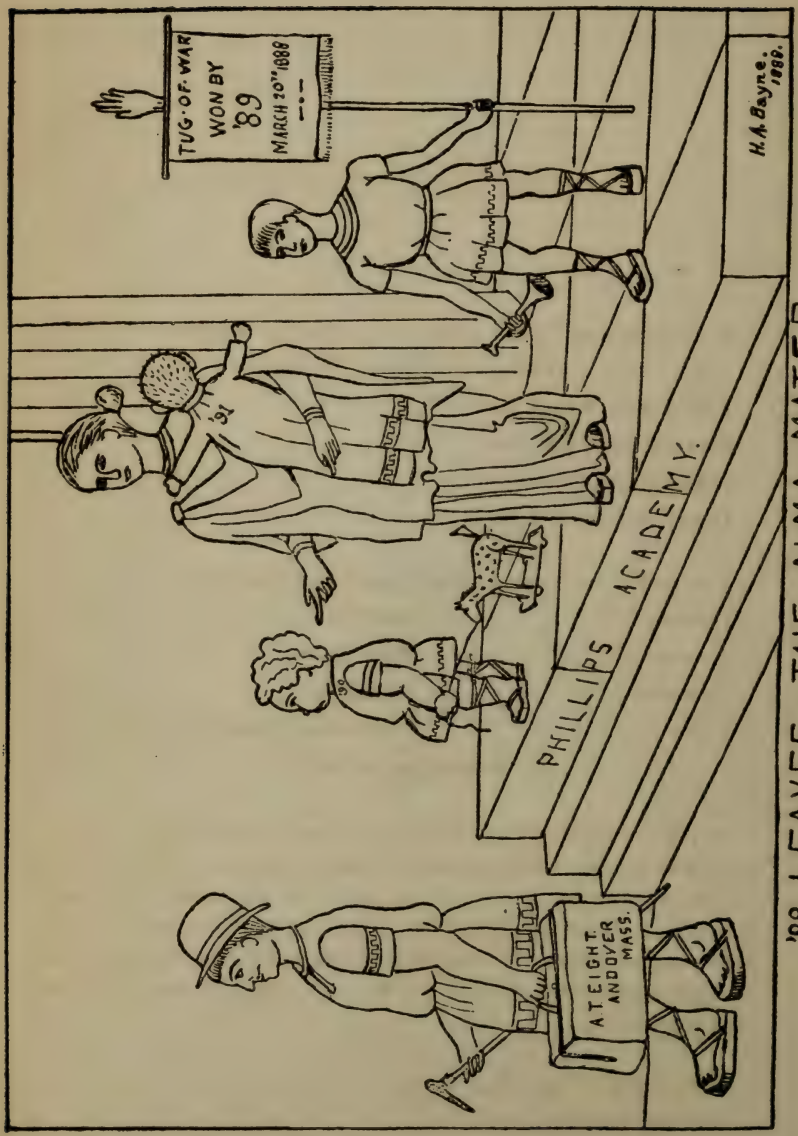
TREASURER.

J. A. Paramore.

MEMBERS.

Anderson, H.
Austin, C. W.
Babbitt, W. H.
Bailey, W. A.
Baker, C.
Balliet, A. J.
Barbour, F. H.
Bartlett, E. C.
Bayne, H. A.
Beeson, C. E.
Benner, A. R.
Bill, C. G.

Bixby, H. L.
Bliss, C. D.
Brainard, E. H.
Brown, H. K.
Brown, O. B.
Campbell, G. A.
Campbell, J. C.
Carr, J. T.
Cheney, H. S.
Clark. F. A.
Coffin, A. D.
Coffin, R. A.
Colby, K. G.
Craig, W. T.
Day, W. F., jr.
Decker, W. H.
Dickerman, R. K.
du Pont, J. C.
Eaton, R. G.
Eaton, T.
Eddy, G. S.
Ellis, T. L.
Landon, H. McK.
Marsh, W.
McClelland, W. F.
McCord, R. A.
McCormick, H. B.
McCormick, V. C.
Merrill, R.
Morgan, C.
Morris, H. N.
Mosely, H. P.
Mowry, L.
Neal, J. C.
Orvis, G. A.
Osgood, C. G.
Parker, W. W.
Parsons, J.
Perkins, C. F.
Phillips, J. A.
Preston, A. H.
Preston, W. G.
Russell, C. A.
Russell, H. D.
Sawyer, J. C.
Shaw, A. F.
Snowden, P. C.
Thompson, M. P.
Townsend, O. E.
Tucker, F. D.
Weyerhauser, R. M.
Woodruff, W. H.



'88 LEAVES THE ALMA MATER.

SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS.

Average age — 19 yrs. 6 mo. Average height — 5 ft. 9 in.

Average weight — 147 1-2 lbs.

Tallest man, 6 ft. 4 in.

Shortest man, 5 ft. 3 in.

Light weight, 120 lbs.

Heavy weight, 178 lbs.

Prospective occupations after completing education:

Doctors, 7.	Lawyers, 6.
Teachers, 6.	Ministry, 3.
Business, 3.	Banker, 1.
Journalist, 1.	Professional Base-Ball Player, 1.

Remainder undecided.

In politics nearly all are conservative, and some declined to be interviewed at all. Of those who were approached on the great issue of the day, — the tariff, twenty were for protection on a strict Republican basis, ten were for tariff reform, three were on the fence, and one, while declaring himself neutral on the tariff, ventured the information that he was a "Woman's Rights" man first, last, and all the time.

Most Popular Man, Landon.

Handsomest Man, Tucker.

Homeliest Man, Farwell.

Laziest Man, Fuller.

Ladies' Man, McCormick.

Best Student, Benner.

'88's Nursery, Weeks, Farwell, and McCormick.

Dude, McClelland.

Wire-puller, Bartlett.

Engaged, ———

Best all-around Athlete. Tie, H. S. Graves, P. T. Haskell.

Best *attempt* at a moustache in the class, Bayne.

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '88.

Colors: Old Gold and Blue.

"Virtute Vincamus."

President,	H. McK. Landon.
Vice President,	O. B. Brown.
Secretary,	C. W. Austin.
Treasurer,	R. G. Eaton.

P. S., '88.

Colors: Green and Blue.

"Courage sans Peur."

President,	J. C. duPont.
Vice President,	H. K. Brown.
Secretary and Treasurer,	W. Marsh.

P. A., '89.

Colors: Yellow and Wine Color.

Ἀπὸ πείρας πάντα.

President,	N. C. Hubbard.
Vice President,	F. W. Moore.
Secretary and Treasurer,	S. C. Hutchins.

P. S., '89.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.

"Avise le fin."

President,	J. A. Paramore.
Vice President,	G. J. Hamlin.
Secretary and Treasurer,	L. D. Mowry.

P. A., '90.

Colors: Violet and Yellow.

"De Die in Diem."

President,	D. S. Ellsworth.
Vice President,	R. W. Holmes.
Secretary and Treasurer,	F. E. McDuffee.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"Sans Pareil."

President,	S. Mowry.
Vice President,	W. F. Day. jr.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. E. Sears.

P. A., '91.

Colors: Garnet and Light Green,

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	C. H. Foss.
Vice President,	A. E. Ahlers.
Secretary and Treasurer,	J. C. Kimberly.

P. S., '91.

Unorganized.

PRESIDENT.

G. B. Hollister.

MANAGER.

J. T. Carr.

FIRST TENOR.

J. T. Carr, G. J. Hamlin,
A. J. Balliet.

SECOND TENOR.

G. B. Hollister, A. E. Addis,
F. K. Hollister.

FIRST BASS.

S. E. Farwell, L. J. Malone,
W. H. Sterns.

SECOND BASS.

R. K. Farwell, H. W. Kimball,
C. J. Stone.

CONDUCTOR.

J. W. Richardson.

SECRETARY.

C. Morgan.

FIRST VIOLIN.

W. S. Torrance, J. W. Richardson.

SECOND VIOLIN.

C. Morgan, L. Weber, A. Cummings.

FLUTE.

C. W. Frear.

CLARIONET.

E. Collins.

CORNET.

H. Kent, H. W. Kimball.

TROMBONE.

J. C. du Pont.

CONTRA BASS.

C. E. Beeson.

PHILLIPS CHAPEL CHOIR.

ORGANIST.

W. S. Haskell.

AIR.

G. B. Hollister, F. D. Tucker,
G. R. Atha, S. E. Farwell,
H. F. Kent, G. R. Philbrook,
F. K. Hollister, C. Morgan.

TENOR.

A. J. Balliet, J. T. Carr,
G. J. Hamlin, A. E. Addis,
W. M. Higgins.

BASS.

H. W. Kimball, R. K. Farwell,
W. H. Stearns, L. J. Malone,
F. E. McDuffee, H. D. Russell,
R. W. Holmes, H. W. Greenough.

Ye Serenader.

Phillips Academy Banjo Club.

BANJOS.

W. M. Crofton, F. K. Hollister, W. Marsh.

GUITARS.

C. E. Beeson, J. T. Carr.

MANDOLIN.

J. A. Phillips.

Abbot Street Banjo Club.

Positively our last appearance in Andover.

"Prohibition" Crofton, "Fem. Sem." Brainard.
"Inquiry" Marsh, "Jeu L." Brown,

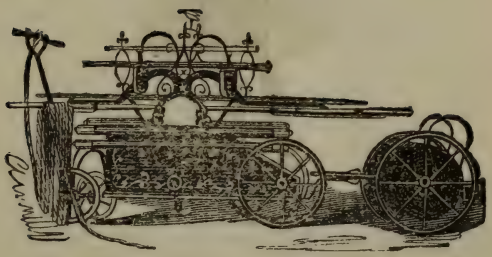
GUITARS.

"Christmas" Carr, "Won't Work" Parker.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

"Old Sleuth" Googins.

On account of his high musical ability "Grand Stand" Decker is still retained by the Club, to carry music and furnish the strings.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

C. Morgan.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

E. D. Funk.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

C. W. Frear, R. Merrill,
H. S. Graves, F. W. Lakeman,
F. K. Hollister.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

G. B. Hollister, H. C. Stetson,
C. E. Beeson, E. C. Hollister.

DRIVER.

W. H. Woodruff.

THE PHILLIPIAN.

MANAGING EDITOR.

A. E. Addis.

EDITORS.

E. H. Brainard, '88,
J. T. Carr, '88,
J. C. du Pont, '88,
F. D. Tucker, '88,
E. A. Bird, '89,
E. B. Bishop, '89,
J. D. Cameron, '89,
O. G. Cartwright, '89.
R. W. Holmes, '90.
A. E. Stearns, '90.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

E. C. Bartlett.

THIS IS THE WAY
HE GOT HIS LATIN.
THE SCAMPS TO FAME AND FORTUNE.
THIS WAS HIS METHOD.
BUT THIS ONE COULD NOT UNCLE STAND
BUT THE PLUGGER TO HIS GRAVE.
NOW THEY GET DOWN TO

PHILLIPS ACADEMY BASE BALL NINE.

INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONS FOR '88.

MANAGING COMMITTEE.

E. C. Bartlett, R. M. Weyerhauser,
C. Morgan.

CAPTAIN.

E. H. Brainard.

BATTERY.

A. E. Stearns, pitcher, M. F. Gorman, catcher.

INFIELD.

E. H. Brainard, 1st b., J. D. Upton, s.s.,
J. H. White, 2nd b., L. D. Mowry, 3rd b.

OUTFIELD

A. H. Preston, l.f., R. Merrill, r.f.,
R. K. Dickerman, c.f.

SUBSTITUTES.

B. D. Bogart, W. Marsh.

Cheever House Nine.

CAPTAIN.

J. C. Campbell, s. s.

C. E. Beeson, p.	W. W. Hoeke, c.
R. W. Sprague, 3rd b.	G. A. Campbell, r. f.
C. G. Bill, 1st b.	A. E. Sheldon, 2nd b.
C. W. Frear, l. f.	R. P. Sprague, c. f.

SUBSTITUTES.

"Fatty" Torbert. "Rockie" Coffin.

Committee on Glass, The Misses Cheever.
Committee on Campus, Dr. Bancroft.
House Jonah, "Tripper" King.
House "Krank," E. Bullard Bishop.
"Puella" McClelland, General Supe and Manager.

Brick House Nine.

CAPTAIN.

H. Kent, p.

L. T. Bliss, c.,	W. Higgins, 1st b.,
C. Baker, 2nd b.,	J. Kimberly, 3rd b.,
H. Graves, s.s.,	G. Kent, r.f.,
W. E. Kent, c.f.,	S. Hutchins, l.f.

SUBSTITUTE.

W. Richards.

Blunt House Base Ball Nine.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

A. H. Preston, R. P. Joy, J. A. Phillips.

PRESIDENT.

E. D. Funk.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

W. H. Woodruff.

SECRETARY. TREASURER.

J. H. Paramore. W. Preston.

MANAGER.

G. H. Hamlin.

CAPTAIN.

R. Merrill.

Bliss, c.	Merrill, 1st b.
V. McCormick, p.	H. H. Preston, 3rd b.
Phillips, 2nd b.	Joy, s. s.
H. B. McCormick, l. f.	Sawyer, c. f.

H. Morris, r. f.

SUBSTITUTES.

Deacon McCormick has kindly consented to act as chaplain.

"Sleepy Fuller" has volunteered to keep the bats in good condition.

Halderman's services are obtained at a very high salary for inflating the protector.

F. "Kupid" Hollister accompanies the team on all its trips as the "mascot."

Berry House Base Ball Nine.

MANAGER.

F. E. Barbour.

TREASURER.

S. S. Yardley.

SECRETARY.

A. W. Stanley.

CAPTAIN.

"Bob" Dickerman.

"Squelcher" Marsh, c.,
"Bones" Pettibone, 2nd b.,
"Gabriel" Field, s.s.,
"Gideon" Hixon, r.f.,
"Porker" Mowry, 1st b.,
"Xenophon" Wheeler, 3rd b.
"Monkey" Burton, l.f.,
"Frankie" Barbour, c.f.

SUBSTITUTES.

"Big" Thayer, 1st.,
"Brick" Thayer, 2nd.

Leader of chéering, "Penn Yan Donkey" Ellsworth.

SUPES.

Bacon (always ready to criticize and advise),
Leverty (the what is it of Andover),
Johnson (who slugs the umpire).

Abbot Street Nine.

CAPTAIN.

Crofton p.

Marsh, c.,	Hood, s.s.,
Brown, 1st b.,	Bayne, l.f.,
Carr, 2nd b.,	Weyerhauser, c.f.,
Parker, 3rd b.,	Perkins, r.f.

Detective Googins guards against the opposing nines stealing bases.

Decker, sponger and bat carrier.

Chaplain, Bailey.

Coach, Brainard.

Latin Commons Nine.

"Kell" Haskell, c.,	"Aula" Hall, p.,
"Telum" Speer, 1st b.,	"Briny" Cartwright, 2nd b.,
"Domus" Holmes, 3rd b.,	"Dutchy" Schoen, r.f.,
"Reddy" Sears, c.f.,	"Poky" Wilson, l.f.,
"English" Malone, s.s.	

SUBS.

"Philly" Philbrook,	"Freshie" Jameson.

Green Street Base Ball Nine.

MANAGER.

G. S. Eddy.

CAPTAIN.

H. S. Cheney.

C. J. Stone, c.	F. C. Clark, 3d b.
G. S. Eddy, p.	H. S. Cheney, s. s.
A. E. Gale, 1st b.	F. W. Moore, r. f.
H. P. Johnson, 2d b.	H. A. Lamprey, c. f.

W. S. Torrance, l. f.

Have beaten English Commons, Berry House, Cheever House, and Blunt House.

"Zion Hill" Racket Club.

Harry Llewellen Bixby,	Duncan Stewart Ellsworth,
Charles Carroll Marsh,	Alix Welch Stanley.

PHILLIPS BICYCLE CLUB.

CAPTAIN.

C. Morgan.

1ST LIEUTENANT.

E. B. Bishop.

2nd LIEUTENANT.

R. W. Holmes.

COLOR BEARER.

C. J. Curtis.

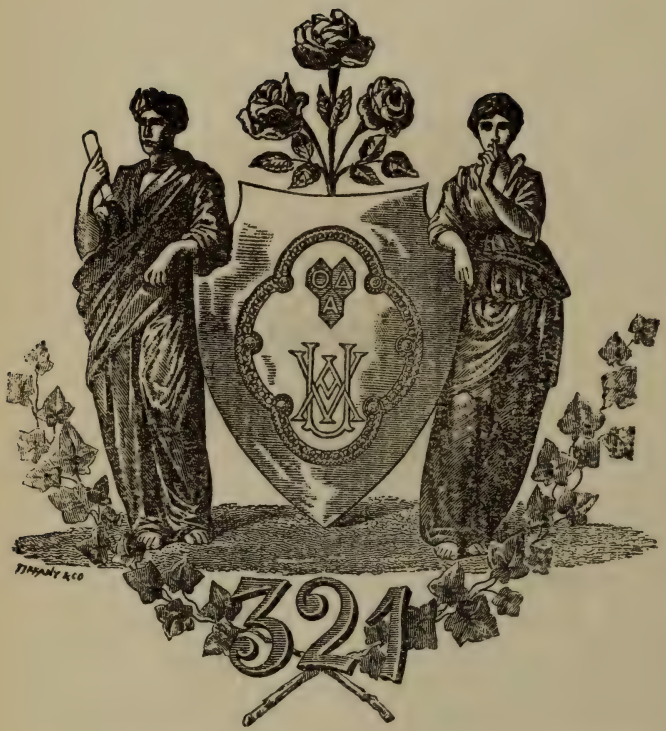
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. H. Field,
F. A. Clark,
F. K. Hollister,
A. W. Stanley.

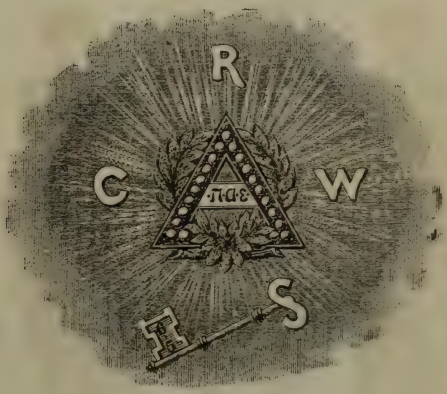
MEMBERS.

F. W. Andress,
E. B. Bishop,
C. J. Curtis,
C. W. Frear,
E. D. Funk,
A. J. Gilmour,
E. C. Hollister,
R. W. Holmes,
N. P. Keen,
H. F. Kent,
W. H. Kent,
G. W. Smith,
W. H. Woodruff,
S. K. Wheeler.

T.F.C.G.
K.O.A.



C. E. Beeson,
C. D. Bliss,
B. D. Bogart,
E. H. Brainard,
H. K. Brown,
W. M. Crofton,
J. L. Emerson,
A. E. Gale,
G. J. Hamlin,
J. A. Phillips,
G. W. Prentiss.



E. B. Bishop,
G. B. Hollister,
W. J. Ogden,
W. W. Parker,
C. J. Stone,
E. C. Hollister,
C. Morgan,
A. H. Preston,
J. H. Field,
R. Merrill,
S. E. Farwell,
E. D. Funk,
W. G. Preston,
F. K. Hollister,
J. T. Carr.

The Mirror Advertiser.

Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE.

Prepared according to the directions of Prof. E. N. Horsford.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR

Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Exhaustion, Headache, Tired Brain

And all Diseases arising from Indigestion and Nerve Exhaustion.

This is not a compounded "patent medicine," but a preparation of the phosphates and phosphoric acid in the form required by the system.

It aids digestion without injury, and is a beneficial food and tonic for the brain and nerves.

It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only, and agrees with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

DR. E. W. HILL, Glens Falls, N. Y., says: "An excellent remedy for atonic dyspepsia, nervous and general debility or any, low state of the system.

DR. D. A. STEWART, Winona, Minn., says: "Entire satisfaction in cases of perverted digestion, loss of nerve-power, mal-nutrition, and kindred ailments."

DR. G. H. LEACH, Cairo, Ill., says: "Of great power in dyspepsia and nervous prostration."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

D. TOY,

Tailor & Importer,

11 CHARLES ST., "BEACON ST."

BOSTON.

Special Rates for Students.

Agent for Winchester, Son, & Thowers, London, W.

J. M. BRADLEY,

Merchant Tailor,

—AND—

MEN'S OUTFITTER,

MAIN ST., ANDOVER,

Invites an inspection of his line of New Goods

for Spring and Summer wear.

Jersey-Fitting Underwear Co.

WE CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION OF ALL ATHLETES TO OUR

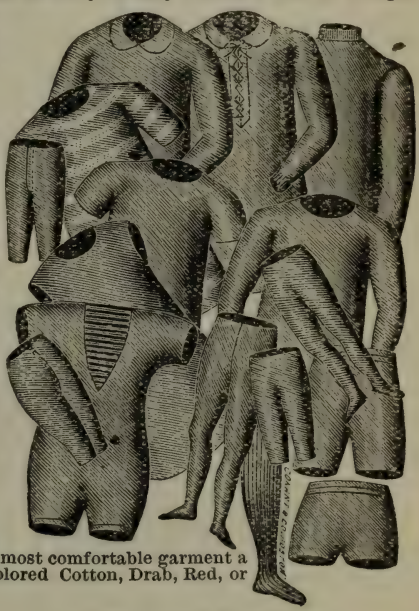
JERSEY-FITTING GARMENTS

—FOR—

Bicycle Riders, Lawn Tennis Players, Yachting and Rowing, Base Ball and Foot Ball, Gymnasium.

League Color, Grey Mixed, Black, Navy, or any Color, Plain or Stripe.

Every Wheelman and Sportsman will give our JERSEYS his approval when he examines the SHOULDERS, ARM HOLES, and NECK, as they are made to fit.



FULL PANTS AND KNEE PANTS,

Buttoned in Front, same as Pantaloons, without Certain Objections.

We offer them to the trade and clubs as SOMETHING NEW, and invite all to examine them.

Knee Tights, Full Tights, Trunks, and Leotards

We understand, first of all, these garments must be elastic, so they will not bind or impede the free use of the limbs, and to stand the strain brought upon them. This can only be accomplished in RIBBED GOODS. For this reason *we* make all of our best goods with a FINE RIB, ELASTIC and STRONG, and from worsted made by the best manufacturers in the country, of fine combed wool, of a long elastic staple, which gives it ELASTICITY AND STRENGTH

We make all of the above goods in three different qualities.

Ladies' Jersey-Fitting Tricycle Pants.

A NEW THING.

These pants are close-fitting, come three inches below the knee, are the most comfortable garment a lady ever wore. Made in Cream-Colored Cotton, Drab, Red, or any colors in worsteds.

Jersey-Fitting, Ribbed, Full-Fashioned Stockings.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

Manufactured by

HOLMES & CO.,

17 KINGSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Agency, - - - - - J. D. CLARKE, E. C.

BASE BALL GOODS.

RACKETS AND TENNIS GOODS.

Improved Striking Bags for Gymnasium Use.

NOBBY CAPS and ELEGANT NECKWEAR.

EXTRA HEAVY SWEATERS.
FOR SKATING AND TOBOGANNING.

'Samples of French and English Flannels,
FOR SPRING OF 1888.

AGENCY AT L. C., 2-2.

JOHN N. COLE,

(SUCCESSOR TO W. F. DRAPER,)

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS Who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1

CIGARETTES

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored, and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the Old and Original brand of Straight Cut Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

Beware of Imitations,

and observe that the FIRM NAME, as below, is on every package.

ALLEN, & GINTER, Manufacturers,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,

NEW YORK, SOUTH, AND WEST,

—VIA—

FALL RIVER LINE.

STEAMERS PILGRIM AND BRISTOL,

Lighted by Electricity. Heated by Steam.

SPECIAL EXPRESS;

Connecting with Steamer at FALL RIVER in 80 minutes, leaves

OLD COLONY STATION

Week days, at 6, P.M., Sundays, at 7, P.M. Connecting to Brooklyn and Jersey City by annex boat. Tickets, Staterooms, and Berths secured at

NO. 3, OLD STATE HOUSE,

Cor. Washington and State Sts., and at the Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK, General Manager. L. H. PALMER, Agt., 3 Old State House.

GEO. L. CONNOR, General Passenger Agent.

FRENCH, PUFFER, & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

CROCKERY, CHINA and GLASS WARE,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Plated Ware, Lamps, Chimneys,

WOODEN WARE, &c. &c.,

389 ESSEX ST., - LAWRENCE, MASS.

Geo. W. Colburn & Co.,

STATIONERS, NEWSDEALERS,

Gilders and Picture Frame Manufacturers,

DEALERS IN FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS & ART NOVELTIES,

281 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.

GEORGE H. LECK,

PHOTOGRAPHER

283 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE.

Sudents of PHILLIPS ACADEMY will find it more convenient and less expensive to come here for Photographs than to go to Boston.

☞ Special prices to classes, Nothing but first-class work.

WM. FORBES & SONS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

Steam, Gas AND Water Fitters,

448 and 450 ESSEX ST., cor. HAMPSHIRE ST.,

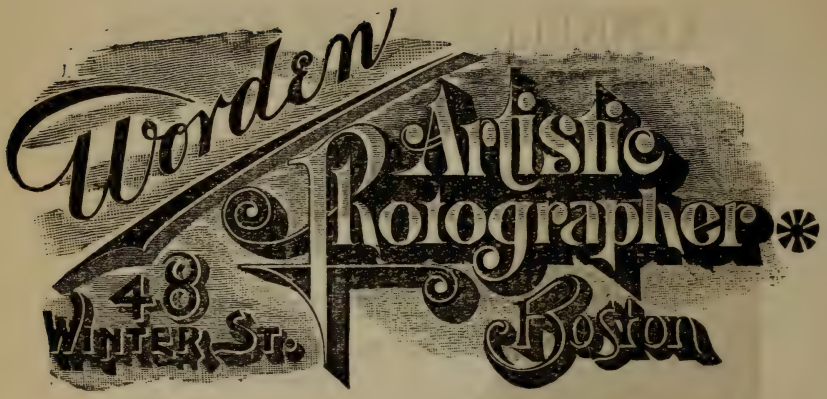
LAWRENCE, MASS.

DYER & CO.,

337 ESSEX STREET, - - LAWRENCE.

BANJOS, GUITARS, VIOLINS, &c.,

BICYCLES, TENNIS GOODS, CROQUET.



In place of the MANSION HOUSE, burned last autumn,

—THE—

STOWE HOUSE,

(Long the residence of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe,)
Has been enlarged and newly furnished, and is now ready for summer company and transient guests. It is built of granite, has modern conveniences and appliances, and located on

ANDOVER HILL,

The house will be cool and comfortable. Ample shade and extensive grounds.

Apply to

CHARLES L. CARTER,

"STOWE HOUSE," - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT.

M. W. MORRIS & Co.,

TAILORS.

465 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, - - - MASS.

Specialties in Graduating Suits.

KENNELLY & SYLVESTER

Have a Large Assortment of

NEW AND SECOND-HAND

PIANOS

AND

ORGANS

For Sale and to Let, or sold on Instalments.

VIOLINS, BANJOS AND GUITARS.

Large Assortment of Sheet Music and other Musical Merchandise.
Tuning and Repairing Promptly Done.

256 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

ZENAS FOLGER,

Fine Watches, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc.,

515 ESSEX ST., LAWREMCE.

PEDRICK & CLOSSON,

MANUFACTURERS OF, & DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, and Drapery.

Here you will find a Larger Stock, better Furniture and Lower Prices than at any other Store in Essex County.

371 Essex St., cor. Amesbury, Lawrence, Mass.

HENRY P. NOYES,

FURNITURE MAKER,

ANDOVER.

PLAIN AND FANCY HARDWARE,

GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, AND OILS,

— ALSO —

A Good Assortment of Sportsmen's Goods, Cutlery, Etc.

H. McLawlin,

MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

H. P. WRIGHT,

DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE,

Main Street, - Andover, Mass.

DR. CHARLES E. ABBOTT,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

48 MAIN STREET.

George H. Parker,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

ANDOVER, MASS.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

Benjamin Brown,

Dealer in Ladies', Misses', and Children's

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

SWIFT'S BUILDING, MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

Having added one of the English repairing machines to our fitting department, and having in our employ a first-class workman, we are now prepared to insert new gores in congress boots and shoes, and repair uppers with front and back strips, button pieces, foxings, etc., in the neatest manner, at reasonable prices.

E. H. Barnard,

HOUSE, SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTER,

GRAINING, GLAZING, AND PAPER HANGING.

DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Window Glass, and Wall Papers.

Essex Street, Andover, Mass.

SMITH & MANNING,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES,

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN CORNELL,

DEALER IN

Wood, Coal, Hay and Straw,

OFFICE IN CARTER'S BUILDING, MAIN ST.

COMMONS DINING HALL,

Open to Students of Phillips Academy from September to July.

Permanent Board $3.00 a Week.

WILLIAM MARLAND, Propr.

T. J. FARMER,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Salt, Smoked, and Pickled Fish,

OYSTERS, CLAMS, AND LOBSTERS,

3 CENTRAL ST. (opp. Baptist Church), ANDOVER.

REA & ABBOTT,

— DEALERS IN —

Meat AND Provisions,

MAIN ST., OPPOSITE THE BANK,

ANDOVER, - - - MASS.

JOSEPH ABBOTT,

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER,

CURTAINS, LOOKING-GLASSES, &c..

PARK STREET,

ANDOVER.

VALPEY BROTHERS,

—DEALERS IN—

Meats and Provisions,

Corner Main Street and Elm Square, Andover, Mass.

C. H. VALPEY. E. H. VALPEY.

William F. Findley,

—DEALER IN—

FISH OF ALL KINDS,

Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled.

LOBSTERS, CLAMS AND OYSTERS.

Fancy Fish of all kinds in season. Goods Delivered.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

L. J. BACIGALUPO,

MANUFACTURER OF

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY,

AND DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Fruit and Ice Cream.

Barnard's New Block, Main Street, Andover, Mass.

W. H. EATON,

WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN,

ANDOVER, MASS.

OFFICE * WESTERN * UNION * TELEGRAPH

JOHNSON'S

ANDOVER and BOSTON EXPRESS,

BOSTON OFFICES:

32 COURT SQ. and 105 ARCH STREET.

Andover office at my Store.

J. H. CHANDLER, Proprietor and Messenger,

BROWN'S

Andover & Boston Express,

Boston Offices, 34 Court Sq., and 77 Kingston St.

Andover office, No. 1 Park St.

F. B. JENKINS, PROPRIETOR.

ELM HOUSE,

A. F. WILBUR, Proprietor,

OPPOSITE MEMORIAL HALL, - ANDOVER, MASS,

This Hotel is pleasantly situated in one of the most beautiful and heathful towns in New England.

Ample Accomodations for Summer Boarders.

First-Class Livery connected With The House.

Jacquemniot,
Catherine Mermot,
Perlis,
Marechal Niel,
and Tea Roses
—AT—

Mrs. WATERMAN'S,

HIGH STREET.

G. C. LYLE,

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

CONFECTIONERY

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

FINE BRANDS OF CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

ICE-COLD SODA DURING SUMMER MONTHS

All Flavors and the Very best of Syrups.

Also a general Stock of Stationery and Small Wares.

Carter's Block, - - Central Street, - - Andover.

O. CHAPMAN,

DINING ROOMS.

Fruit, Confectionery, Blank Books, Stationery, Inks, Kerosene Oil and Lamps. Large Stock of Canned Goods, Base Ball Goods.

Everything Pertaining to a Student's Outfit.

J. H. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

Periodicals & Stationery,

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.

Also Office for Franklin and White Ash Coals and Hard and Soft Wood.

Opposite Town Hall, - - - Andover, Mass.

T. A. HOLT & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

Basement Baptist Church,

CENTRAL STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN H. DEAN,

Merchant * Tailor.

Spring, and Summer Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc., etc. Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing done at Short Notice.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

J. E. WHITING,

Watchmaker and Jeweller,

ESTABLISHED 1867.

Main Street, Andover.

J. A. LEITCH, M. D.,

BARNARD'S BLOCK,

ANDOVER, MASS.

OFFICE HOURS, 1 TO 3, AND 7 TO 9.

Call at the New Boot and Shoe Store.

J. E. SEARS,

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

BANK BUILDING, MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

☞ Repairing in all its branches done with Neatness and Despatch.

CHARLES H. GILBERT,

DENTIST.

Draper's Block, **Andover, Mass.**

STENOGRAPHY and **Type-writing, Telegraphy, Book-keeping, Banking, Penmanship, Correspondence, Arithmetic, &c.** Young men and women taught to earn a living and given a thorough preparation for **honorable positions.** Terms reasonable. Time short. Instruction thorough. Business men supplied with competent assistants on short notice. No charge for situations furnished. Address for catalogues, **Eastman College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.**

MEMORY

—MAKES—

SUCCESS

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering,
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of **1087** at Baltimore, **1005** at Detroit, **1500** at Philadelphia, **1150** at Washington, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, &c. &c. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. Benjamin, Judge GIBSON, Dr. Brown, E. H. Cook, Principal N. Y. State Normal College, &c. The system is perfectly taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE KEY OF SUCCESS

is a good memory, without which the student, business man, or scientist loses what he gains. Prof Loisette's wonderful discovery enables his pupils to learn any book in one reading. Endorsed by Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, Hon. W. W. Astor, late U. S. Ministery to Italy, Hon. John Gibson, President Judge, 19th. Judicial District, Penn., Hon, Judah P. Benjamin, the famous jurist. and hundreds of others, who have all been his pupils. The system is taught by correspondence. Classes **1087** at Baltimore, **1005** at Detroit, and **1500** on return visit to Philadelphia. Address

PROFESSOR LOISETTE,
237 FIFTH AVE. N. Y.

Season 1888.

LATEST FASHIONS. - LEADING NOVELTIES.

REASONABLE PRICES.

E. E. Lannon,

AGENT FOR

TROY LAUNDRY.

TAILOR TO THE PHILLIPS CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY CO.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

"P. A."

BIGELOW & Co.

HATTERS TO THE NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES.

EXTRA QUALITY, ❁ CORRECT SHAPES.

HEATH'S LONDON HATS,

TENNIS CAPS, BELTS, AND BLAZERS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

CANES AND UMBRELLAS.

407 WASHINGTON STREET, 407,

BOSTON.

SCIRE EST REG

PHILO. MIRROR.

T. L. Ellis,
O. G. Cartwri
W. A. Bailey.

DECEMBER

1888.

Season 1888--9.

Latest Fashions, - Leading Novelties.

REASONABLE PRICES.

P. J. Hannon,

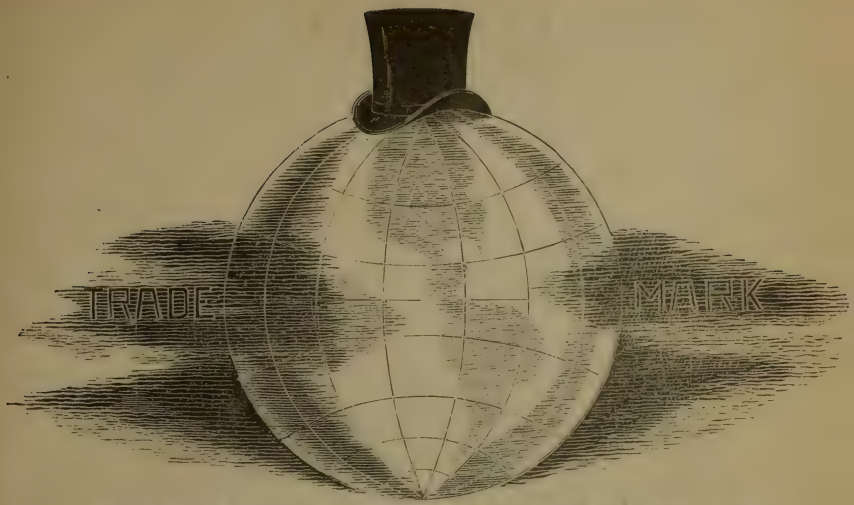
AGENT FOR

TROY LAUNDRY.

Tailor to Phillips Co-Operative Supply Co.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

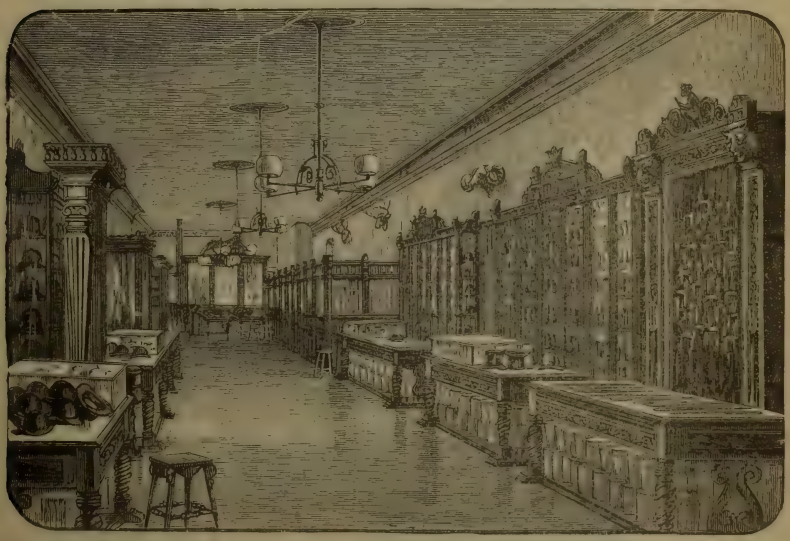


COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

Successors to D. P. ILSEY & CO.

HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

381 Washington Street, opposite Franklin, - Boston, Mass.



English and American Hats of Every Description.

RICHARDSON & SWETT,

(SUCCESSORS TO W. HAPGOOD.)

Tailors and Importers,

21 COURT ST., BOSTON.

THE LATEST LONDON NOVELTIES FOR STUDENTS' WEAR.

MERRILL BROTHERS,

Tailors and Importers,

225 WASHINGTON STREET, - BOSTON.

Specialties in Exclusive Styles of Fancy Suitings and Trouserings.

J. B. McALOON & CO.,

Merchant Tailors.

Bowdoin Square, Boston.

Latest Styles,

First-Class Work,

Moderate Prices.

SPECIAL STYLES FOR STUDENTS.

BLANKET WRAPS FOR BABY.

Blanket wraps for the nursery, the bath, the sick room or steamer travelling, for men, women, children, and the baby, at Noyes Bro's.

Morning and evening wedding outfits in shirts, collars, cravats, and gloves a specialty at Noyes Bro's.

English mackintosh coats for ladies and gentlemen, at Noyes Bro's.

English silk umbrellas, in gold, silver, and natural wood handles; ladies' and men's $2.75 to $35.00, very rare and choice designs, at Noyes Bro's.

DRESS SHIRTS,

For Weddings and Receptions.

The present fashion of Shirts, with Linen Cords, Embroidered Figures, and Spot Bosoms, may be had of Noyes Bro's, most thoroughly and elegantly made.

We have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for Repairing Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves; or any article belonging to gentlemen can be laundered and repaired at short notice, at Noyes Bro's.

SPECIAL LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT.

For Dress Shirts, Vests, and Wash-Scarfs, Re-laundered equal to new goods, at Noyes Bro's.

NOYES BRO'S,

HOSIERS, GLOVERS, AND SHIRT MAKERS,

WASHINGTON and SUMMER STREETS,

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Lawn Tennis and Yachting Suits.

Flannel, Madras, English, Cheviots and Silk Shirtings

For Traveling Shirts,
" Railway Cars,
" Steamer Wear,
" House Night Wraps,
" Bath or Sick Room,
" Hunting and Fishing,
" Lawn Tennis,
" Office and House coats.

NOYES BRO'S.

Lawn Tennis shirts, coats, trousers, belts, sashes, and caps, ladies' blouse waists, from best English and French Flannels and Oxfords, at Noyes Bro's.

Boys' Waists in Flannels, Cheviots, and Oxfords; Flannel Office Coats, English Hold-alls, Steamer Wraps and Rugs, at Noyes Bro's.

English Traveling Rugs for Railway and Steamer use, $3.75 to $50.00, at Noyes Bro's.

English Dressing-Gowns, Study Coats, House Coats, and Office Coats, and Long Wraps, $5.00 to $45.00, in stock or to measure, at Noyes Bro's.

Pure silk, pure lamb's wool, English balbriggan and merino wool underwear and hosiery, sizes 28 to 50 inches, at moderate prices, at Noyes Bro's.

Gloves for street, driving, dress, and traveling. Coachmen's gloves and mourning gloves a Specialty, at Noyes Bro's.

The famous London tan street gloves, $1.35; every pair warranted, at Noyes Bro's.

Pajamas, or East India sleeping suits, and long night-shirts, made from the best English flannels, Cheviots, Oxfords, and silk, for steamers, sleeping cars, yachting, or hunting, at Noyes Bro's.

Blanket wraps, English rugs and shawls, for steamer and railway use, at Noyes Bro's.

NOYES BRO'S,

Hosiers, Glovers,

AND

SHIRT MAKERS,

Washington and Summer Sts.,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

Shreve, Crump, & Low Co.,

WATCHES,

DIAMONDS.

THE CELEBATED

PLATED GORHAM WARE.

EQUAL TO SILVER.

PRIZES IN SILVER.

Finest Assortment of Stationery in the City.

CANES, UMBRELLAS.

432 WASHINGTON, cor. SUMMER ST. BOSTON.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 *John Street, N. Y.*

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent

BUY THE BEST.

ACCIDENTS OF

TRAVEL, SPORT, OR BUSINESS

ARE INSURED AGAINST BY

ORIGINAL
ACCIDENT
COMPANY
OF AMERICA,

LARGEST IN THE WORLD;
ALSO, *BEST OF LIFE COMPANIES.*

LOWEST RATES CONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

FULL PRINCIPAL SUM paid for loss of hands, feet, hand and foot, or sight, by accident; ONE-THIRD same for loss of single hand or foot.

NO EXTRA CHARGE for European Travel and Residence.

ITS RESOURCES are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. PAYS ALL CLAIMS, without discount, immediately on receipt of satisfactory proofs. MOST LIBERAL NON-FORFEITURE provisions in all its Policies.

Paid Policy-holders, $15,500,000.

ASSETS, $9,847,000. SURPLUS, $1,944,000.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, PRES. RODNEY DENNIS, SEC.
JOHN E. MORRIS, ASS'T SEC.

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

YOUMANS.

Celebrated Hats,

BEST IN THE WORLD.

1107 Broadway, near 24th St.
719 Broadway, New York Hotel.
180 Broadway, near John St.

NEW YORK.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

Fashionable Clothing,

FOR YOUNG MEN,

Equal to Custom, at much less price.

Dress Suits, $20 and $25.

Cape Overcoats, $15, $18 and $20.

College Suits, $10, $15 and $20.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

503 Washington Street and 5 Bedford Street,

BOSTON.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 1.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

DECEMBER 1888.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

M. R. Warren,

FINE STATIONERY.
Monograms and Address Dies.

WEDDING INVITATIONS AND VISITING CARDS
A SPECIALTY.

366 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON.

CHAS. A SMITH & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

18 and 20 School St., Boston.

Importers of London Fancy Suitings,

IN EXCLUSIVE STYLES.

Specially Adapted to Young Men's Tastes.

STAPLE GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

FULL DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

W. E. HOLDKINS. C. G. BEALS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Life of Samuel Phillips.	15
Song of Flowers,	20
The Beauty and the Hermit.	23
Lying.— President's Address.	29
Farewell to the Old Year.	32
Talent and Ability.	34
The Sleeping Sea.	41
The Story of a Picture,	46
Editors' Review,	51
Marginal Notes.	57
Mirror Observations.	58
The Phillips Pot-Pourri.	63

THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS.

We are, at the last moment, disappointed in our frontispiece, described at the beginning of the book. It being too late to secure another steel plate, we are obliged to entirely leave out a frontispiece.

With most humble apologies to our readers for this disappointment, we send forth this volume, dedicated to the society which it represents.

T. L. ELLIS,
O. G. CARTWRIGHT,
W. A. BAILEY.
} EDITORS.

THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXVI. DECEMBER, 1888. No. I.

Life of Samuel Phillips.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS, whose portrait figures as the frontispiece of this MIRROR, was the descendant of a line of men distinguished for piety, education, and philanthropic tendencies. His father, Samuel Phillips was a man of deep feelings, an earnest patriot; and from him, doubtless, the younger Samuel learned lessons of self-control and an intense love of his country so grandly shown throughout his life.

As the youth approached manhood, more and more clearly was shown the ancestral bias toward literary pursuits: and early his parents determined to give their only surviving child all the advantages of education that the colonies could afford. Accordingly he entered the university at Cambridge in the year 1767. Phillips was then only fifteen years old.

We are told that while at Harvard the young student was slow to learn, but most tenacious of what once found lodging in his brain. During two years he kept a record of his work: and in the journal of his freshman year we find tokens of the intense mental application which characterized him through life. Alluding to the use of his time, he writes:

"I am confounded when I think of my misimprovement of time. ..... Time once gone is gone forever. We take no notice of it but by its loss; how short! and of what vast importance is a diligent improvement of it."

At the age of nineteen he graduated, and delivered the Salutatory Oration of his class in Latin; while around the young man about to leave the quiet halls of his Alma Mater were heard the boding rumbles of a coming storm, which was to sweep over the land, breaking down and destroying old institutions and giving birth to new. The Revolution was drawing near. The General Court of Massachusetts had taken refuge from the insolence of British soldiery in the hallowed precincts of Cambridge. Boston was a seething, foaming cauldron of rebellion. Later, armed resistance was offered to the authority of Great Britain at Lexington, at Bunker Hill; an army was raised about Boston; Washington was called to supreme command. The Revolution was begun.

During the years preceding the outbreak of hostilities, the elder Phillips took a prominent part in the councils of his native town, and served continuously as its representative. And soon after his graduation, when he became of age, the son was joined to his father in the guidance of the citizens of their native place. At the frequent meetings of the sturdy freemen of Andover Samuel Phillips, Senior, presided, and the bright, intellectual face of Samuel Phillips, Junior, was seen bent over the clerk's desk. Under the leadership and inspiration of these two, on the 12th of June, 1776, three weeks before the memorable 4th of July, a resolution was unanimously passed, that "the Honorable Congress ought, for the safety of the colonies, to declare these independent of Great Britain"; reciting also that the proposers of the resolution would solemnly engage their lives and fortunes to support them in this measure.

Before this the younger Phillips had also been elected to serve in the first Congress of the colonies, and later in that subsequently formed. While in this Continental Congress his service to the country was of the most important kind; for his fellow-members speedily intrusted to him most important investigations and delicate undertakings. They discerned in him a trained and receptive mind, which had been developed in half a dozen generations of deep-thinking, highly cultured men. They saw that Phillips was great not only through himself, but also through his ancestors.

While the young member was busied in his labors on committees and delegations, his mind yet was working in other directions also. It was in the midst of incessant mental toil that his brain conceived the idea of what was to become his memorial, and a perpetual reminder of liberality and philanthropy in a culture-loving man. He first discussed his plan, in the early part of the war, with his father, for whose opinion he always felt the deepest respect, and who always possessed his entire affection. He also spoke earnestly, amid the press of his other duties, with his uncle, Dr. John Phillips of Exeter. This relative was childless, and felt the greatest partiality toward his nephew, intending to make him the heir of his very considerable property.

It must have been an interesting sight — the young, pale enthusiast urging with his whole soul a plan of universal benefaction; and the two elderly, mature men approving, feeling that he who was to inherit all their property wished it, yet hesitating to sacrifice upon what might be the visionary plan of a young man the fruit of many years' industry and shrewd foresight.

But they were liberally educated men, both graduates of Harvard, and could appreciate the arguments offered of the value of education. So that in 1778, while Massachusetts was re-echoing with the din of war, the foundations of what was eminently an institution were laid. Considerable tracts of land were bought by the two brothers, under the advice of the younger Phillips, and vested in a Board of Trustees of the future school. An old joiner's shop, included in the purchase of one of the tracts, was fitted up for the first recitation room. The Constitution, after some months of the most severe labor, was completed by Phillips — an instrument which is now, more than a century after its production, a model of its kind, a monument to the ability of its writer.

In April students were first received, to the number of thirty, "to be instructed in the learned languages," and *Phillips School* began its existence. It became very popular, and grew rapidly. An assistant instructor was appointed as the size of the school increased; a year later, *Phillips School* was incorporated as *Phillips Academy.*

During the last years of the war the Academy continued to prosper, never missing the watchful care of its two founders, Samuel and John Phillips, and especially of its projector and creator; although

the younger Phillips, amid the duties of the offices thrust upon him at the close of the struggle, must have had but little time to devote to anything but what was of universal importance. He was made a member of the Massachusetts constitutional convention, and later was elected to the senate, where he was soon chosen to be its presiding officer, a post which he filled for sixteen years; he was also appointed Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. As President of the senate and as justice he was distinguished by a certain self-poise, dignity, and unvarying gentle courtesy. It is told of him, that while riding late one winter night on horse-back, he fell from his horse and broke his limb. Help was fortunately near. A friend, Mr. Brooks, was hastening to his assistance, when Brooks's black servant heard of the accident; he quickly dressed himself, hurried to the spot, and lifted the injured man tenderly as an infant into a sleigh and hung over him with the greatest solicitude.

"What makes you so eager to help the Judge?" his master asked.

"Help him," the negro replied, "I'd like to do anything for him; he always *touches his hat* to me when he goes by."

Samuel Phillips was distinguished socially and for his generosity to all destitute. His charity was that of a true gentleman; he studied the manner of giving even more than the gift. He was the possessor, toward the latter portion of his life, of an ample fortune, acquired, however, almost entirely by his own exertions. For his patrimony was much impaired by the foundation of his beloved Academy. His uncle, with his approval and influenced by him, decided to devote the larger portion of his estate, once destined for his nephew, to endowing in Exeter an Academy moulded after that in Andover. One may easily see in the founding of Phillips Exeter Academy the effect of the spirit and example of the nephew upon his uncle.

The Exeter Academy, closely modelled to that at Andover, had an almost equal success, and the hearts of the founders must have been greatly rejoiced at the increasing prosperity of the two schools.

Judge Phillips was trustee in both, and exercised unrestrained influence; nor was his benevolence less. For over ten years he gave annually fifteen hundred dollars to needy students. The

Academy was his pride. This he came to regard as his life-work, and justly so. Out of it sprang naturally the Theological Seminary, afterward endowed by Mrs. Phillips and her son. As Samuel Phillips advanced in years, he lived to see his great plan a great success, and saw with joy the graduation of the sons of the first men in the country, and those destined to become the first. Yet he was not an old man when his health began to give way. He was only fifty years old when he felt the sands of life slipping through his weak fingers. Broken in health, in the winter of 1802, realizing that his end was upon him, yet rejoicing that his life-work was completed, Samuel Phillips passed away, leaving behind him sorrow, veneration, and an everlasting memorial to his name.

Flower Song.

First Prize Poem.

MEDITATION.

Across yon cloud-bridge, billowing far away,
And reaching to the misty dreamland brink,
Floated this song to me, the while I sat
Bathed in the sunset gold, and tearfully
Thinking of days agone, I smiled and wrote.

I. ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Into thine eyes, sweet one,
I look, and search their deeps
For a tenderness which alone
Neath thy curtaining eyelids sleeps.

Oh, is it a smile that lurks
And nestles and blossoms again,
And through thy lashes shines
Like the sun through falling rain?

Can a glistening tear have left
Its softening, magic trace,
Whose light hath shed a tenderer glow
Over thy tender face?

Mirrors of thine own soul,
I cannot fathom their deep
Expressive thoughts, that speak to me —

Yes, all so silently speak —
In a language I cannot know; but still I look,
As searching the deep lore of some wise book,
Into thine eyes, sweet one.

. . . . . .

Yet twine in your hair these blossoms, dear;
Twine them, and come, with never a fear,
To the church at the cross-roads, standing near,
Where wedding bells ring.

And the paths are one which of old were twain;
And they never will sever or part again,
But go on till at last we hear the strain
Which the angels sing.

II. CYPRESS LEAVES.

Hill-top and vale and wooded lawn,
In happy summer flushing o'er
With tints that brightened more and more,
And many blushes blushed the dawn.

Bright sun of hope that long hadst set,
Couldst thou not quicken thus thy flame?
But from my heart a whisper came:
"Thou lovedst once, canst thou forget?"

Then, in the deep and mellow year,
Hushed, sadly fell the autumn leaves,
Like stifled sobs of one who grieves,
Or echoes of a falling tear.

Out the chill air of blinding snow,
And from the moanings of the wind,
With yearning looks on all behind,
I sadly dream of long ago.

With springing blade or garnered sheaf,
It matters not, the passing year
Still finds within mine eye the tear,
And on my brow the cypress leaf.

III. ASPHODELS.

Strange thoughts that shadow in the evenglow,
  Out of the infinite and dreamy deeps,
  Bring you some message from her who now sleeps,
Buried here 'neath the sod, long, long ago?
Down-dropping petals of the summer rose,
  That weep your copious tears above her head,
  Lie you so low, are your sweet spirits dead?
Shall you not know the sun's warm, quickening ray
When in the crescent year the violets bloom?

Dip from thine azure clime, bright star of hope!
  Oh, shed thy warmer rays o'er this dark soul!
  Teach me that through the mournful knell of death
Steals the sweet angel song from sunny slope
  And airy vale of heaven; and like a lark
  Athwart the crimson flushing violet,
I too shall rise, and in the morning pluck
The asphodels. This in the crescent year,
  When violets bloom.

MAURICE CHAUNCEY WELLS.

The Beauty and the Hermit.

BASED ON FACTS.

Second Prize Story.

A DEAFENING crash recently announced to the residents of Summit, an elegant suburb of New York, that the stately walls and tower of one of the grandest mansions in the country had given way and now lay in utter ruin. To-day the wreck is most forlorn, most melancholy. The artistically dressed stone and marble, the massive and valuable timbers, the interior embellishment of costly wainscoting, mantels, and frescoed walls are all scattered in fragments over the attractive but neglected lawns. What was once an apple of gold in a picture of silver is now a mass of ruins, abject and desolate. This sumptuous abode had been tenanted only by tramps; and thereby hangs a tale.

Thirty-five years ago Harold Forester was a young, dashing New Yorker, and the only child of one of the oldest and wealthiest of Knickerbocker families. He was in business and remarkably successful. In society he was an especial favorite, and "upper ten" events were regarded as partial failures when he was absent.

In those higher circles of New York life there entered, one winter, a young French lady whose beauty and fascination at once gave her the ascendency over New York belles. Miss Vivienne DeCerne was connected with the royal family of France, and with her parents had fled from her Parisian home for safety. Besides her extraordinary beauty of face and form, she was skilled in every accomplishment of the age, and besides was an expert and graceful equestrienne.

The attachment between Forester and this beautiful girl ripened into an engagement, the marriage day was set, and a suburban home just without the city was selected. That his bride might have

a home in keeping with her beauty, birth, and culture, Forester purchased a fine property at Summit; and on a commanding site with charming surroundings, began the creation of what should be the finest home money could build. It was truly a palace. The most skilful architects and artisans were employed designing and forming its walls of marble and ornamental stone. The edifice was very imposing amid its rural but harmonious environments. An airy tower at an elevation of nearly a hundred feet overlooked the beautiful valley of the Upper Passaic. Massive Corinthian columns added stateliness and classic beauty to the front view. Landscape gardeners made the great natural beauty of the grounds yet more attractive by art. Bordering the property were groves of chestnut, maple, and pine. Through these wound delightful drives, frequently crossing a silver stream that prattled merrily through the romantic little glens and vales. Exquisite statues and fountains and rare plants dotted the lawns and filled the conservatory. The interior of the mansion was a miracle of luxury and art. Grand hall-ways with marble floors and walls concealed by fine mirrors greeted the eye. The work of a connoisseur was displayed throughout the richly furnished abode, to whose beauty and artistic completeness half the lands of Europe had contributed. Abundance of gold and a fertile brain incited by love had thus perfected this earthly paradise for its regal mistress.

But a short time before the wedding, social circles were horrified to learn that Vivienne had eloped with the leading fop of the day, and gone no one knew whither. Forester's life was blasted, and he determined that the mansion should be a monument to the fickleness of women. Just as it stood, completely furnished from cellar to attic, the key was turned and orders given that the place should not be occupied or in any way molested.

Soon strange stories were told by the country people about supernatural visitants by night to the mansion. Groans and the rattling of chains were often heard, and the rustics feared to approach the place even by day. So for years the splendid abode with its wealth of furnishings was unmolested, the alleged uncanny sights and sounds being a better protection than a score of watchmen.

Twenty years have passed. The haunted villa still retains its awe over the inhabitants. It is winter, and night, and cold. The wind

is moist and fiercely penetrates even the heaviest clothing. You belated tramp as he plods along alone is perishing. His tired limbs now have no feeling. He sinks into the snow, throws back his head, and yields to a sleep he knows is fatal. But a moment! His closing eyes fall upon the tower of the neglected mansion. Help may be near. He will go and beg for protection and life. He reaches the door by great exertion, and finds the mansion uninhabited. Undaunted, he batters in a blind and window. He enters and is saved. Almost immediately he stumbled over a luxurious couch, and his cold, aching body sinks into the softest down and is covered with heavy blankets and silk shawls. Over him hangs a canopy of silk and lace worth a fortune. He slumbers in the boudoir intended for the bride. When departing after the storm, this wayfarer bears away much spoil.

When this entrance became known fear departed, and the good people for miles around began visiting the mansion, and thought it no harm to take home with them what they pleased. Soon the choice paintings, mahogany furniture, the Brussels and velvet carpets, all the expensive equipments of the grand residence, were carried away, and nothing removable remained but the grand piano, whose ivory keys had seldom been touched. Being ignorant of its construction, the vandals could not remove this from its place. Windows and doors having been left open, the winds and storms did fatal work to the edifice. One by one the walls gave way, and at last the tower toppled over and destruction reigned supreme.

CHAPTER II.

This is Long Branch, "the summer capital" of our nation, where the elite of the country annually gather for display, match-making, health, or rest. Over the famous bluff, lapped at the foot by ceaseless waves, roll equipages gorgeous in their trappings and the apparel of their inmates. Millionaires, scions of royalty, senators and governors and ladies, — society leaders from every city in the land, — are in the fashionable crowds driving along the sea. 'Twas here, years ago, that Vivienne and Forester first met.

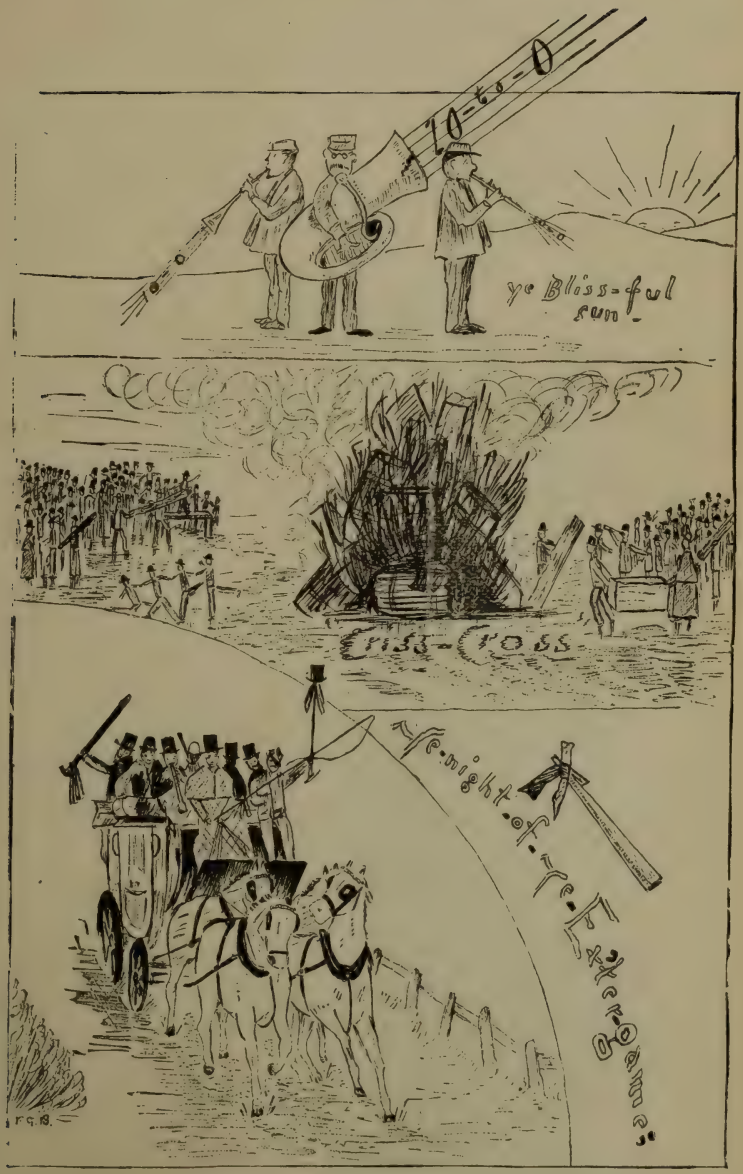
Let us leave the gay throngs and drive westward a few miles, for there are strange things in that arid waste of land known as "The Pines," along the Atlantic shore. Though but fifty miles

from New York, here is a desert-like region of which less is known than the solitudes of Asia, and the few inhabitants would receive a missionary with the same cordiality manifested by denizens of the jungles of Africa. We see nothing of greater interest than a few gnarled oaks and stunted shrubs and a blistering sun. Not even a wild animal or a bird has been seen. But at intervals are miserable shanties of "squatters," and as we ride by, half naked children peep from behind bushes or sand heaps, as if terrified at the sight of representatives of the civilized world. As soon as we are past, however, we are greeted with volleys of stones and yells worthy of the Digger Indians. The latter tribe would blush at the comparison, for these "squatters" are mere animals living without law or decency; they are things of filth, vice, and crime.

Quite in keeping is the repulsive hovel of the "Hermit of Poplar." It is but a few miles further on, and is surrounded by a rank growth of poplars and undergrowth. The only entrance to the hermit's abode is much obstructed by scraps of iron, old baskets, dirty, tattered clothing, pans, bags, gridirons, and all manner of useless trash. Within, naught is at first manifest but darkness, dirt, and foul smells. Gradually old boxes, barrels, and more cans, pots, mugs, twine, skins, and odds and ends dawn upon the sight. Stuffed in crevices and corners are greasy cloths, herbs, and mud that would require a chemical analysis to determine. A little wood-stove bids the visitor defiance by smoking villainously.

Here for years, with no communication with the civilized world, has lived the hermit, hopelessly demented. He is rich, but lives in a primitive fashion, and cares nothing for his property, among which is an entire acre of land, worth a mint of money, in the upper part of New York City. He is a man five feet seven, of light build, the gray of over three score winters in his long hair and beard, a nervous twitch in his steel-gray eye, a dejected expression upon his honest countenance.

This is the Hermit of Poplar, Harold Forester! LEO.


Lo-ee-o
ye Bliss-ful sun
Criss-Cross
ye night of ye Eter-nal Flame

Lying.

President's Address.

When Moses had been selected to lead the children of Israel from Egypt into the land of promise, he was summoned upon Mt. Sinai to receive the twelve laws. Conspicuous among them was one which said, "Thou shalt not lie." There is nothing that is doubtful or hidden in that command; it is so plain and distinct that the wayfaring man cannot mistake it. To say that that divine law is daily violated is to make a very mild and truthful assertion. Lying in the nineteenth century has been reduced to a science, and in every phase and occupation of life plays an important part. It is indulged in by many, for different reasons and causes. There are occasional liars, who only do so when there is extreme urgency. They take no delight in the pastime; it is simply a matter of expediency; for, perchance, if they told the truth at that especial time they might embarrass themselves temporarily, and to avoid that embarrassment they lie. Some lie that they may profit personally, and they do it without the least remorse of conscience. Then there is a class to whom truth is a myth — something heard of, but seldom seen.

Instances in the Scriptures are not wanting to show that there were those who had a weakness for telling that which was untrue. Joseph's brothers sold him into slavery, and told their father that he had been torn by wild beasts — a greater or more wicked lie could not have been told. Ananias, beyond a shadow of doubt, held the championship record at the time that he lived; but I do not think that I am far wrong when I say that if he were alive to-day he would find it extremely hard to maintain that reputation, on account

of the many artists that are in the field, and competition to excel in that line is sharp. Peter the impulsive had considerable faculty himself in this art; not only did he tell three stalwart lies in succession, but he got so angry that he swore. This, I have no doubt, was an extreme case of provocation, or Peter would not have done so.

Lying is regarded from different standpoints in different countries. It is said that in the Orient one cannot be considered an accomplished statesman and diplomat unless he is at the same time a polished liar. In Europe that statesman is most successful who knows best how to deal skillfully with words — making them say that which he does not mean, and mean that which he omits to say. Prince Bismarck is an illustrious example of that class of statesmen. If he has any pet measure that he greatly desires the German Parliament to pass, and Parliament evinces the slightest disposition to thwart him, he threatens to resign, or he will wave the "bloody shirt," and cause the people to think that France is about to cross the Danube and lay Berlin in ashes. Of course he does not resign, nor do the French intend to raze Berlin. The fact of the case is, "Bis" has eaten too many bolognas, or drunk too great a number of schooners of beer, and his imagination runs riot, or, to speak plainly, he lies.

Among a certain class of Americans lying has become one of the fine arts. It is practised most by editors, newspaper correspondents, politicians, and that genius familiarly known as the "campaign liar," who alone of all others gives us a rest, because as soon as the campaign ends his occupation is gone. Of course, all will readily assent to the fact that the average editor is a profound liar; and if there are those who are inclined to think otherwise, let them consult the newspapers of the different political parties in the late campaign. They will find that the Republicans lied about the Democrats, the Democrats lied about the Republicans, while the so called Independents told lies about both and the truth about none. Sad, very sad indeed, is the case of the editor. Who is there that has the boldness and temerity to deny that, as a rule, newspaper correspondents are consummate liars? If there is one such, then I can only say of him that he is grossly ignorant of that greatest accomplishment of the knight of the quill. I will relate a story that has been told to bear out my assertion as to the correspondents. The late George H.

Butler was at one time a distinguished correspondent at the national capital. One day he was dining in the house restaurant with the French minister, when the subject of "liars" came up. As the minister had heard so much of that national liar, Eli Perkins, he asked Mr. Butler to name the three biggest liars in America. Butler promptly replied that Eli Perkins was one and George Alfred Townsend the other two. As a newspaper correspondent, there are but few so well known as Townsend.

The average American politician is an artist of no mean attainments when it comes to handling the truth carelessly. To tell the truth at all times and under all circumstances would show that as a politician he was everything but a success; and if there is one thing most dear to a politician, it is success. Now that reform is the watchword in tariff, civil service, and whiskey-selling, let us not be unmindful of that moral reform, but see to it that the truth is told.

Farewell to the Old Year.

Hush! 'tis near the hour of midnight.
Sadly, silently we wait,
Ere we bid eternal good-night
To a friend, both old and great.
With mute mourners all around us,
Striving each to check a tear,
Father Time again has found us
Watching o'er a dying year.

Hark! the bells are tolling, tolling,
Sending forth the mournful tale;
And the winds, as if condoling,
Howl and moan o'er hill and dale.
Beasts, by some strange intuition,
Seem to know this solemn hour,
Bending as in recognition
Of a great, though unseen, Power.

Farewell, old friend, to thy keeping
We commit our little past.
While thou art forever sleeping
We shall live, — shall ever last;
For we're spirits, — things immortal, —
Thou art but a child of time.
We are nearer heaven's portal
By thy death — thy death sublime.

Many moments we have wasted,
Many burdens have we borne,
Blisses felt, and sorrows tasted,
Since thy happy natal morn.
Thou hast left us now, and ever
Art with ages passed before.
Gone! whence none can e'er recover.
Lost! and none can e'er restore.

Buried with thee are unnumbered
Loved ones — friends, and foes as well.
Thou shalt often be remembered
For their sake, when we shall tell
How they lived, and lost or flourished;
Of the deeds which they had done;
How, with thee, they all have perished;
Passed like shades before the sun.

Would we have thee back, we could not, —
Thine alloted time is spent;
Could we bring thee back, we would not, —
Thou wouldst be no more content.
Then why should we feel the sadder
At thy death than at thy birth?
Years are rounds in life's great ladder,
Stretching heavenward from the earth.

VARDELLE.

Talent and Ability.

First Prize Story.

The solemn tramp of two thousand years has passed over the sunny plains of Macedonia since that lovely land of famous warriors and scholars stood in the zenith of her immortal celebrity. But the long swelling tide of her good fortune began to ebb away as her green hills and blossoming meadows, crowned with countless herds grazing under the kind care of Macedonian shepherds, her ample cornfields traversed by babbling brooks, and her broad expanse of wheat waving like an amber sea, were so sadly robbed of their brave and happy swains by the devastating billows of barbaric invasion. The green grass and the fragrant flower crept unmolested over the once well-trodden paths which had welcomed the numberless caravans from the far East, bearing the superfluity of their harvests in traffic for Macedonian goods. Her clear and serene horizon became darkened with obscure darkness. The violent storm arose, and swept with all its raging fury through her enchanting valleys. Her beautiful cities tottered and fell. She sunk into an utter desolation and despair.

There was a sad scene amid the gloomy walls of Kertata one of those ill-fated cities which had been so sadly pillaged by the invading hordes of savage tribes which had suddenly swept down from the high plateaus of Asia. It was Amostophon and Athelia his goodly consort, who for long years had been the noblest and wealthiest family of that once gay and enterprising city. Their palace, being the most magnificent structure of that lovely metropolis, had more conspicuously attracted the pillaging thirst of those wild, barbarian hosts, who had levelled it to the earth. The poor couple, stripped of their all and half chilled by the cold blast of the autumn wind,

were seen bewailing amid the fragments of their former opulence; holding in their arms, each of them, a beautiful child.

But the poor and disheartened people who had been fortunate enough to escape the cruel hands of their enemy remembered his former kindness and cheerful benevolence to the needy, and spontaneously enlisted in the service of their former benefactor. So for many days the busy multitude, amid the echoing clang of the anvils and the resounding stroke of the hammers that broke the gloomy quietude which filled the dilapidated avenues of famous Kertata, forgot their scourging calamity, and in a gladsome jubilee of kindness rebuilt the castle to its former majestic posture.

But as the years of grief rolled by the clouds of melancholy began to retreat, and the palmy days of her former fortune to return. Prosperity smiled upon the rejuvenated city. Amostophon and Athelia had become happy laborers; for they had long learned the good lesson that contentment is the never-failing fountain of joy. Upheld by the loftiness of their character, they toiled cheerfully in order to obtain means for the education of their two handsome sons, Angotes and Eggophon, who were respectively sixteen and fourteen years of age. Their ambition was to send their children to the celebrated school of the gods, which was taught by fifteen of the wisest and most learned philosophers of the land. Angotes was an exceedingly brilliant youth, while Eggophon was surpassingly dull.

The day of their departure had arrived. The kind and generous parents, having prepared such things as they considered necessary for their sons at school, wished, before they should depart, to offer a sacrifice for each to the gods. So, early in the morning, the cheerful family set out for the great temple of the seven gods, which noble structure stood upon a gently rising eminence overlooking the whole city, that was spread gracefully around its stately walls. Arriving at the temple some time before the usual hour of sacrifice, the good mother proceeded with eloquence to describe the already famous learning of Angotes and the sad stupidity of Eggophon. When, all of a sudden, the blue silky veil which overshadowed the sacred altar was rolled back by some unseen hand. Then came the charming echoes of an angelic voice. A most beautiful white form appeared upon the holy shrine, and chanted a verse of seraphic hosanna, whose enchanting melody, reverberating in pure heavenly

trills through the sacrificial structure, lulled the awestruck family into a death-like sleep. They did not awake until the celestial visitant had departed.

Then the priestess, in gorgeous attire, appearing, welcomed them with a benignant smile, and announced to the yet astonished family the arrival of the gods. How fortunate they were to have come that day; for, she said, the angel had brought a message to her that this day was the great jubilee of the etherial deities, that all announced their good-will, and that they would guard and bestow their blessings on the first that offered sacrifice that day.

Then the sacrifice began. The more perfect of the two lambs was placed upon the altar. In an instant the whole temple was enrobed in obscure darkness. Then arose a woful clamor, as the great uproar of a mighty battle. The clashing of blades and spears, the fearful cries of countless hosts struggling in a deadly strife, the rumbling of the chariots, the heavy tramp and neighings of the steeds, the dreadful outcries of the dying, the rattling clang of the bucklers, the stroke of sword on shield — all mingled in a deafening roar, which gradually died away into a murmur. All at once the mysterious darkness dissolved into most brilliant light. The altar was empty. The victim had disappeared.

A long silence followed. The holy priestess, unable to interpret the extraordinary sign, predicted that Angotes was destined to become the most wonderful personage of his time; and she was so thoroughly alarmed at the miraculous omen that she refused to offer the second sacrifice upon the same altar, and went to offer it upon an altar which stood on the south side of the temple. The second victim was led forward and placed on the altar. But the happy father, overcome with joy at the glad tidings which he had received concerning the future of his favorite son, shouting at the top of his voice, ran back into the temple, where the mother was still interceding with the gods that, if they should ever wish to call away one of her sons, they should let Angotes remain. The lamb was so terrified that the priestess was not able to hold him, and, springing forward, he struck her in the bosom. She fell to the earth, her richly trimmed garment torn in pieces. The lamb, in a few quick bounds, passed out of sight. The priestess, being greatly incensed by these strange proceedings, foretold that a sad calamity would befall the path of Eggophon.

The astonished family returned home with strange forebodings. The mother strongly protested against the impartial wishes of Amostophon, that Eggophon should also go to the academy. "No," replied the generous father, "Eggophon shall go; for, if he is not fortune's darling, I will not add to his adversity. Every man is the pilot of his own fortune, and the crown of success awaits those who make every obstacle a stepping-stone in climbing its rugged and lofty heights." So both youths were sent to the great institute.

As the delightful days, months, and years of their schooling passed away, there developed a conspicuous contrast between the characters of the two young scholars. Angotes became more and more brilliant in scholastic fame, as well as frivolous in his anticipations — ever indulging in all kinds of voluptuous gratification; while Eggophon relinquished the delightful ornaments of gay society, believing that diligent toil and close economy of time constituted the only pen that could write an everlasting name in the great catalogue of human remembrance. His goodly pleasures were found in profound contemplation, in solving the endless problems of life; and his vacations were spent in diligent search into the unknown laws of nature. He would steal away into some solitary place, and meditate over the thrilling narratives of his beloved native land, listen to the enchanting songs of the birds mingling with the deep murmurs of the winds, walk along the banks of gentle streamlets which glided over their little green and yellow pebbled beds, gaze at the radiant sun mounting the vast blue of the mid-heavens and the boundless space of a cloudless sky, or descend to the shore of the tremulous sea and watch its ceaseless agitations, till his mind was overwhelmed with awe and admiration of the marvellous wonders of Nature's work. He would contemplate the various changes of the seasons — the sunny days and shadowy nights, the dark blue air of autumn, when the broad, extended forests had put on their handsome yellow-brown, the icy embrace of winter, the smiling spring, and luxuriant summer.

He was very modest of his knowledge; while Angotes was ostentatiously proud of his scholastic learning. Nature was his magic tutor. The clustered constellations, the purple clouds, the snowy white fog floating above the distant lakes and rivers, the hovering flocks sailing through the air, the millions of silvery dew-drops in

the bright sunny morns, the budding plants and blossoming flowers — each furnished their endless problems for his study and contemplation. He would wonder at their marvellous origin — from where they came, and whither they returned. His zeal and firm determination made every obstacle pay tribute to his progressing sagacity.

Angotes was the idol of the family. His desires were never questioned. The delightful days of his primitive existence were spent in frolicking mirth and drowsy indolence, and continuous scorning at the unpolished discipline of toil. But not a murmur escaped the lips of Eggophon; for he strongly believed that labor was nature's only way for human progress, and often told his parents that they would some day repent of their well-intentioned indulgences to Angotes; to whom, he was convinced, they were very detrimental. He always maintained the opinion that true greatness was the combination of self-will, self-dependence, and invincible determination — the courage which is as firm in desponding calamity as in the amplitude of fortune.

So, in the primary days of their school-life, Angotes was much admired for his scholastic talents, which gradually abated as his class were promoted from lower to higher and more difficult problems of science; for the keenness of his reflection became dulled by lack of application; while Eggophon, who was known as "the Torpidity of the Gods," by persistent exertions, created for himself that which had been denied him by nature.

It was in the early dawn of a newly born summer. Nature was busy in trimming the green garment of mother earth. The verdant forests were waving their high, drooping foliage in the glowing brightness of a June sun. The elegant meadows, in their enchanting beauties, were smiling at the rivalling plains and hillsides. The jubilant Summer, in his portly aspect, sung a triumphal air at the portals of earth.

Amid these lovely scenes lolled the proud Kertatanian scholars, till, alas, the pleasant school-life of Angotes and Eggophon had gradually worn away. Only a few days remained before their termination. Each was anticipating the three great prizes which were to be given — two to the two most learned scholars, and the other to the wisest politician.

The appointed day of examination having arrived, after a few

hours of waiting, the Governor, dressed in most magnificent apparel, entered the handsomely decorated hall with regal pomp. After he had been seated, the Principal selected from his three hundred pupils twenty such as he thought were the best scholars. Then the battle of knowledge was begun, and one after another retired in failure, till only two remained to contest in the mental struggle, in which Angotes was victorious.

Next came the political examination. It consisted of these four questions:

1. What is the most difficult problem of a government?
2. When is a nation in her happiest state?
3. When is she in her strongest condition?
4. What should be the course of a wise statesman?

To these many answers were given; but Eggophon won the handsome prize, of six hundred drachmas.

The answers of the two brothers were thus:

Ang. 1. "To carry on war."

Egg. 1. "To find out what are the best things to do?"

Ang. 2. "When she is most formidable to her foes."

Egg. 2. "When the people trust their rulers, and the rulers trust the people."

Ang. 3. "When she has the largest army."

Egg. 3. When she is governed by the moral power and the free will of the people."

Ang. 4. "To please the people."

Egg. 4. "To do what is best for the nation, regardless of popular sentiments."

It was a day of exaltation for the young champions — one of learning, the other of wisdom. But that afternoon of rejoicing dissolved into a fateful night; for Angotes had wished to test his predicted fortune with the famous gamesters of the Black Pool, and by the unfortunate achievement of his desire had lost his goodly prize.

As soon as Eggophon learned the sad news, he immediately contrived a scheme by which to restore the lost prize, and wipe out the sad disgrace of his beloved brother. So in a few moments Eggophon had enlisted fifty of his schoolmates under his command, whom he led to the camp of the fourth cohort, and hired a sword and uniform

for each of them, except ten, whom the soldiers kept as hostages until the suits should be returned. So it was nearly midnight when Eggophon in his adventurous pursuit, with his apparently warlike company, fell upon the gamblers of the Black Pool, and recovered the lost prize, with enough to defray the expense. But he could not be persuaded to take a single drachma more than he conscientiously thought belonged to him. Having returned the uniforms, and generously rewarded the soldiers for their obliging kindness, they all went home, rejoicing over the ample success of their shrewd exploit. The overwrought conceit of Angotes was much mortified by this kind and heroic deed of Eggophon.

Early the next morning the affectionate brothers were on their way home, where they did not arrive till the going down of the sun. They were met on their arrival with greetings of welcome by their loving parents, who were still more delighted when they had learned the gladsome news of their sons' proud triumphs.

After a few weeks of mental tranquility they began to meditate over the solemn problem of their future vocations. Alas! Angotes decided to trust his fortune amid political and military adventures. But Eggophon did not wish to make a choice until he had become convinced as to the vocation for which nature had best fitted him. Thus the two brothers launched the ships which each had built for himself in the same yard of knowledge. Angotes sought the mystical sea of fame, and cruised near the shore in order that he might receive the congratulatory applause and acclamations of the people; but Eggophon headed his vessel towards its vast and unexplored expanse, seeking to discover some unknown truths which might exist as a dew of blessings to the rising generations, one after another, till time shall be no more. Angotes always believed that he was the child of destiny, and held firm to the delusive anticipation that some auspicious day would come when his predicted fortune, through some brilliant and daring deed, would crown him the idol of his nation, and that his knowledge was already more than sufficient for the accomplishment of a dazzling career.

But Eggophon was far from being satisfied with his learning, and again confined himself to the most toilsome study and most severe discipline of his mind. Difficulty was his despised rival, and he would never suffer her the victory. When his health began to

fail, he used to make excursions into the country of his nation's oppressors, and study their laws, customs, and military organization; or visit the mouldering catacombs of his dearly-cherished native city, the broken columns of her once splendid palaces and crumbling sepulchres, where in solemn pomp reposed the sacred ashes of her ancient heroes.

The tide of ten years had now rolled away since the happy day of their graduation, when it was announced that the two wisest and most learned philosophers of that celebrated academy had died, and that the vacancies were not yet filled. Immediately after Eggophon had been informed of their death, he proceeded to see his brother Angotes, who was then in a sad state of need, and began to persuade him to apply for the honorable position. But Angotes at first was wroth at Eggophon's contemptible ideas, for he thought the place was not worthy of him; but his brother kindly convinced him that the vocation of instructor was the noblest and the most indispensable duty to humanity and to the gods. "For," continued Eggophon, "the work and influence of a great teacher are not bounded by state or national boundaries; but the whole earth is his appropriate sphere of action and humanity are his pupils. His generous labor will ever keep accumulating in showers of benediction over the many unborn generations." At last Angotes consented to take the examination, which was extended to all who wished to compete for the vacant positions.

So on the following day they both went to the famous academy, attempted to fill the requirements, and returned home. A few days later Eggophon was greatly surprised to receive an invitation to fill the vacancy. And still more so when he learned that he ranked first, and his brother third. He kindly resigned in Angotes's favor, and again returned to his studies, ever endeavoring to do that which was most beneficial to his country. Angotes, on the other hand, soon resigned his professorship, allured by the phantom of greatness which he saw amidst political adventures. His worthy brother, by many severe exertions and hard experiences, made himself the wisest and foremost man of his time.

Through the kindness of the barbarian king and by the unanimous acclamations of his fellow-citizens, he was elected, for ten successive years, governor of the city. By his firm and wise government

Eggophon restored her former glory. But when the glaring fires of freedom had begun to burn so strongly in the hearts of the Kertataneans that their rebellious spirits were beyond control, Angotes took advantage of the sad state of affairs and led the city to an open rebellion against his brother and the foreign government which he represented.

So Eggophon fled for his life to a cave in a distant mountain and only the sub-governor knew where he had gone. The whole population thought that he had been murdered, so they elected Angotes as their king.

He was soon made the victim of his own jealous policy, for the mighty red tide of war which kept rolling inward from every side woke terror and dismay in the hearts of the unhappy inhabitants of Kertata. Nothing was done to check the invading hosts. The whole people for more than three days and nights cried aloud, beseeching the gods to restore Eggophon to them, that he might save their lives and the city.

At last the gods announced that Eggophon would appear before the temple early on the next morn; for he, having been informed of their great distress, had determined to die with them, and to this end had come to the temple on the previous night.

As soon as day dawned more than two hundred thousands were solemnly awaiting Eggophon, who came before them and, after he exhorted them, at once set them to work fortifying the walls, which in a few weeks were made impregnable. He also raised armies, led them to victory, and, with dauntless courage and patriotic zeal, once more planted the standard of freedom on the walls of his native city.

Having established a code of wise laws, and reached a ripe old age, he bade his lovely land farewell, and, amidst the heartfelt lamentations of his beloved people, entered into the unexplored regions of the grave.

Soon after the much lamented death of Eggophon, Angotes expired, broken-hearted over the many desponding failures which his brother had so often attempted to repair. The affectionate parents did not live to see either the glorious end of Eggophon or the mournful one of Angotes.

Let no one be misled by the phantom of fortune. Neither let

the young sailor, who sails from port on a bright morning of life, claim the voyage as his own; nor let him who leaves port on a cloudy morn be discouraged. But let both keep a diligent watch in sunshine and 'mid raging storm till they reach the farther shore.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

J. O. Moré.

The Sleeping Sea.

Second Prize Poem.

The sun has gone where sky and ocean meet,
Tingeing with red and gold the dark blue sheet.
The clouds, like curtains, close around his bed,
And twilight comes, — the god of day has fled.

Hushed are the winds, the ocean is at rest;
The gentle swell and sinking of its breast,
So lifelike, its tranquillity,
Betoken something more than sleeping sea.

The pale moon, peeping from her fleecy screen,
Lights up the waters with a silv'ry sheen;
And sea-gulls dip and skim along the waves,
Toward their nests among the crags and caves.

Upon the cliffs, projecting gaunt and grey,
And down beneath, amid the foamy spray
Where dolphins sport themselves, and mermaids weep,
The sad sea fairies their night-vigils keep.

O sleeping sea, how beautiful thy face
Kissed by the moonlight! with a stately grace
Caressing the white sands, thy waves advance,
And roll away into the vast expanse.

Majestic sea, great handiwork of God,
In thy great depths, far, far from man's abode,
Lay treasures vast and sceneries sublime,
Made by misfortune or the hand of time!

O sighing sea, I wist why thou dost grieve;
'Tis for the wrongs that thou canst ne'er retrieve, —
Hearts thou hast broken, lives that thou didst blight,
Or for the lost that sleep with thee to-night.

O mighty deep, when we would comprehend
How thou wast made, or when thy time shall end,
We are bewildered. 'Tis not ours to see
Thy hidden power, or solve thy mystery.

Yet, boundless sea, a lesson thou hast taught,
Raising our minds from realms of worldly thought
To him who made thee, and whose potent hand
Guides and protects us over sea and land.

VARDELLE.

The Story of a Picture.

In a narrow street in one of the oldest quarters of Paris stands a building marred, and marked by time and neglect; but in its rich and massive entrance, and the delicate carving of its windows and cornices, revealing a former beauty hardly reconcilable with the general air of negligence and decay which surrounds it. Here was the favorite part of the city before the magnificent Boulevards, which characterize the New Paris, were laid out.

This old building was for many years the abiding place of numberless artists. Its light and airy rooms were especially adapted for studios. In one of these rooms lived Henry Delmar, a young artist of acknowledged genius, and of unusual promise. He had come to Paris at an early age, and had devoted himself with untiring diligence to work and study in his chosen profession. He had risen step by step in the favor of the public and in the estimation of his fellow-artists, and when it was known that a painting by Henry Delmar would appear in the great Exhibition of the Academy of Arts, there was no great surprise felt among his friends, nor was there, indeed, when it was announced that the first prize had been awarded to him.

The picture which he had painted was simple in conception, but very strong in execution. It was called "The Nun." A nun sits at an open window, looking out with an unspeakably sad and yearning look upon her beautiful face. Every one that looked upon it was touched by its simple beauty.

This picture was suggested to Henry by the recollections of several delightful weeks spent in wandering about among the quaint

old villages along the shores of the beautiful Como. He chanced one night to be detained in the little village of L—, where stands the ancient Abbey of St. Elma. From one of the aged Abbots, with whom he obtained shelter for the night, he learned for the first time the beautiful and pathetic story of Elanor, the Beloved Nun.

She was the daughter of a noble count who lived in the beautiful valley of Almara. Very early in their lives a strong attachment had sprung up between Elanor and Alfred, the youngest son of a neighboring count. As the years sped on this attachment grew stronger, and Alfred was looking forward to a time, not far distant, when he might claim Elanor as his bride. About this time, Arthur, the elder brother of Alfred, who had gone to sea nearly ten years before, and who had long been thought dead, returned, and was welcomed back with joy by all his family. The first time he saw Elanor he fell deeply in love with her. His had been a life that had known few restraints, and when he saw what a barrier his brother was to the success of his suit his anger was aroused, and, at length, unable longer to curb his rising fits of jealousy, after a stormy scene with Alfred, he swore that he would win Elanor at all hazards.

Alfred was of a noble and gentle nature, and he resolved that, rather than bring on a quarrel with his brother, he would go away from the presence of Elanor entirely, and strive for his brother's sake to conquer his great love for her. He left his home without a word of farewell with any one, and went, no one knew whither.

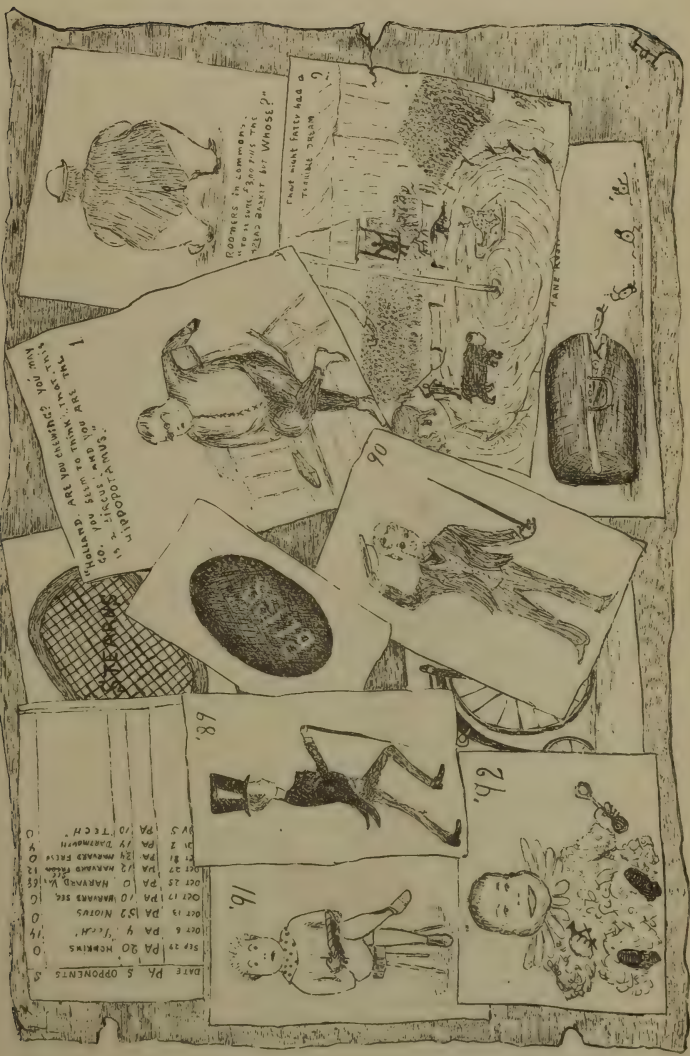
His brother, thus rid of his presence, strove in every way to win the confidence and love of Elanor; but all to no purpose. She soon came to abhor his very presence, and when at last his suit was urged upon her by her father, fearing that these two might entrap her, and still cherishing a great love for Alfred, she fled for protection to a neighboring abbey, and sought peace and quiet in the Holy Veil.

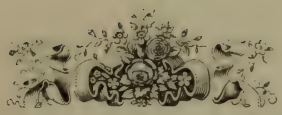
Year after year passed by, and not a word was heard of the absent Alfred. He soon passed out of the recollections of his early friends, except that in yonder abbey there was one heart that held his memory dear.

The tender ministries of Sister Elanor were long remembered by all those among whom she labored. Her life was one of self-sacrifice and devotion to the needs of others; and when at last she lay in

the peaceful sleep of death, there was many a heart that felt a bitter sense of loss in parting from her.

As her body was being borne to the grave, up the long and steep road leading to the abbey was seen approaching a monk, old and bent, with hair white as the driven snow. He overtook the procession at last, and followed in its train to the place of burial. The funeral rites were over, and the old Abbot began to speak of the life of the departed nun Elanor. At the mention of her name, the old monk sprang forward with a startled cry, and threw himself upon the newly covered grave. He seemed prostrated with grief. The Holy Fathers standing round knew not what to do. Suddenly the old monk stopped his agonized weeping and, after muttering a short prayer, he looked up towards heaven, and with an expression of unspeakable joy in his face, cried out, "Elanor, I come." His spirit at that moment fled to heaven, to be joined in everlasting communion with her from whom he had been so long separated. It was Alfred, returned to die amid the scenes and surroundings of his youth, after a long life of self-devotion and service.


DATE PA S OPPONENTS
Sep 29 PA 20 HOPKINS
Oct 6 PA 4 'ICAN'
Oct 13 PA 52 NIOTUS
Oct 17 PA 10 HARVARD SEC.
Oct 25 PA 0 HARVARD V.
Nov 1 PA 12 HARVARD FRESH
Nov 8 PA 24 HARVARD FRESH
Nov 15 PA 14 DARTMOUTH
Nov 22 PA 10 TECH
1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.
29.
30.
31.
32.
33.
34.
35.
36.
37.
38.
39.
40.
41.
42.
43.
44.
45.
46.
47.
48.
49.
50.
51.
52.
53.
54.
55.
56.
57.
58.
59.
60.
61.
62.
63.
64.
65.
66.
67.
68.
69.
70.
71.
72.
73.
74.
75.
76.
77.
78.
79.
80.
81.
82.
83.
84.
85.
86.
87.
88.
89.
90.
91.
92.
93.
94.
95.
96.
97.
98.
99.
100.



Editors' Review.

This term, as well as others, has witnessed several changes in our Faculty. We were much pleased to greet Prof. Comstock, who had returned during vacation from his extended and thorough visitation of many of the countries of Europe, having given especial attention to Rome and Italy. He resumed his regular position as Professor of Latin in the Classical Department, which has been filled very satisfactorily, during his absence, by Prof. Gile. Prof. Graves, who went abroad last June, will return about Christmas, and take charge of his usual classes in the Scientific Department, which have been under the care of Professors McCurdy and Pettee for the past term. A new teacher has been engaged by the Faculty, Mr. George E. Kimball, who is a graduate of Dartmouth ('85), and has for three years been Professor of Latin at Carleton's.

Our esteemed and much respected Principal, Dr. Bancroft, leaves us at the close of this term, and it is not probable that he will be present at the graduation of the class of '89; it is, however, uncertain. The members of '89 very much regret that they have to say good-by to Dr. Bancroft before the time when they go out from the school for good; but they feel assured that the best wishes of our Principal are with them although he be at a distance; and we all join in wishing him enjoyment and profit from his travels.

The Philomathean Society has prospered and flourished under the efficient administration of President E. A. Bird. Not one part has been cut during the term. In a few instances, members have been appointed with whom the secretary was unacquainted, and so could not single them out to inform them of their appointments. This explains the few absences that occurred during the first part of the term. But as a whole, the society has been united in its efforts to make good use of the opportunities which it has for the cultivation of writing and speaking. The meetings have been fairly well attended, and the debates generally vigorous and well supported. During the winter term the attendance will probably be larger, but we doubt very much if the meetings can be more harmonious or carried on in better order than they have been during the term that just now comes to its close.

The work of the Society of Inquiry for the past term has never been excelled at any period of the school's history. The attendance has been wonderful, so that extra settees regularly have to be provided for the Sunday evening meetings; while the Wednesday evening meetings have not flagged in their interest, as the records of the secretary show much larger numbers present than have ever before been usual.

The Y.M.C.A. though of fewer members, is, nevertheless, not less vigorous in its endeavors to promote the cause of Christianity than its larger and more firmly established sister society; and the faithful and determined few who have attended its Saturday evening gatherings have filled every minute of the short half hour with earnest, devoted worship. It fills us with a genuine feeling of satisfaction to be able to say that we believe the religious spirit in the school is reaching, year by year, a larger and larger percentage of all the members of the Academy. At the beginning of the year, the old discussion of the Y.M.C.A. was again revived, but it has not harmed the society, nor have the two societies conflicted in any way with each other, but seemed to have worked in harmony and unison; and any such well directed Christian effort as the Y.M.C.A. has proved to be will not fail to reach the success toward which it aims.

In the Academy, the halls of the second and third stories were refitted, during the summer vacation, with hard wood floors, and an elegant new stair case, with antique oak finish, was put in place of the old one that connected the third and fourth floors.

In the grounds about the Academy the improvements have been such as have proved quite satisfactory to the demands that were made for them last year. The Campus is drained, so that the most advantageous part of the field was used for the foot-ball grounds, and several dirt tennis courts have been laid out upon the portions unused for other sports. English Commons has met with the fulfilment of those long cherished wishes of hers for a well of good water, so that her fosterlings may not be compelled to tramp across the campus through the cold snows of a stormy winter. The well at the corner of the Academy is drilled through a ledge of granite, and the water obtained from it is healthy and refreshing, though somewhat of a mineral taste. Commons have suffered only one innovation this term, and that is the repairing of some of their multi-perforated chimney tops.

A new acquisition to the school clubs is the Camera Club, which was organized at the beginning of the term. Their dark room in the basement of the new laboratory is well furnished for their business. They have been prevented from accomplishing much this term on account of foot-ball and the weather.

While repairs have been made in the school building and commons, the gymnasium, we are sorry to say, has not been touched. It is as dusty and rickety as ever ; but we hope this won't prevent the fellows from getting as much good as possible from it.

We have a few words to say also concerning the Phillipian. It approaches nearer to the ideal as a school organ, representing the interests of the fellows now, than hitherto. Those who took the management of the paper in hand for a new year have shown themselves capable of the task they have undertaken, and fully the equal

of their predecessors, as a comparison of the present numbers with those of last year will testify; and while we do not forget that we are speaking of our own journal, we think it in advance of any preparatory school paper that is issued at the present time. Its circulation among the fellows is very fair, but not so large as it should be. The editors try to give the paper an earnest, animated tone, and every member of the school should be a subscriber for it.

The Reading-room has been the most successful this term of any since its organization, which fact is due mainly to the extraordinarily good sale of the papers. There are placed in its room all the leading papers and magazines of the country, including the college papers. Several papers have been donated to the room through the generosity of individuals. There has been some trouble about the protection of the papers, which ought to be remedied by the management. It seems that the papers were abused most by those who contributed least for the support of the room.

The interest which the students took in the political campaign caused the formation of Republican and Democratic Clubs, who provided themselves with uniforms, and participated in the several parades that took place in Andover. The preparation and drill of these companies, and their street demonstrations, show that even in quiet Andover the students take a lively interest in public affairs.

In the Commons Dining Hall several partitions have been removed, thus making the seating capacity much larger than before; and the addition of steam-boilers and heaters renders the serving much more convenient than formerly. One of the most needed improvements that has been made is, the employment of students as waiters; for these give much better satisfaction than girls.

The German table was started up again at Thanksgiving, and will doubtless prove a very valuable help to those who are studying German in the Academy, as it did last year.

The People's Course of Lectures at the Town Hall have been well attended, and most of the programme for the course has been very profitable to those who have had the pleasure of listening to it. Rare opportunities have been offered for hearing men of such fame and of such interest to us, as Principal Scott of Exeter Academy, Rev. W. L. Gage, D.D., Col. J. A. Price of Pennsylvania, Prof. John Fiske of Cambridge, Ex-Gov. John D. Long — the translator of Virgil's Aeneid,— Prof. Comstock, and Lysander Dickerman. Many of the fellows regularly attend these courses, and they are doubtless of inestimable value to us as students.

In Tennis we have been only partly successful. Our representative in the singles, Mr. A. E. Stearns, proved himself a superior player to Exeter's delegate, and won the singles by quite outplaying his antagonist. Score, 6–4, 10–8. The doubles were again lost to Exeter. We were represented by Messrs. A. E. Stearns and H. Anderson.

The most complete success has greeted our Foot-ball Team this fall, both in the several games played for practice and in the crowning event of the season — the game with Exeter, our severest rival in athletic contests. The attainment of such success is due in a large measure to the influx of athletic material which came with the new men at the opening of the school year; but much of it has resulted from the devoted interest and untiring energy of the captain of the eleven, Mr. C. D. Bliss, as well as the hard work on the part of the old fellows, who knew the spirit existing between Exeter and us. The *Philippian* has shown, by a comparison of the games of the New England colleges with those of the victorious ones whom our team defeated, that Andover might easily have led the New England League, had she been permitted to play in it. It is safe to say that the team of '88 is the best foot-ball team that the Academy has ever had; for foot-ball is now at the highest point of science that it has ever reached, and also our eleven was fully acquainted with the game of to-day, and able to play it as it is played to its best advantage by the leading colleges. The school owes its sincerest thanks to the captain and members of the second

eleven for the daily drill and practice which their steady, faithful efforts have given them.

The following is the score of the eleven :

Sept. 29,	Andover vs. Hopkinsons,	20–0
Oct. 6,	Andover vs. Mass. Inst. Tech.,	4–14
Oct. 13,	Andover vs. Niotus,	56–0
Oct. 17,	Andover vs. Harvard Second,	10–0
Oct. 25,	Andover vs. Harvard Varsity,	0–68
Oct. 27,	Andover vs. Harvard Second,	12–12
Oct. 31,	Andover vs. Harvard '92,	32–0
Nov. 1,	Andover vs. Dartmouth,	14–4
Nov. 5,	Andover vs. Mass. Inst. Tech.,	10–0
Nov. 10,	Andover vs. Exeter,	10–0

We desire to express our gratitude to Mr. Gile, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Pettee, who have kindly consented to act as judges of the material submitted to the editors for the prize competition, and are pleased to announce that they have awarded the prizes as follows :

For the best story, the prize of $8.00 is awarded to Mr. J. O. Moré, for his production, " Talent and Ability." For the second best story, the prize of $2.00 is given to Mr. Tyndall, whose story is " Beauty and the Hermit." The prize of $5.00 for the best poem was won by Mr. Maurice Chauncey Wells, for the poem " The Song of the Flowers." The poem " The Sleeping Sea," by Mr. Tracy Walsh, was given the second place. The first prize cut was drawn by Mr. T. B. Turner, who produced the " Medley," on p. 49. Mr. Bottom won the second prize, with the cut of the " Celebration after the Exeter Game." We also use another cut of Mr. Bottom's, and the cut "The Foot-Ball Team," by Mr. Gilbert. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Woodward for the " Story of a Picture," and to Messrs. Wells and Walsh for other contributions of theirs.

It has been our earnest endeavor to make our number of the MIRROR a fit organ to represent the school and the Philomathean Society, and also to honestly carry out the trust the Society has conferred upon us. Having completed our task as best we were able, we wish you all a " Merry Christmas " and a " Happy New Year."

Marginal Notes.

Since many moons have flushed and waned,
Here in these volumes that you scanned
I find faint record of your hand
Beside some treasure.

I smile to see the pencil trace,
Suggesting thoughts of bygone days —
A time too quickly sped, a space
Which heart-throbs measure.

I see you yet, in blush of youth,
A maiden of the sunny south;
Your clear-cut, shyly dimpling mouth
So sweetly smiling.

Your cheeks like blush spring roses blown,
Your eyes whose depths have deeper grown —
Sweet eyes of glowing, liquid brown
My heart beguiling.

Sweet critic, did the poet know
Such flowers by his songs you 'd strow,
Some poem he had penned ere now
Soft to address you.

Lo! here I send this halting rhyme,
And doth it jangle, doth it chime,
I fondly look forth from the line,
Sweet one, and bless you.

MAURICE CHAUNCEY WELLS.

Mirror Reflections.

"We must have liberty withal, as large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom we please." *Mirror Editors.*

"He raised a sigh so piteous and profound, as it did seem to shatter all his bulk." *Bird, when he flunked.*

"Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent coin, be not cracked within the ring." *McDuffee*, '90.

"What world's this 'ere
'At I've come near?" *Bartlett*, '90.

"And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch the virtue of his will." "*Effie*" (*F. A.*) *Moore*, '89.

"Simplicity is the height of art."
Simple Simon Weston, '89.

"Oh, there has been here much throwing about of brains!"
Noyes, '90.

The Lime Kiln Club.

W. A. Duley,	'91.
J. Ogilvie,	'91.
F. C. Roché,	'91.
J. A. Lewis,	'92.

I've a narrow mental horizon;
My name is "Crowley" M——n;
I'm manager of Commons foot-ball team.
There are those who say I'm homely;
But my looks are very comely,
And I think those fellows must be in a dream.

Sometimes comes an apparition
In the form of a "condition";
Nightmares, Greek and French, have hovered o'er my bed.
Then the teachers' same old story,
And I pass them off with glory,
And a crown of scholarship sits on my head.

THE TIME KILL'N' CLUB.

Class in Advance German.

"Pull out one more stop Harrington, I can't hear you."
Prof. Comstock.

"Thou villain base, knowest thou not me by my clothes?'
Chamberlain First, '90

"And thereby hangs no tale."
A shirt that came out of the cane-rush.

"What a falling off was there!"
Morgan's ('89) *Moustache.*

"The artillery of words." *Speer*, '90.

"Ever near his aid (?) to lend." *Wilkinson*, '91.

"Remember you are on the street, bobie." *French.*

"Six times around the world I've been.
For three years never rested;
Of whales I've swallowed nine or ten.
And every one digested.

"In any language I debate;
Of great brain I'm possessor;
I'll some day reach the fame and fate
Of an Andover professor." *Ahlers*, '91.

"Qui incessu deorum progreditur."
L. "Hassie" Hassenzahl.

"My dear little youthlet (excuse the 'expresh'),
We are told that you seem most amazingly fresh."
The other Hassenzahl.

THE SEVEN AGES.

"The infant mewling and pukeing in his nurses arms."
Altissimum Turner, '90.

"The whining school-boy with his shining, morning face creeping like a snail, unwillingly to school." *Coxe*, '89.

"And then the lover sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballard made to his mistress' eyebrow." *Bremner*, '89.

"Then the soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard."
Horton, '92.

"And then the justice in his fair round belly with good capon lined." *Sawyer*, '92.

The sixth age shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side; his youthful hose well saved, a world too wide for his shrunk shank. *M. H. Baker*, '91.

"Last scene of all which ends this strange eventful history is second childishness and mere oblivion." *Perplank*, '89.

"His ghoulish warble doth my soul affright,
And wake the hellish echoes of the night."
J. D. Clarke, '89.

"That I am both lazy and boastful 'tis true,
And there's no kind of study I *do* like to do;
But my noted relations' commotion and bustle
Have won me the title of
"*Governor Russell*," '90, '91, etc.

"He still is on our list; but we can't find
For this that doth exist the proper grind."
'*Prep.*' *Hollister.*

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."
The Theologue who sings (?) in the Choir.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure."
The Blunt House.

"His delicate, emaciated form
Durst not encounter a December storm."
Torbert, '89.

A set of jolly fellows who board on Abbot Street,
While on the way to Chapel, a Fem. Sem. chanced to meet.
When some forgotten duty seemed suddenly to check her,
And smilingly she turned and said "Good morning Mr. D——r."
Then D——r bowed and scraped and smiled, and quickly raised his hat.
And queer sensations quickly made his heart go pit-a-pat.
A pretty little kitten he saw within her arms,
Which could not have detracted the slightest from her charms.

She said, "Dear Mr. D——r, you really are so kind
I'd like to ask a favor, if you *really wouldn't* mind"
Then D——r swore allegiance by all of knighthood's swears
And vowed to do the greatest that she to ask should dare.
The maiden smiling sweeter at his vows of goodly flavor
Proceeded in the words below to ask of him the favor.
"This cat is Mr. Gulliver's, but now I've brought it thence.
Please take it back with utmost care, and place it on his fence."

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.

E. A. BIRD, Abingdon, Va.

VICE PRESIDENT.

J. D. CLARKE, Canterbury, Ct.

SECRETARY.

D. C. HALDEMAN, Harrisburg, Pa.

TREASURER.

G. A. CAMPBELL, Steven's Point, Wis.

MIRROR EDITORS.

T. L. ELLIS, Oxford, Me.
O. G. CARTWRIGHT, Belmont, N. Y.
W. A. BAILEY, Zanesville, O.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

W. A. DULEY, Andover.
H. S. CHENEY, Southbridge.
G. R. ATHA, Lowell.
H. P. MOSELEY, New Haven, Ct.

MEMBERS.

Alexander, W. McK.	Oakland, Cal.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Ames, Azel 3d	Wakefield.
Ames, E. W.	Wakefield.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.
Atherton, P. L.	Boston.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Ballantine, H.	Bombay, India.
Bartlett, DeL. F.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Benbow, J. L.	Fort Madison, Ia.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Cook, J. P.	Oakland, Cal.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Decker, W. H.	Davenport, Ia.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro.
Dickson, A. G.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Duley, W. A.	Andover.
DuPont, H. B.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Ellsworth, S. W.	Braintree.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Emerson, R. W.	Oakland, Cal.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Feeter, G. I.	Little Falls, N. Y.

Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Foss, C. H.	Lowell.
Fouse, G. C.	Washington, D. C.
Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
French, R. T.	Davenport, Ia.
Frissell, L. F.	New York, N. Y.
Goodwin, L. H.	Dover, N. H.
Gould, J. A.	Aurora, N. Y.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro'.
Hammond, F. E.	Worcester.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Hassenzahl, L. W.	Toledo, O.
Higgins, W. McK.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Hinkey, F. A.	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Holbrook, R. T.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Jones, R. E.	Webster City, Ia.
Leverty, R. G.	Bridgeport, Ct.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
Moore, F. W.	Independence, Ia.
Moré, J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Mosely, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Noyes, G. R.	North Andover.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Sandford, E. R.	New York, N. Y.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Speer, V.	Huntington, Pa.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.

Turner, A. B.	Corning, Ia.
Turner, T. B.	Corning, Ia.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Tyndall, W. DeW.	Andover.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Wadham's Falls, N. Y.
Warren, P	College Hill.
Wells, M. C.	Louisville, Ky.
Weyerhauser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
White, J. H.	Whitman.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

PRESIDENT.

J. D. CAMERON,	Round Hill, N. S.

VICE PRESIDENT.

L. J. MALONE,	London, Eng.

SECRETARY.

R. W. HOLMES,	Winsted, Ct.

TREASURER.

W. S. BEARD,	South Killingly, Ct.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Alexander, W. McK.	Oakland, Cal.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, L. E.	Zanesville, O.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Baldwin, W. A.	Lahainaluna, Maui, H. I.
Bartlett, DeL. F.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Blanchard, H. W.	Hudson Centre, N. H.

Bliss, C. D.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Bryant, H. A.	Andover.
Buck, S. W.	Crown Point, N. Y.
Burt, G. F.	Boston.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Case, J. A.	Charles City, Ia.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Chamberlain, J. P.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Chisholm, E. C.	Savannah, Ga.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Cooke, J. P.	Oakland, Cal.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro'.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Andover.
Eastman, G. E.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Ellsworth, S. W.	Braintree.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Farnam, C. H., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Gallaway, J. M.	New York, N. Y.
Gilbert, J. B.	Denver, Col.

Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Goodwin, L. A.	Dover, N. H.
Gove, J. S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, F.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro'.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hall, D.	Dover, N. H.
Hallock, H. B.	Portland, Me.
Hammond, F. E.	Worcester.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Haskell, H. B.	West Falmouth, Me.
Hassenzahl, L. W.	Toledo, O.
Holbrook, G. M.	Springfield.
Holland, J. W.	Westfield.
Hollister, F. K.	Rutherford, N. J.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, F. T.	Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Horne, C. A.	Dover, N. H.
Horton, W. S.	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Jacobson, S.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Kimball, H. W.	Bradford.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lake, G. E.	Hampstead, N. H.
Leverty, R. G.	Bridgeport, Ct.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
Malone, L. J.	London, Eng.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
Mills, F. H.	So. Williamstown.
Moré. J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Morrison, C. B.	Newport, R. I.

Morrison, W. R.	Newport, R. I.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osborne, W. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Osgood, A. T.	Rochester, N. Y.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Pomeroy, E. S.	Troy, Pa.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Puffer, E. W.	Lowell.
Richards, B. U.	Wilmot Centre, N. H.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Rowley, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Russell, H. D.	New York, N. Y.
Russell, S. M.	Bedford, Pa.
Ryder, F. B.	Andover.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro', Me.
Smith, J. H.	Brewster, N. Y.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Speer, V.	Huntingdon, Pa.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Sterns, W. H.	Westfield.
Stetson, H. C.	Bangor, Me.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Turner, T. B.	Corning, Ia.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	North Reading.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Wadham's Falls, N. Y.
Walsh, T. T.	Sumter, S. C.

Warren, P.	College Hill.
Webber, L.	Portland, Mich.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
Wells, M. C.	Louisville, Ky.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Wheelock, J. H.	Paterson, N. J.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Winters, H. B.	Oswego, N. Y.
Woodward, W. B.	Denver, Col.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

Y. M. C. A.

PRESIDENT.

W. A. BAILEY, Zanesville, O.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

L. C. GRANT, Middleborough.

PERMANENT SECRETARY.

R. W. HOLMES, West Winsted, Ct.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

W. S. BEARD, South Killingly, Ct.

TREASURER.

O. G. CARTWRIGHT, Belmont, N. Y.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Craig, W. T.	Falmouth.

Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Duley, W. A.	Andover.
Frissell, L. F.	New York, N. Y.
Gove, J. S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, L. C.	Middleborough.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.
Hodgdon, F. W.	Haverhill.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
Moody, C. E	East Andover, N. H.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Robinson, A. G.	Vienna, Va.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro', Me.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Turner, T. B.	Corning.

P. A. TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT

F. W. Moore.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

F. K. Hollister.

SECRETARY.

G. M. Holbrook.

TREASURER.

A. W. Stanley.

MEMBERS.

Anderson, H.
Anderson, J. N., jr.
Atherton, P. C.
Babbitt, W. H.
Bacon, H. S.
Bailey, W. A.
Baldwin, A. K.
Baldwin, H.
Baldwin, W. A.
Barbour, F. H.
Bixby, H. L.
Blake, A. N.
Bodwell, C. A.
Bottum, G. A.
Buck, S. W.
Burr, C.
Burr, N. B.
Cameron, J. D.
Campbell, G. A.
Chamberlain, J. I.
Chamberlain, J. P.
Chisholm, E. D.
Cobb, B. C.
Colby, K. G.
Coxe, C. E.
Curtis, J.
Cochran, T.
Dalzell, S.
Day, W. F., jr.
Dickerman, R. K.
Duley, W. A.
Dwight, C. A.
Ellsworth, D. S.
Elwell, J. B.
Emerson, R. W.
Farnam C. H.
Farnam, H.
Farwell, S. E.
Field, J. H.
Frear, C. W.
Gallaway, J. M.
Goss, W.
Griffin, N. E.
Haldeman, D. C.
Hammond, F. E.
Hammond, S. F.
Hillard, W. S.
Hixon, G. C.
Hood, J. C.
Holbrook, R. W.
Hunt, L. J.
Hyde, T. W.
Ives, F.
Jones, R. E.
Johnstone, E. W.
Joy, R. P.
Kimball, H. W.
Kimberly, J. I.
Lee, H. F.
Leverty, R. G.
Marsh, A.
McCord, R. A.
McKell, W.
Mead, G. W., jr.
Mills, F.
Morris, H. N.
Morrison, W. R.
Mosely, H. P.
Mowry, S.
Murchie, F. C.
Neale, J. B.
Orvis, G. A.

Page, H. F.
Rowley, R. E.
Russell, C. A.
Sawyer, J. C.
Smith, C. G.
Stearns, A. E.
Speer, V.
Stetson, H. C.
Stevens, W. F.
Stone, C. J.
Stover, B. W.
Tyler, S. W.
Weston, E. B.
Weston, C. W.
Weyerhauser, F. E.
Wells, B. G.
Wheeler, S. K.
Wheelock, J. H.
Wilcox, W. D.
Yardley, S. S.

THE FOOT BALL TEAM.

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '89.

Colors: Yellow and Wine Color.

'Απὸ πείρας πάντα.

President,	J. D. Cameron.
Vice President,	O. G. Cartwright.
Secretary and Treasurer,	W. M. Higgins.

P. S., '89.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.

"Arise le fin."

President,	H. N. Spaulding.
Vice President,	A. W. Standley.
Secretary and Treasurer,	A. N. Blake.

P. A., '90.

Colors: Violet and Yellow.

"De Die in Diem."

President,	V. Speer.
Vice President,	G. A. Campbell.
Secretary and Treasurer,	L. C. Grant.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"Sans Pareil."

President,	L. S. Owsley.
Vice President,	W. H. Woodruff.
Secretary and Treasurer,	R. A. Terry.

P. A., '91.

Colors: Garnet and Light Green,

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	W. H. Sterns.
Vice President,	J. Ogilvie.
Secretary and Treasurer,	I. W. Bonbright.

P. S., '91.

Colors: Old Gold and Lavender.

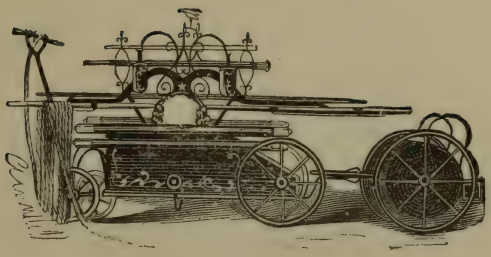
President,	H. T. Mills.
Vice President,	W. F. Stevens.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. Ballantine.

P. A., '92.

President,	J. O. Moré.
Vice President,	A. B. Bale.
Secretary and Treasurer,	E. A. Smith.

P. S., '92.

Unorganized.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

C. Morgan.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

J. D. Upton.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

C. E. Beeson,
E. B. Bishop,
D. Churchill,
C. W. Frear,
J. A. Gould,
C. E. Moody.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

S. W. Ellsworth,
J. Ogilvie,
H. C. Stetson,
W. B. Woodward.

THE GLEE CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

S. E. Farwell.

MANAGER.

A. E. Addis.

FIRST TENOR.

J. N. Anderson, E. A. Bird.
J. A. Lewis.

SECOND TENOR.

F. K. Hollister, C. Morgan,
A. E. Addis.

FIRST BASS.

S. E. Farwell, D. Churchill.
F. K. Higgins.

SECOND BASS.

H. W. Kimball, W. B. Woodward.
R. W. Holmes.

SCHOOL CHAPEL CHOIR.

ORGANIST.

H. D. Bard.

AIR.

G. R. Atha, W. S. Beard.
A. E. Addis, D. Churchill,
W. A. Bailey, F. P. Dodge.
C. Morgan.

TENOR.

J. N. Anderson, jr. F. K. Hollister,
L. H. Goodwin. J. A. Lewis.

BASS.

S. E. Farwell. W. M. Higgins.
W. G. Goss. R. W. Holmes.
H. W. Kimball. W. H. Sterns.
L. J. Malone, C. J. Stone,
F. H. Mills. W. B. Woodward.

PHILLIPS ORCHESTRA.

FIRST VIOLIN.

L. Webber, Leader.

E. B. Weston, W. B. Candee.

SECOND VIOLIN.

C. Morgan, A. G. Cummings,
J. H. Field, H. B. Lowe.

FLUTE.

C. W. Frear.

CLARIONET.

A. S. Harrington.

CORNET.

H. W. Kimball.

TROMBONE.

L. S. Stilman.

CELLO.

H. E. Tracy.

BASS VIOLIN.

C. E. Beeson.

PHILLIPS BANJO CLUB.

LEADER.

F. K. Hollister.

BANJOS.

C. E. Beeson, F. A. Moore.

GUITARS.

F. E. Gatchell, A. T. Harrington.

THE PHILLIPIAN.

MANAGING EDITOR.

A. E. Addis.

EDITORS.

E. B. Bishop, '89,
E. A. Bird, '89,
O. G. Cartwright, '89.
W. B. Woodward, '89.
A. E. Stearns, '90.
R. W. Holmes, '90.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

J. D. Cameron, '89.

GERMAN TABLE.

OFFICERS.

Präsident,	A. E. Ahlers.
Vicepräsident.	H. B. Hallock.
Secretär-Schatzmeister.	S. W. Ellsworth.

MEMBERS.

Ahlers, L. A. E.
Bard, H. D.
Bartlett, D. F.
Benbow, J. L.
Bliss, L. T.
Brown, A. M.
Buck, S. W.
Candee, W. B.
Cartwright, O. G.
Cross, H. S.
Dickerman, R. K.
Ellsworth, R. W.
Elwell, J. B.
Foss, C. H.
Grant, L. C.
Hallock, H. B.
Haskell, H. B.
Holbrook, R. T.
Holland, J. W.
Holmes, R. W.
Malone, L. J.
McDuffee, F. E.
Osgood, C. G., jr.
Powell, J. A.
Smith, C. G.
Taylor, A. S.
Taylor, F. B.
Townsend, F. de P.
Woodward, W. B.

PHILLIPS CAMERA CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

H. L. Bacon.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

A. W. Niedringhaus.

C. S. Evans.
J. C. Chambrlain.
J. W. Holland,
H. P. Moseley,
J. W. Tarbox.
H. J. Young,
S. S. Yardley,
F. T. Hooker,
B. G. Wells,
F. K. Barbour.

CHEERING STAFF.

LEADER.

C. E. Beeson.

ASSISTANTS.

D. S. Ellsworth.
W. H. Woodruff.

PHILLIPS POLITICAL CLUBS.

Republican Club.

President.	C. Morgan.
Vice President.	C. E. Moody.
Secretary and Treasurer.	H. C. Stetson.

CAPTAIN.

A. W. Niedringhaus.

1ST LIEUTENANT.

A. K. Baldwin.

1ST SERGEANT.

J. A. Gould.

Democratic Club.

President.	F. W. Moore.
Vice President.	S. Mowry.
Secretary and Treasurer,	J. D. Cameron.

CAPTAIN.

W. A. Duley.

1ST LIEUTENANT.

V. McCormick.

2D LIEUTENANT.

C. H. Foss.

1ST SERGEANT.

J. Chamberlain.

FOOT-BALL ELEVENS.

First Eleven.

MANAGERS.

E. B. Bishop, E. A. Bird, S. E. Farwell.

CAPTAIN.

C. D. Bliss.

Left.	RUSHERS.	*Right.*
P. F. Gilbert,	(end)	L. J. Hunt,
F. de P. Townsend,	(tackle)	S. Mowry.
C. E. Coxe,	(guard)	J. D. Upton.

V. Speer (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

L. S. Owsley.

HALF-BACKS.

L. T. Bliss. C. D. Bliss.

FULL-BACK.

R. P. Sprague.

SUBSTITUTES.

A. E. Addis, C. J. Stone, F. C. Murchie.

Second Eleven.

RUSHERS.

Cobb.	(end)	Murchie.
Hinkey.	(tackle)	Ellsworth.
C. Morgan,	(guard)	Addis.

J. W. Holland (captain).

QUARTER-BACK.

V. C. McCormick.

HALF-BACKS.

H. N. Stevens, C. J. Stone.

FULL-BACK.

Lansing.

SUBSTITUTE.

A. E. Stearns.

P. S. '89 Foot-Ball Team.

Mr. Wells, (manager)	(end)	Mr. McCurdy, (capt).
F. E. Hammond.	(tackle)	S. Jacobson.
H. N. Spaulding,	(guard)	A. N. Blake.

Kimball (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

G. A. Oris.

HALF-BACKS.

A. W. Stanley. F. H. Barbour.

FULL-BACK.

R. P. Joy.

C. A. Russell would undoubtedly have played substitute if he had not injured himself last June by failing to pass his examinations.

Latin Commons.

MANAGERS.

R. W. Holmes, W. R. Morrison, E. A. Bird.

RUSHERS.

L. A. E. Ahlers, (end) A. B. Brown.
S. W. Tyler, (tackle) I. H. Goodwin.
H. B. Haskell. (guard) J. L. Barbour.
J. A. Powell (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

L. J. Malone.

HALF-BACKS.

R. W. Holmes. O. G. Cartwright (capt).

FULL-BACK.

H. B. Hallock.

SUBSTITUTES.

D. Hall. W. P. Morrison.
T. B. Turner. R. F. Holbrook.

Salem Street.

RUSHERS.

Woodward, (captain) Sanford,
Young. Atha.
Forbes. Brown.
Sullivan.

QUARTER-BACK.

Morrison.

HALF-BACKS.

Baldwin, Alexander.

FULL-BACK.

Evans.

SUBSTITUTES.

Gatchell, duPont, Hutchins.

English Commons.

MANAGER.

James Donald Cameron (wears the whiskers).

CAPTAIN.

"Fat" Holland.

RUSHERS.

Lamprey,	(end)	Clarke.
"Tuffie" Hinkey,	(tackle)	Ellingsworth.
"Sleepy" Bremner,	(guard)	Foss.

QUARTER-BACK.

Ellis.

HALF-BACKS.

Jacobson, Lyon.

FULL-BACK.

"Graceful" Blake.

SUBSTITUTES.

Ballantine. S. Russell.

"Gov." Russell has consented to back the team.

Rev. Wheelock Tenney Craig gives religious consolation to expiring warriors.

Much is due to Tracy Walsh who has taught us to play touch-down.

MASCOTS.

Page, Orderly Sargent.

Bartlett Street.

MANAGER.

H. S. Cheney.

RUSHERS.

Snell,		Spaulding,
Field,		Robinson,
Dodge,		Case,
	Farwell.	

QUARTER-BACK.

Babbit.

HALF-BACKS.

Moore,	Richards, (captain)

FULL-BACK.

Moseley.

SUBSTITUTES.

Babbit,	Wheeler.

Blunt House.

MANAGER.

Richard Joy.

RUSHERS.

Bixby,		G. Burr,
Gould,		Morgan,
Joy,		N. Burr,
	Sawyer,	

QUATERBACK.

Haldermann.

HALF-BACKS.

McCormick, (captain)	Chamberlain.

FULL-BACK.

Beeson.

SUBSTITUTES.

Stanley,	Emerson,	Johnston.

Morrill House.

CAPTAIN.

"Aeneas" Frear.

MANAGER.

"Tooth-pick" Day.

RUSHERS.

"Donkey" Ellsworth. "Harvard" Cobb.
"Mouthy" Pettibone, "Sankey" Page.
"Aeneas" Frear. "Sleepy" Perkins.

CENTRE.

"Fatness Iulus" Torbert.

QUARTER-BACK.

"Valedictorian" Farnam.

HALF-BACKS.

"Andover" Sprague, "Noisy" Gors.

FULL-BACK.

"Fem. Sem." Hixon.

FIRST SUBSTITUTES.

"Sarsaparilla" Hood, "Toughy" Dwight.

SECOND SUBSTITUTES.

"Porker" Mowry, "Clinton" Sprague.

CHAPLAIN.

"Masher" Bailey.

DISPENSER OF FLUIDS.

"Kid" Marsh.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Hendryx Ives, "Sworn off" Decker.

GENERAL BACKER (with other's money).

"Inquiry" Houghton.

The cheering is led by "Prep." Weyerhauser's coat.
Foreign Plenipotentiary Shirsaker Ito.
"Twice Prep" Gallaway the House Jonah, gas-bag, and general nuisance is an omni-present bore.

SEASON OF '88-9.

RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES.

FIRST CLASS WORK. Gracefully Fitting Garments.

J. M. BRADLEY,

Tailor and Furnisher.

MAIN STREET, * * * ANDOVER, MASS.

Constantly in receipt of Latest London Novelties and Fine Staple Fabrics.

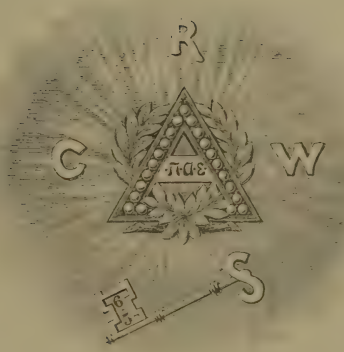
HATS, CAPS---Canes and Umbrellas and Gloves. (in all the Stylish Shades).

Cluetts Crown Collars and Cuffs and Monarch perfect fitting Shirts.

Agent for Scripture's Laundry.

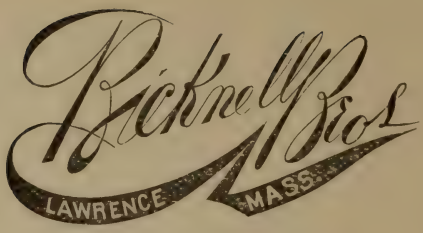
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

OH DON'T MIND THOSE, MAY:
THEY ARE ONLY SENIORS—
THEY WILL GET OVER IT
BY AND BYE.



E. B. Bishop.
J. H. Field.
C. Morgan.
C. J. Stone,
W. F. Day, jr.
W. B. Woodward.
C. E. Coxe.

F. K. Hollister.
S. F. Farwell.
R. K. Dickerman.
J. A. Gould,
V. C. McCormick.
C. H. Farnam, jr.
I. W. Bonbright.



Manufacturing Retailers and Gents' Outfitters,

469 & 471 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, - MASS.

L. P. HOLLANDER & CO.,

Young Men's Tailors & Outfitters.

FINE CUSTOM CLOTHING,

FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING.

ENGLISH NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, ETC.

CHRISTY'S ENGLISH DERBYS,

And a Full Line of the Best American Makes.

SCOTCH WOOL CAPS,

For Tobogganing, Skating, Etc.

82 & 83 BOYLSTON ST. and PARK SQUARE,

BOSTON, MASS.

D. TOY,

Tailor * & * Importer,

11 CHARLES ST., "BEACON ST."

BOSTON.

SPECIAL RATES FOR STUDENTS.

AGENT FOR WINCHESTER, SON, & THOWERS, LONDON, W.

THE

Notman Photo Co.

STUDIOS AT

3 Park St., and 184 Boylston St.,

BOSTON.

Children's Pictures a Specialty.

WALTER C. BROOKS & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

BOSTON, MASS.

We are Constantly in Receipt of the Leading Novelties.

PRICES LOW FOR FIRST-CLASS WORK.

We Make a Special Discount to Students.

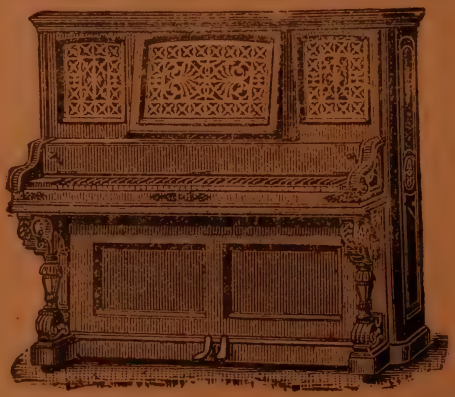
KENNELLY & SYLVESTER,

Have a Large Assortment of New and Second Hand

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

For Sale or to Let, or Sold on Instalments.

Hallet & Davis,
Emerson & Estey
PIANOS.



Estey Palace &
Wilcox & Wh te
ORGANS.

VIOLINS, BANJOS, GUITARS.

Large Assortment of Sheet Music and other Musical Merchandise.

Tuning and Repairing Promptly Done.

256 ESSEX ST., - LAWRENCE, MASS.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN.

A Vulcanized Rubber Holder, fitted with a 14 K. Gold Pen of the best manufacture. Always ready to write without shaking or jarring. Never skips or leaks, and is guaranteed in every particular. **"A PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN."**

Price, $2.00. CROSS STYLOGRAPHIC PENS, Price $2.00.

THE CROSS PEN COMPANY, - - 306 Washington Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

Since 1872 we have sold

RAILWAY TICKETS

AT REDUCED RATES,
—TO—
ALL POINTS WEST.

Information costs but the trouble of inquiry.

FOGG'S RAILWAY AGENCY,
277 Washington St., BOSTON.

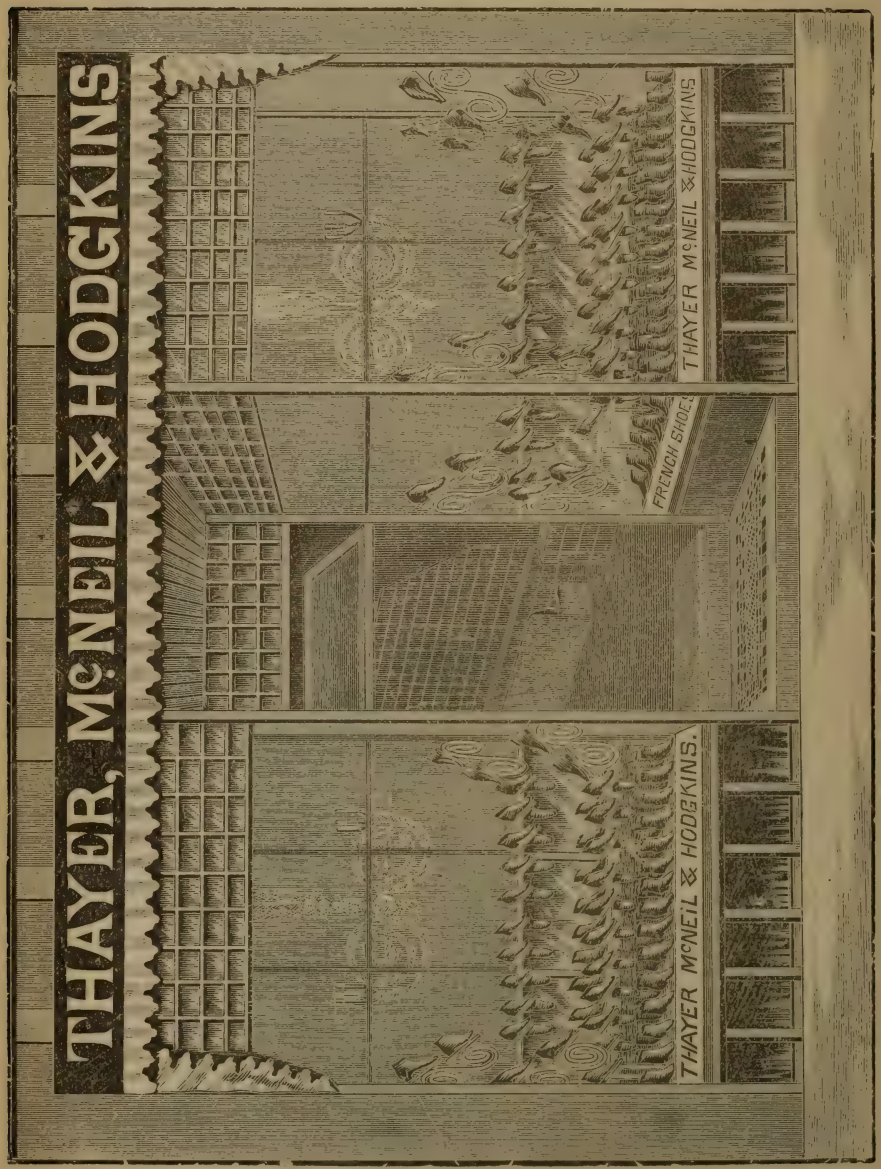
John N. Cole,

Bookseller and Stationer.

SPECIALTIES.—Fine Embossing in Color, Designs in Note Heads, Monograms, Crests and Novelties in Stationery. Engraving of all kinds. Lithographed Folders, etc. Exclusive Designs in fine Correspondence Papers.

Main St., Andover.

TENNIS AND BICYCLE SHOES OF ALL KINDS FOR YOUNG MEN.



FASHIONABLE SHOES FOR ALL OCCASIONS, FOR YOUNG MEN.

47 Temple Place, Boston.

WATCHES.

TIFFANY & CO.,

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Particularly request attention to their line of low-priced Watches, which they confidently recommend as the best yet produced for the money. The movements are sound, stem-winding anchors, and are cased in 18-kt. gold in variety of styles.

Each watch is stamped with the name of the house, thereby carrying its guarantee.

Large size, for Gentlemen,	$75
Medium size, for Gentlemen,	65
Large size, for Ladies,	60
Small size, for Ladies,	50

Cuts showing sizes and styles of the Watches, and patterns of chains suitable to be worn with them, sent on request.

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1. Cigarettes.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS Who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1.

CIGARETTES.

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored, and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the Old and Original brand of Straight Cut Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

Beware of Imitations,

and observe that the FIRM NAME, as below, is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

H. B. ROBINSON,

Manufacturing Confectioner,

FINE CHOCOLATE & BON-BONS,

ALSO A LARGE LINE OF

PURE HOME MADE CANDIES.

273 ESSEX STREET,

Lawrence, - Mass.

ALWAYS ON TIME.

New York & New England R. R.

CHANGE IN TIME.

—OF—

MORNING TRAIN FOR NEW YORK VIA HARTFORD,

Commencing MONDAY, Nov. 12, 1889.

The train heretofore leaving Boston at 10.00 A. M. will leave at 12 o'clock, noon; due in New York at 6.30 P. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

Returning train leaves Grand Central Depot, New York, at 12 o'clock noon; due in Boston at 6.30 P. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

Equipped with elegant parlor cars and coaches, through without change. Dining cars between Boston and Hartford.

Other through trains leave either city at *3.00 P. M. with elegant new parlor cars and coaches. Dining car between Boston ond Willimantic; at †11.30 P. M. with sleeping cars.

*Daily, including Sundays.

†Daily, Sundays excepted.

Tickets at 322 Washington street, and at Depot, foot of Summer street, Boston.

MIXTURES FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE.

THREE KINGS, Turkish, Perique and Virginia.

MELLOW MIXTURE, Turkish and Perique.

TURKISH and VIRGINIA.

PERIQUE and VIRGINIA.

GENUINE TURKISH.

FLAKE CUTS, ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR THE PIPE.

Vanity Fair. Virginia Flakes. Old Gold.

MONTE CRISTO, THE LATEST MIXTURE.

SALMAGUNDI, GRANULATED MIXTURE.

KIMBALL'S

STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES.

Unsurpassed in Quality. Used by people of refined taste.

HIGHEST AWARD AT BRUSSELS, 1888.

The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.

Fifteen First Prize Medals.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

SPECIALTIES.

Physician's Prescriptions, and a competent person always in charge.

OUR OWN TOOTH POWDER.

Glycerine Lotion.

BEEF, WINE & IRON,

VEG. LIVER PILLS,

CONDITION POWDERS.

BOTANIC COUGH SYRUP
WORM SYRUP.

Sarpaparilla for the Blood,
ETC., ETC,

FRANK EMERSON,

APOTHECARY.

122 Broadway, South Lawrence.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Homœopathic Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Holiday Goods, Confectionary and Cigars.

NEW YORK, SOUTH AND WEST

—VIA—

FALL RIVER LINE.

STEAMERS PILGRIM & BRISTOL.

Lighted by Electricity. Heated by Steam.

SPECIAL EXPRESS.

Connecting with Steamer at FALL RIVER in 80 minutes, leaves

OLD COLONY STATION

Week days, at 6 P. M., Sundays, at 7 P. M. Connecting to Brooklyn and Jersey City by annex boat. Tickets, Staterooms, and Berths secured at

NO. 3 OLD STATE HOUSE,

Cor. Washington and State Sts., and at the Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK, General Manager L. H. PALMER, Agt, 3 Old State House.
GEO. L. CONNOR, General Passenger Agent.

Franklin House,

OPP. B. & M. R. R. STATION.

Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.

RATE. $2.00 & $2.50 PER DAY.

LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE

One Price Clothing Company,

431 Essex Street, Lawrence.

Chas. E. F. Clarke & Co.,

APOTHECARIES.

(Successors to GEO. E. CHICKERING.)

449 Essex Street, - Lawrence, Mass.

UNDER ESSEX HOUSE

J. B. BRINE,

HARVARD TAILOR,

Our Mr. Brine is now in Europe and will return in January, when we will display at E. C. 1-1, the largest line of

Spring Suits,

Spring Overcoats,

Spring Pant Goods.

ever shown in Andover.

CO-OPERATIVE DISCOUNT OF TEN PER CENT.

J. B. BRINE,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH SUITINGS.

AGENT, J. D. CLARKE, E. C. 1-1.

1849. 1889.

H. M. WHITNEY & CO.

Prescription Druggists,

297 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Fine Cutlery in Unique and Tasty Designs a Specialty. All Warranted.

W. E. RICE,

195 & 197 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

Stationery, Blank Books, Wall Papers, Decorations and Window Shades.

Particular Attention given to Fine Stationery for Polite Correspondence. Visiting Cards and Printing of All Kinds.

BOOK BINDERY CONNECTED WITH STORE.

N. S. S. TOMPKINS,

(Successor to TOMPKINS & MANN.)

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES CHEMICALS AND DYE STUFFS.

191 Essex St. Lawrence, Mass.

C. W. PARTRIDGE, D. D. S.,

MAKES A SPECIALTY OF

GOLD FILLING,

TOGETHER WITH THE NEW BRIDGE AND CROWN WORK WHICH IS BEING INTRODUCED BY THE LEADING DENTISTS IN PLACE OF THE OLD STYLE OF PLATE WORK.

461 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

FRENCH, PUFFER & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

Crockery, China & Glass Ware,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

PLATED WARE, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS,

WOODEN WARE, &c., &c.,

396 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

G. W. COLBURN & CO.,

PICTURE FRAME MAKERS & GILDERS,

Engravings,

Etchings,

Photographs,

STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS &c.,

281 ESSEX STREET, - - - - - LAWRENCE, MASS.

GEORGE H. LECK,

PHOTOGRAPHER

283 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE.

Students of PHILLIPS ACADEMY will find it more convenient and less expensive to come here for Photographs than to go to Boston.

☞ Special prices to classes. Nothing but first-class work.

WM. FORBES & SONS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

Steam, Gas AND Water Fitters,

448 and 450 ESSEX ST., cor. HAMPSHIRE ST.,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

DYER & CO.,

337 ESSEX STREET, - - LAWRENCE.

BANJOS, * GUITARS, * VIOLINS, * &c.,

BICYCLES, TENNIS GOODS, CROQUET.

Rubber Goods.

Men's Mackintosh and Light-weight Rubber Clothing a Specialty.

Hip and Short Boots, Shoes, Umbrellas, Water Bottles, Bands, Erasive Rubber, Atomizers, Etc.

RUBBER COATS AND BOOTS REPAIRED.

LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.,

427 ESSEX STREET, - LAWRENCE.

(Next door to Lawrence One Price Clothing Co.)

In place of the MANSION HOUSE, burned last Autumn,

—THE—

STOWE HOUSE,

(Long the residence of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.)

Has been enlarged and newly furnished, and is now ready for company and transient guests. It is built of granite, has modern conveniences and appliances, and located on

ANDOVER HILL,

The house will be cool and comfortable. Ample shade and extensive grounds.

Apply to.

CHARLES L. CARTER,

"STOWE HOUSE," - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT.

M. W. MORRIS & CO.,

TAILORS.

465 ESSEX SREET.,

LAWRENCE, - - - MASS.

Specialties in Graduating Suits.

J. D. MAHONEY,

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Students' Wear.

SPECIALTY OF HAND-SEWED SHOES.

355 Essex St., Opp. B. & L. Depot.

Samuel W. Fellows,

Jeweller and Stationer.

Headquarters for Holiday Goods. Foreign and American Novelties. Watch Chains Charms and Rings very cheap. The best American and French clocks, Silverware, Opera Glasses, Spectacles and Eye-glasses. Watch and Clock repairing done by experienced workmen.

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT:— Note Paper by the pound from 10 to 60 cents, sold also by the quire and box. Christmas, Birthday and Reward cards in great variety. Visiting and Wedding cards engraved to order, also printing done. Gold Pens, Pencils and Pen-holders. All kinds of Pens and Inks. Gold Paint, Tissue Paper for making flowers, Wire stems and other materials. Wall Paper very cheap. Curtains in stock and made to order.

265 ESSEX STREET, - - - LAWRENCE, MASS.

A. F. Ryder & Co.,

City Drug Store,

591 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

A. W. HOWLAND, D. D. S.,

DENTAL SURGEON

283 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.,

Gas, Ether and Chloroform Administered.

C. A. LAWRENCE,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

181 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND FERROTYPES, ALL STYLES.

All Photographs made by the Instantaneous Process.

Special Attention

GIVEN TO

SCHOOL TRADE.

M. H. HANNON.

George H. Parker,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

BENJAMIN BROWN,

DEALER IN LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

SWIFT'S BUILDING, MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

Having added one of the English repairing machines to our fitting department and having in our employ a first-class workman, we are now prepared to insert new gores in congress boots and shoes, and repair uppers with front and back strips, button pieces, foxings, etc., in the neatest manner at reasonable prices.

E. H. BARNARD,

HOUSE, SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTER,

GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING.

DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Window Glass and Wall Papers.

Essex Street, Andover, Mass.

The American Express Company

Has added another team so as to be able to make calls. Any one having packages to send by express can have the team call by hanging out the card which we will furnish to all who desire. All orders taken will receive prompt attention. We have five trains to Boston and four from Boston Daily. Nothing carried by freight..

P. S. Remember our rates are the same from Andover to New York that they are from Boston, and by sending by the American Express Company you save the charges between Andover and Boston.

FRED C. WILBUR. - - Agent,

OFFICE: ELM HOUSE, ELM SQUARE.

JOHN CORNELL,

—DEALER IN—

Wood, Coal, Hay and Straw.

OFFICE IN CERTER'S BUILDING, MAIN ST.

COMMONS DINING HALL,

Open to Students of Phillips Academy from September to July.

Permanent Board $3.00 a Week.

WILLIAM MARLAND, Propr.

HENRY P. NOYES,

Furniture Dealer.

ANDOVER, MASS.

PLAIN AND FANCY HARDWARE,

GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS & OILS,

Specialty of Skates and Sleds.

A Good Assortment of Sportsman's Goods, Cutlery, Etc.

H. McLawlin,

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

H. P. WRIGHT,

DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

Warranted Genuine Water Proof Porpoise Shoes.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

DR. CHARLES E. ABBOTT.

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

43 MAIN STREET, - ANDOVER.

JOSEPH ABBOTT,

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER,

CURTAINS, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

PARK STREET,

ANDOVER.

William F. Findley,

DEALER IN

FISH OF ALL KINDS,

Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled.

LOBSTERS, CLAMS, OYSTERS.

Fancy Fish of all kinds in season. Goods Delivered.

MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

L. J. BACIGALUPO,

MANUFACTURER OF

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY

AND DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Fruit and Ice Cream.

Barnard's New Block, Main Street, Andover.

T. J. FARMER,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Salt, Smoked and Pickled Fish,

OYSTERS, CLAMS AND LOBSTERS,

3 CENTRAL ST., opp. Baptist Church.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries.

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

Andover, Mass.

J. E. WHITING,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

Barnard's New Block, Main Street, ANDOVER, MASS.

J. C. REA. GEO. T. ABBOTT.

REA & ABBOTT,

PROVISION DEALERS,

Opposite Bank, Main Street, Andover.

Nothing choicer for Christmas than a bunch of Violets from

MRS. WATERMAN'S,

High Street, Andover, Mass.

SMITH & MANNING,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

G. H. VALPEY. E. H. VALPEY.

VALPEY BROTHERS,

Meats, Vegetables, and Poultry,

Corner Main Street and Elm Square.

W. H. EATON,

WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN,

ANDOVER, MASS.

OFFICE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH.

JOHNSON'S

ANDOVER and BOSTON EXPRESS.

BOSTON OFFICES:

32 COURT SQ., and 105 ARCH ST.

Andover Office at my Store.

J. H. CHANDLER, Proprietor and Messenger.

BROWN'S

Andover and Boston Express,

Boston Offices, 34 Court Sq., and 77 Kingston St.

Andover Office, No. 1 Park St.

F. B. JENKINS, PROPRIETOR.

C. W. SCOTT, M. D.,

Surgeon and Homœpathic Physician,

49 MAIN STREET.

OFFICE HOURS UNTIL 9 A. M.; 1 TO 3 AND 7 TO 9 P. M.

JOHN H. DEAN,

Merchant Tailor.

Spring and Summer Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc., etc, Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing Done at Short Notice.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

J. H. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

Periodicals & Stationery,

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY,

Also Office for Franklin and White Ash Coals and Hard and Soft Wood.

Opposite Town Hall, - - Andover, Mass.

J. A. LEITCH, M. D.,

BARNARD'S BLOCK,

ANDOVER, MASS.

OFFICE HOURS, 1 TO 3, AND 7 TO 9.

O. CHAPMAN,

DINING ROOMS.

Fruit, Confectionery, Blank Books, Stationery, Inks, Kerosene Oil and Lamps.
Large Stock of Canned Goods, Base Ball Goods.

Everything Pertaining to a Student's Outfit.

ARTISTIC FLORIST,

Table and Stage Decorator, Baskets and Fancy Roses.

GEORGE PIDDINGTON,

— SCHOOL STREET.—

Call at the New Boot and Shoe Store.

J. E. SEARS,

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

BANK BUILDING, MAIN STREET. ANDOVER, MASS.

Repairing in all its branches done with Neatness and Despatch.

J. M. BEAN

HAIR CUTTER

Town Hall Building, Andover

G. C. LYLE,

CONFECTIONERY

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Fine Brands of Cigars and Tobacco. Ice-cold Soda during the Summer months. All Flavors and the very best of Syrups. Also a general stock of Stationery and Small Wares.

CARTER'S BLOCK, CENTRAL STREET, ANDOVER.

CHARLES H. GILBERT.

Dentist,

Draper's Block, - Andover, Mass.

J. H. CAMPION & CO.,

GROCERS,

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.

Main Street, Andover.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Prospectus, with opinions of DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, the world-famed specialist in Mind Diseases, DANIEL GREEENLEAF THOMPSON, the great Psycologist, J. M. BUCKLEY, D. D., editor of the Christian Advocate, RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, HONS. JUDGE GIBSON' JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, and others, sent post free by Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

From the Chaplain of Exeter College, and Houghton Syriac Prizeman, Oxford.

Coll. Exon. Oxon. Sept. 1888.

DEAR SIR:—In April, 1885, while thinking of taking orders in September, I suddenly received notice that my ordination examination would be held in a fortnight. I had only ten (10) days in which to prepare for the Exam. I should recommend a year's preparation in the case of any one so utterly unprepared as I was; but your system had so strengthened my natural memory that I was able to remember and give the gist of any book after reading it once. I therefore read Lightfoot, Proctor, Harold, Browne, Meshlem, &c., &c. once, and was successful in every one of the nine papers. The present Bishop of Edinburgh knows the facts. Faithfully yours,

REV. JAMES MIDDLETON MCDONALD. M. A.

To Prof. A. Loisette. 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Perfectly taught by correspondence. Send for prospectus.

"New York, July 10, 1888.

"I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, including, among others, those of Feinaigle, Gouraud and Dr. Pick, and I have recently become acquainted with the system in all its details and applications taught by Prof. Loisette. I am therefore enabled to say that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system. "I consider Prof. Loisette's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

"To Prof. Loisette, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

A. SHUMAN & COMPANY,

We invite your Inspection of our Large and Varied Stock of

CLOTHING

FOR YOUNG GENTLEMENS'S WEAR.

Manufactured by us from

Fine All Wool Fabrics,

of both Domestic and Foreign make. All our garments are made in a style

EQUAL TO CUSTOM PRODUCTION,

—AND A—

Perfect Fit is Assured.

A. SHUMAN & COMPANY,

Manufacturing Clothiers,

WASHINGTON STREET, Cor. SUMMER, BOSTON.

"P. A."

BIGELOW & Co.,

HATTERS TO THE NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES.

EXTRA QUALITY, CORRECT SHAPES.

Heath's London Hats,

TENNIS CAPS, BELTS, AND BLAZERS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

CANES AND UMBRELLAS.

407 WASHINGTON STREET, 407,

BOSTON.

OUR CELEBRATED DOLLAR EDITIONS

BOUND IN BOARDS.

Sent Post.paid on Receipt of Price, $1.00.

VOCAL.

Artists' Vocal Album, German, Italian and French songs with English translations; Classical Vocal Music, for medium voice; Heart Songs, a collection of old and new standard songs; Matinee Classics, a collection of songs for low voice: Selected Tenor and Soprano Songs, by the principal song writers of Europe and America; Young Vocalists' Collection of Songs; Selected Sacred Songs.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Repertoire, a collection of classical and standard piano-forte music; Classic Collection; Cluster of Waltzes, 18 complete setts of the latest waltzes; Pianists' Repertoire, a book of medium grade; Students' Recreations, a collection of easy teaching pieces for young pianists; Standard Piano-forte Duetts, by the most renowned authors.

WHITE, SMITH & CO.,

NEW STORES:

Retail Dept., 538 Washington St, Wholesale Dept., 576 Washington St.,

BOSTON.

Shreve, Crump, & Low Co.,

WATCHES, ❋ DIAMONDS.

THE CELEBRATED

PLATED GORHAM WARE,

EQUAL TO SILVER.

Prizes in Silver. Finest Assortment of Stationery in the City.

CANES, UMBRELLAS.

432 Washington Street, Corner Summer, Boston, Mass.

BUY THE BEST.

WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

THE TRAVELERS

OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

HAS RESOURCES which are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. PAYS ALL CLAIMS without discount, immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs.

ASSETS, . . .	$10,383.000
SURPLUS, . . .	$2,041,000
PAID POLICY-HOLDERS OVER	$16,000,000

JAS. G. BATTERSON, PRES'T.
RODNEY DENNIS, SEC'Y.
JOHN E. MORRIS, ASS'T SEC'Y.

ALWAYS ON TIME.

New York and New England
RAILROAD.

TRAINS FOR

NEW YORK

Leave Boston 12.00 M., *3.00 P.M., arrive New York 6.30 P.M., *9.00 P.M.

*The 3.00 p.m. Train runs daily, including Sundays.

DINING CARS. THE SHORTEST LINE. ALWAYS ON TIME. NEW PARLOR CARS AND COACHES. MOST CONVENIENT HOURS OF DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL AT TERMINI

JOHN N. COLE,

(Successor to W. F. Draper.)

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

Engraved Visiting Cards.

Exclusive Designs in P. A. Stationery.

ANDOVER, - MASS.

FARNSWORTH & CO.,

Hatters and Furriers,

Manufacturers and Importers.

A FULL LINE OF

English, American and French Hats.

THE BEST LINE OF UMBRELLAS IN BOSTON.

Gloves in Great Variety.

AGENT FOR

552 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Opposite Adams House.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 2.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

MARCH 1889.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

CORRECT DRESSING.

Gentlemen often hesitate about patronizing the highest class of tailors on account of the price; but the extra charge over ordinary tailors is not profit, or a tax for reputation; but represents actual value received. Many garments are out of style when new, simply because ill proportioned and not correctly cut; the wearer does not know what the matter is, but is conscious of a difference between his own clothes and those of others he meets in society. Men who can afford it make a great mistake in not wearing the best designed clothes, as the result represents the best selection of London materials, and the finest workmanship, combined with artistic cutting. We make a specialty of strictly fine tailoring, and every one of our workmen is a skilled mechanic, capable of producing artistic results. We have nothing but the best foreign woolens, and in exclusive patterns shown only to the few high-class houses; all gentlemen of taste are invited to call, as goods will be cheerfully shown.

FRANK D. SOMERS,

CLASS OF '69.

Parlors, 5 Park Street, **Boston.**

CHAS. A. SMITH & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

18 and 20 School St., Boston.

IMPORTERS OF LONDON FANCY SUITINGS,

IN EXCLUSIVE STYLES,

Specially Adapted to Young Men's Tastes.

STAPLE GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

FULL DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

W. E. HODGKINS. C. G. BEALS.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Sunrise on Mont Blanc, - - - - - - - - 15

The Legend of Bald Mountain, - - - - - - 18

An Awkward Predicament, - - - - - - - 23

Two Priesthoods, - - - - - - - - - 28

Halcyone, - - - - - - - - - - - 36

Books. — President's Address, - - - - - - 40

A Portion of Unrecorded History, - - - - - 45

The Demoratic Party, - - - - - - - - 49

Editors' Review, - - - - - - - - - 53

Base-ball Scores, 1879–1888, - - - - - - 60

Grinds, - - - - - - - - - - - 71

Facts and Figures, - - - - - - - - - 82

The Phillips Pot-Pourri, - - - - - - - 87

THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS.

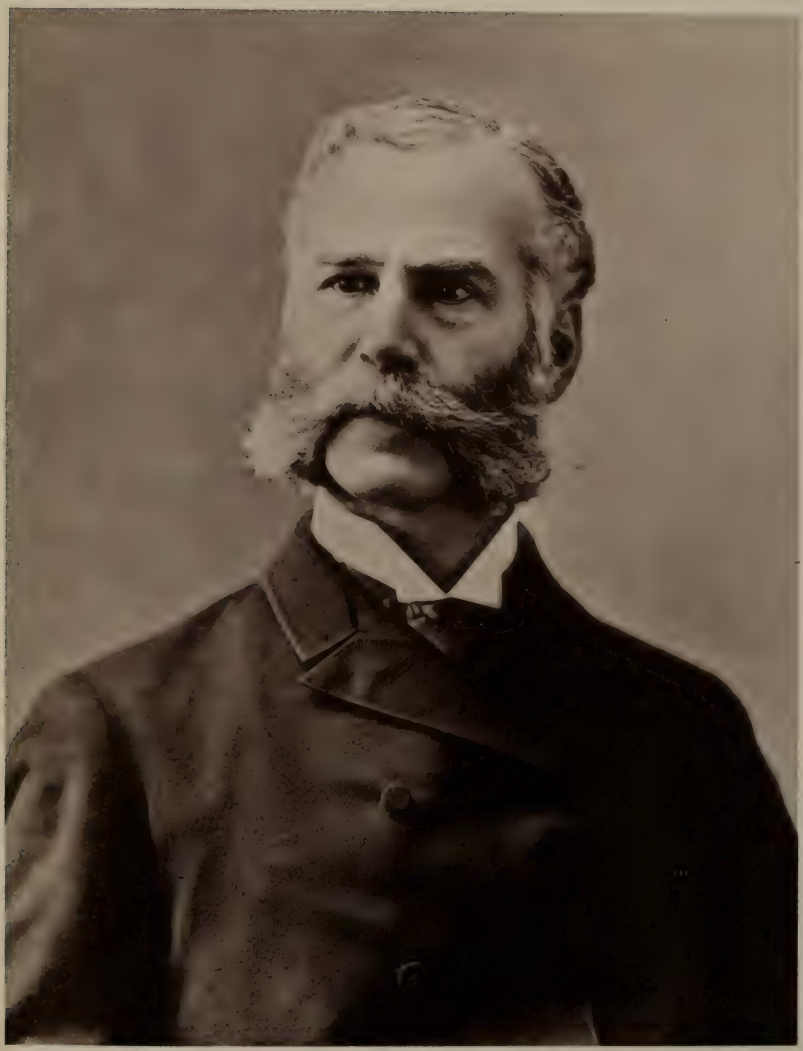
SALUTATORY.

In editing this issue of the Mirror we have endeavored to publish a book that should meet the approval of the School, and we send it forth hoping that our aim has been accomplished. The price has been advanced slightly, with the general approval of the students, we believe. The difference, though small to any one individual, will enable the Editors to sensibly increase the merits of the book. We believe we are justified in this issue by an increased number of cuts, the addition of an expensive cover, and a diminished list of advertise ments.

DEDICATION.

Thanking the Members for the honor conferred upon us, we dedicate this volume to the Philomathean Society.

F. W. Moore,
L. F. Frissell, } *Editors.*
W. A. Duley,



THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXVI. MARCH, 1889. No. II.

Sunrise on Mont Blanc.

First Prize Poem.

Majestic Mystery!
O'er-awing me, I see
Thy dome of snow in solemn grandeur rise
In bold, bleak outlines 'gainst the morning skies,
While far below the raging torrent flows,
Born of thy vast expanse of eternal snows.

Like a single silver thread
Encircling thee, o'er head
It rushes on past meadow, wood, and town,
Midst valleys where thy glaciers, flowing down,
Contrast their death-like barrenness and snow
With all the blossoming verdure there below.

The little hamlet's length
Nestling beneath thy strength,
Seems by the striking contrast more to show
The heavenly grandeur of thy realms of snow;
The power omnipotent, divine and grand,
That formed thy massive fastness in its hand.

Thy shattered peaks too, left,
By centuries' lightnings cleft,
Raise high their barren crags to heaven's blue,
Where twinkling stars are fast becoming few,
And th' waning moon, the queen of all the night,
Swift flees before the morning's dawning light.

The ever-driving clouds
Envelop thee like shrouds,
And passing o'er thy glaciers seem to make
Thy frozen seas more awful beauty take,
As though their mist some unknown magic holds,
Poured on thy bosom from their billowing folds.

While night still reigns below,
A pink, now crimson, glow
Sudden within thy bosom blusheth red,
And thy vast icy ocean, cold and dead
But just one moment since, now quickly springs
As though to life the upper sunlight brings.

The color deeps to blood
Upon thy snowy hood;
And seems to burn within thine inmost breast,
A new and strange and terrible unrest,
Born 'neath thy glistening glacial formèd pall,
And yet transcendant, glorious withal.

The shepherd with his flock,
Steep clambering o'er the rock,
Seems sudden awed, as if God's mighty hand
Were laid upon the silent, trembling land,
Bringing new knowledge of his kingly might,
And dread of dark and drear ne'er-ending night.

The roaring torrents course,
Its murmurings deep and hoarse,
Seem checked and hushed, as though to more enhance
The beauty, while the lightning-shattered lance
Of rocky crag and peak doth pierce the ray
That tells the coming of the new-born day.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

PHILO. MIRROR.

F. W. Moore,
L. F. Frissell,
W. A. Duley,

MARCH

1889.

A. SHUMAN & COMPANY,

We invite your inspection of our large and varied stock of

CLOTHING

For Young Gentlemen's Wear.

Manufactured by us from

Fine All Wool Fabrics,

of both Domestic and Foreign make. All our garments are made in a style

Equal to Custom Production,

—AND A—

Perfect Fit Assured.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

Manufacturing Clothiers,

WASHINGTON STREET, COR. SUMMER, BOSTON.

F. L. DUNNE,

TAILOR TO THE

P. A. A. Co-operative Society.

MY SPECIALTY:

The Largest and Best Assortment of the Most Correct London Styles. Constantly in Receipt of the Latest Foreign Novelties.

338 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

Stonington Line for New York.

First Class Tickets Only $3.00.

FAST EXPRESS TRAIN

With Free Reclining Chair Cars, Leaves PARK SQUARE STATION, Boston, at 6.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays Excepted, connecting with Elegant Steamers.

Massachusetts & Rhode Island

Arriving in New York in season FOR ALL CONNECTIONS South and West. The steamers are heated with steam and lighted by Electricity.

Tickets and State Rooms

Secured at Company's Office, 214 Washington Street, J. W. Richardson, Agent, and at Park Square Station.

J. W. Miller, Gen. Manager. O. H. Briggs, Gea Pa.ss. Agt.

TELEPHONE, 2588.

BLANKET WRAPS FOR BABY.

Blanket wraps for the nursery, the bath, the sick room or steamer travelling, for men, women, children, and the baby, at Noyes Bro's.

Morning and even'ng wedding outfits in shirts, collars, cravats, and gloves a specialty at Noyes Bro's.

English mackintosh coats for ladies and gentlemen, at Noyes Bro's.

English silk umbrellas, in gold, silver, and natural wood handles; ladies' and men's $2.75 to $35.00, very rare and choice designs, at Noyes Bro's.

DRESS SHIRTS,

For Weddings and Receptions.

The present fashion of Shirts, with Linen Cords, Embroidered Figures, and Spot Bosoms, may be had of Noyes Bro's, most thoroughly and elegantly made.

We have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for Repairing Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves; or any article belonging to gentlemen can be laundered and repaired at short notice, at Noyes Bro's.

SPECIAL LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT.

For Dress Shirts, Vests, and Wash-Scarfs, Re-laundered equal to new goods, at Noyes Bro's.

NOYES BRO'S,

Hosiers, Glovers and Shirt Makers,

Washington & Summer Streets,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

Lawn Tennis & Yachting Suits.

Flannel, Madras, English, Cheviots and Silk Shirtings

For Traveling Shirts,
" Railway Cars,
" Steamer Wear,
" House Night Wraps,
" Bath or Sick Room,
" Hunting and Fishing,
" Lawn Tennis,
" Office and House coats.

NOYES BRO'S.

Lawn Tennis Shirts, Coats, Trousers, Belts, Sashes, and Caps, Ladies' Blouse Waists, from best English and French Flannels and Oxfords, at Noyes Bro's.

Boys' Waists, in Flannels, Cheviots, and Oxfords; Flannel Office Coats, English Hold-alls, Steamer Wraps and Rugs, at Noyes Bro's.

English Traveling Rugs for Railway and Steamer use, $3.75 to $50.00, at Noyes Bro's.

English Dressing Gowns, Study Coats, House Coats, and Office Coats, and Long Wraps, $5.00 to $45.00, in stock or to measure, at Noyes Bro's.

Pure silk, pure lamb's wool, English Balbriggan and Merino Wool Underwear and Hosiery, sizes 28 to 50 inches, at moderate prices, at Noyes Bro's.

Gloves for street, driving, dress, and traveling. Coachman's gloves and mourning gloves a Specialty, at Noyes Bro's.

The famous London tan street gloves, $1 35; every pair warranted, at Noyes Bro's.

Pajamas, or East India Sleeping Suits, and long Night-Shirts, made from the best English flannels, Cheviots, Oxfords, and silk, for steamers, sleeping cars, yachting, or hunting at Noyes Bro's.

Blanket Wraps, English Rugs and Shawls, for steamer and railway use, at Noyes Bro's.

NOYES BROS.,

Hosiers, Glovers & Shirt Makers,

Washington & Summer Sts.,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

Now slowly, slowly fades
The color, as in shades
Of crimson, red, and pink and palest rose
It dies away, until at last there flows
The sunlight on thine isolated crest,
And floods with golden glory all thy breast.

The rocky peaks now throw
Across thy glistening snow
Their rudely outlined shadows, while far down
Within the valley where the little town
Is seen, all seems as brought from gates of death
By the life-giving power of Morning's breath.

The spell of color is gone
With the coming of the morn,
And the shepherd goes on his flock to tend,
And the church chimes forth from the belfry send
Their joyous peals, that the peasants call
To worship the Father and God of all.

Majestic mystery!
O'er-awing me, I see
Thy dome of snow in solemn grandeur rise
In bold, bleak outlines 'gainst the morning skies,
While far below the raging torrent flows,
Born of thy vast expanse of eternal snows.

FRANK ROMAR.

The Legend of Bald Mountain.

Second Prize Story.

As one advances up the Otter Creek valley his attention is drawn to the surrounding mountains which hem in the narrow vale on all sides. He sees the low outlying ranges of the Green Mountains backed by the towering peaks of three noble hills that, looking calmly down upon the lowlands, seem to keep a guardian eye on the little settlement below. The waters of the Otter Creek, swelled by many a sparkling mountain stream, wind through the valley; now flowing noisily and swiftly over a rocky bed, and again slow and deep, black beneath the shadows of the trees along the banks. Often the Indian canoe darted swiftly from shadow to shadow, skimming like a bird over the placid surface, and leaving scarcely a bubble in its wake. The trout leap in the pools, and the ripples in ever increasing circles open out and out until they are lost under the shady shores. Notwithstanding the three grand sentinels above, and the apparent security of the silent forest below, the little hamlet of R—— was harassed and plundered by a hostile band of Indians who took especial delight in venting their rage upon the early settlers of this mountain guarded valley. My story begins before the full tide of the Revolution had swept over the Colonies, when the busy hum of civilization had not yet penetrated into the midst of these dark forests.

One stormy winter afternoon a traveller was riding on horseback along the drifted road leading up the valley; tired and almost overcome by the cold, gladly he saw the cheerful light of his home streaming out through the flurrying snow, a beacon light to guide him amid the coming darkness. With a sigh of relief he jumped

from his horse, and gave the faithful beast to the charge of his son, who came to meet him. Never had his home seemed so grateful to him as now, when tossed and buffeted by the storm without, he feels the warmth from the fireplace within. The huge logs glow and flame on the hearth, sending showers of dancing sparks up the wide-mouthed chimney.

He sits down on the settle in front of the fire, and enjoys its heat and light, while the good wife busies herself preparing the evening meal. The kettle steams merrily on the crane, bubbling over and letting fall hissing drops on the fire beneath. The savory odor of the cooking fills the room. From the smoky rafters hang provisions for the winter, great hams, yellow corn, and strings of dried herbs, all betokening comfort and plenty. The rifle stands loaded in the corner, and the powder-horn is suspended from a nail, ready for instant use. No wonder our friend rejoices in his lot, as he surveys the fire-lighted room. His humble cabin seems a palace, a welcome resting-place after the work and perils undergone in the storm.

The settler and his family retire early, fatigued by the labors of the day. The lights in the settlement go out one by one. All are buried in sleep, forgetful of the raging storm and the dangers of border life. The very wildness of the gale grants protection from all perils and all foes. From all? Save the Indian. The fiercer the storm, the louder the gale, the more sudden and terrible will be the red man's night attack. As the storm cloud rolls down from the mountain tops, increasing as it flies, and sweeping all before it in unrelenting fury, so the Indian at midnight falls suddenly upon the unsuspecting village, and as quietly disappears into the forest leaving death and destruction behind him.

While the peaceful village is quiet in undisturbed slumber, a band of hostile Indians is gliding in single file through the forest, guided in the blinding storm by their chief, Old Bald Head, whose very name brings a shudder of fear to every settler in reach of his savage hand. A tall, fierce looking Indian without a single hair on his head, not even the scalp-lock dear to the red man. His bald head gave him the look of a demon, and as he marched at the head of his followers his eye glistened with vengeance and hate; a very panther creeping stealthily upon his prey all unconscious before him. Many a scalp has dangled at his belt and many a deed of cruel daring has

given fame and terror to his name. Many a home has gone up in devouring flames kindled by his revengeful hand. Now the blood-thirsty line approach the quiet village. Each one creeps up ready to strike his blow. For a moment all is silent as the death hovering over the sleepers within. Even the storm, aghast at the treacherous savage, lulls for a little, only again to rattle and roar with redoubled fury against the doors and shutters of the cabins, as if to rouse the unsuspecting inmates, and warn them of the lurking foe outside.

All in vain, the unconscious household sleep on. Then, without a warning, comes the blood-curdling yell, the pierceing war cry of the dread savage, borne on the wings of the wind to awaken too late the careless villagers. The fathers leap from their beds only to be struck down by the flashing tomahawk ; mothers with their babes in their arms are murdered in cold blood by the relentless foe ; death and destruction await them on every side. And now the crackling flames leap through roofs to shed a direful light on the terrible scene, and lend their torch to aid the savage in finishing his cruel work. With another yell, of triumph and not of warning, the prowling Indians hasten off, dragging their captives, women and children ; for the men have almost all perished, bravely defending their homes.

Such is the night attack of the Indian. Such the ruin and desolation caused by his hand. He will brave every danger and every peril that he may give vent to his anger, and satisfy his furious vengeance. He cares not for life nor upon whom his unrelenting tomahawk may fall.

The next day dawned bright and clear, both storm and Indian had passed away, and the sun in all its morning glory burst forth above the lofty mountains. What a contrast to the night before when death and carnage reigned supreme! The survivors of that awful scene gathered together and viewed the smoking ruins in mournful silence. Gone were their rude but comfortable homes, destroyed their barns and storehouses, those dearest killed and carried away captive. In silence the sorrowing tears coursed down the bronzed cheek of the men standing about. Their grief seemed too heavy to be sustained, and for a time they were completely overwhelmed ; but the hardy settlers do not long remain inactive. Messengers on snow shoes make their way to the neighboring villages, aid is summoned, and, before the sun reaches the zenith, a

small band set out in pursuit of the Indians. They wind in single file through the primeval forest as yet untouched by the axe of the encroaching white man.

When the afternoon had nearly passed, and the wintry sun was about to set, they see ahead one solitary Indian wending his way among the noble trees, now increasing his speed as he hears his pursuers panting behind him. He reaches the summit of the mountain they are traversing, and still ahead of the band making every effort to capture him, halts for breath upon the craggy top. A precipice of sheer rock separates him from the whites. The rays of the setting sun light up the countenance of the Indian, as tall and scornful he leans against a tree.

With a shout the men below cry, "Old Bald Head!" At the same moment a rifle rings out echoing and re-echoing through the forest. The noble Indian staggers and falls, while the life blood leaps from the bullet wound in his side. Slowly he draws himself to his full height, and speaks: "Old Bald Head can meet his death like an Indian brave. Not so the cowardly white man. My spirit will go with the setting sun to the Happy Hunting Ground. My wigwam shall see me no more. My tribe will mourn, the whites rejoice. My vengeance is not yet full. There is still one arrow in my quiver: death shall it bring to you." With these words he draws the arrow to the head in one last effort, the bow twangs, the shaft hisses through the air and buries itself deep in the breast of one of the band below.

Together they fall, the white man beneath, and on the high cliff above, the dying Indian, whose blood coursing forth in a crimson tide stains the white rocks of the precipice. Silently and sadly the band bear away to the nearest settlement their fallen comrade; but the Indian is left alone, dead. The mournful wind blows through the trees whose limbs crack and groan in the blast. The owl hoots on the lonely mountain. And now the shining moon rises above the tree-tops, and bathes the forest in silver light. But the Indian lying half over the edge of the overhanging rock is unconscious of all. His spirit has been borne away to the land of his hopes, like the setting sun to rise again, but in the Happy Hunting Ground.

To this day this place is known as Bald Mountain, and the cliff where the Indian met his death, stained by his blood is called the

Red Rocks. Tradition says that on a winter's night when the moon shines clear and full, the shadowy form of a tall Indian steals about amid the trees, and when a louder blast than common whistles over the steep rocks, they say it is the whizzing arrow of Old Bald Head.

An Awkward Predicament.

Third Prize Story.

It was during my first year at college, that I became acquainted with Paul Gilbert. Soon after our introduction we became fast friends, and were often to be found vis-à-vis in our respective rooms. Paul was a fine fellow, frank, bright, and popular. It was not long before I invited him to spend a few days at my home near by. He evidently enjoyed the visit, for I had two pretty sisters, both of whom were exceedingly attractive. He seemed quite pleased at my little attention, and vowed the next time he went home I should be his companion. Suffice it to say that Paul Gilbert was not a rich fellow, and as he lived several hundred miles from the college he could afford to go home but seldom.

In regard to our studies we were classmates, but in point of rank he stood head and shoulders above me who, I am ashamed to say, was never anything at lessons. But this fact did not in the least interfere with our friendship, and we continued David and Jonathan like.

Well, time sped on, and the winter passed away. We both were quite athletic at heart, and in the spring we could often be found working hard at the gymnasium. In strength I would say I was the superior; but then Paul's pugilistic ability was not at all to be despised, as I often found out at my cost. We never quarrelled, for my wits I soon found were no match for the sharper ones of my friend.

One day — it was not far from the Finals — when I entered Paul's room, I found him busily engaged in writing. Upon my entrance he cried out, tossing me a letter, "Just glance over it."

The writing was as beautiful as I have ever seen, and was evidently that of a lady. The note was a long one, but the part which particularly interested me was this passage: "Be sure to bring your friend with you. I should like very much to see the person to whom you are so much attached. I shall try to give you plenty of fun."

"What do you think of that?" Paul asked, looking up from his work.

"It's delightful," I replied. "I look forward with much pleasure to the time when we are to go."

Paul's home was situated in the charming town of C——, in the less thickly populated part of New York.

Well of course the time came to an end at last, and our Finals were taken — by me not very successfully, I am afraid, but by Paul with high honors — and finally we were off. It was a beautiful day in the middle of June. The birds were chirping cherrily and the air was soft and balmy. We took the cars for the long ride before us, and were soon deep in our papers. Every now and then we would fall into animated conversation about the scenery, fellow-passengers, etc., till at last we reached P———, where we were to change cars for C——. The change was made to our satisfaction, but just after we had seated ourselves Paul started up with the exclamation, "I've forgotten to telegraph to Gertie," and without further words dashed off in the direction of the telegraph office some distance away. In a few moments, however, the train started, and as Paul did not immediately join me, I supposed he had only managed to catch the rear car, and would soon be at my side. But as the minutes went by and no Paul appeared, I began to get anxious, and got up and walked through the cars, but no trace of Paul Gilbert. Well, what was I to do? Of course the cars ran quite often, and Paul could not be delayed but a few hours at the utmost. I had to satisfy myself with this reflection as I slowly returned to my seat. But what was I to do meanwhile? Go to a hotel? There might be none. Go to the house? Mrs. Gilbert surely expected me. Yes, that was evidently the proper course to pursue. So I settled down again in my seat, and busied myself watching the different places through which the train was rapidly speeding. Soon the stops became less frequent, and my patience was at last

rewarded, and the cars coming to a stand-still I descended to the platform.

As the train puffed away in the distance I looked about with considerable interest. On every side the most picturesque views met my eyes; the majestic river which wound in and out of the hills, dotted with sails, the high bluffs rising in decided prominence against the sky, the pretty little cottages, the patches of cultivated land, each rivetted my attention, and called forth an exclamation of delight.

I inquired at the office when the next train from P——— was due, and finding there were none for two hours decided to set out for the house rather than wait in the stuffy little room assigned for the purpose. So after ascertaining from the agent the way to the Gilbert's house, I walked at a brisk pace down the road in the direction of my destination. I drank in with delight the beauties of the country fields, fragrant with sweet-scented flowers, and watched with eager interest the lads at work in the meadows; sights quite strange to me, city born and bred as I was.

At length, after passing several little bare-footed boys playing along the roadside, I came in sight of Paul's home. At a distance of about two hundred rods from the house was a grove of lindens. On one side was a patch of delicious green turf soft and smooth as velvet, where in the shade formed by a cluster of young spruces lay a couple of Jersey calves chewing their cuds as they calmly viewed the magnificent prospect.

Upon approaching the house not a sign of life was visible. A hive of bees stood near an open window not far from the path leading to the door. I knocked loudly with the iron rapper which was in the form of a griffin. Not a sound. Upon receiving no response to my second and louder rap, I took the liberty of venturing in. When inside I paused uncertain what to do next. A room, probably the parlor, was on my right with its door invitingly ajar. I deposited my bag in the corner of the hall and, pushing the door farther open, stepped in.

I found myself in a large comfortable looking room adorned with tasteful pictures of rather an ancient appearance. In the middle of the room stood a large round table upon which were piled numerous books. I sank with a sigh of relief into a comfortable old arm-

chair, and gazed with interest around me. Everything had the look of refinement and taste. Vases of freshly plucked flowers, scarlet, blue, and pink, brightened considerably the appearance of the room, which was rather dark on account of the lowered curtains, and the room was filled with their fragrance.

Now, as you know, I was rather tired from my brisk walk; the room was rather darkened, the chair was *so* comfortable, and the bees hummed and buzzed *so* monotonously that I (well there's no use denying it), I finally fell asleep. How long I slept I didn't have the slightest idea, but I remember being called to consciousness by the monotonous hum of voices. I opened my eyes and listened intently. I was indeed the subject of a whispered conversation in which an Irish maid made several scathing remarks about strangers coming into people's houses, and sitting down in people's best chairs without as much as "by your leave."

On the matter's being put in this light I began to think that I was in a really embarrassing plight, and the sooner I was out of it the better. But before I could think of anything to improve my present situation, another voice — this voice fresh and charming, in marked contrast with the Hibernian accents of the first speaker — broke in, "But, Hannah, he surely looks like a gentleman and ——"

"Yis, shure, Miss Gertie, you'd be a defending the greatest rogues in the counthry becase they looked the gentlemin, shure an' ye would."

"But what *can* we do?" put in another voice, evidently that of a lady. "He may wake up at any moment, and what then?"

This was indeed the question, yet no one had anything to propose satisfactorily for the occasion. But they were about to take some decided measures at last, when suddenly a hasty step was heard coming up the gravel walk, and a hearty voice cried out, "Where are the welcomers of him who was lost and is now found again?"

It was Paul. I can't remember anything ever sounding so sweet as his well-known voice. I was awake in earnest now. I jumped up hastily, but found that the others had left me alone in their haste to welcome him.

I heard them all talking in a low tone a few moments, then all at once there came a loud burst of laughter from Paul; another and another, until I began to fear he was becoming insane. I indeed

began to feel very cheap that Paul had found me in such a plight; but upon his coming into the room I was welcomed by all amid much laughter; even the Irish maid condescended to look favorably upon me since I was Mr. Paul's friend. It seems that Paul's telegram was delayed, hence Miss Gertie's ignorance about my arrival. We had a pleasant laugh over the matter, and Paul has been forever twitting me about the affair.

My visit was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and when we returned to college I had obtained a half-reluctant word from Gertie (for I call her Gertie *now*) which made me feel as though my trials had not been without their fruits.

P. L. ATHERTON.

Two Priesthoods.

First Prize Story.

Rouen was a gladdening scene of regal festivity when King Henry II. — that most puissant monarch, sovereign of England and France — graciously honored the ancient town by his presence. Thousands of torches flared above its grey and dilapidated walls, illuminating the wide, rocky pathways that led to the imposing castle.

Within, all was merriment and beauty; here rose the gay song of the troubadour, and sounded the thrilling harp of the minstrel; there whirled the mazy dance, while here again groaned the festal board: the golden spurs of knights rung upon the oaken floor, chivalry and beauty were blended in mirthful pleasures; yet he who was wont to raise the song, to lead the dance, to be the life and soul of gaiety and gallantry, stood apart, strangely moody and silent.

When the jovial throng had departed, the heavy secrets of the king's mind were disclosed as he uttered those fatal words, "Is there not one of the cowardly knights eating of my bread that will rid me of this turbulent priest?" And, turning to his favorite, he burst forth, "I would to God, Clarence, that this stiff-necked, covetous class of psalm-singing hypocrites was cut off from the face of the earth."

The weary monarch retired to his royal chamber and pondered over the dire influence of the Romish priesthood upon his subjects, when an unknown knight stood beside him and said, "Come, behold the dread tribunal of the Pettaures." The speechless ruler turned to follow this bewildering guide. In those brief seconds, he was borne back through the overwhelming floods of the ages swiftly as

a meteor through space; numberless years sped by with lightning rapidity, and crowded decades, some red with war's dark stain, some obscured with gloomy shadows of pestilence and persecution, while others bright with happiness and prosperity, pressed on.

The dizzy hosts swept by, seeming to pause at those wondrous, shining decades brightened by the one perfect manly life, but to accelerate their ever-straining pace. Their shadowy outlines seemed stamped with the impress of men's forms and features; Caesar and Cicero, Alexander, Socrates and Demosthenes, Cyrus, Solon, and Nebuchadnezzar, shone through the shade of time, and upon the dark and swiftly-fleeting curtain of the ages, the lineaments of earth's most noble sons were portrayed, as these and others,— Solomon, Cheops, and Homer, Moses and Sesostris,— passed in briefest panoramic review before his eyes.

The guide took the king's arm; the shadows were dispelled, and together, rising, they soared away into that diamond-studdied dome of darkness, and southward straight across its perilous diameter, while far beneath slumbered the nations. Onward they swept on lightning's wings above the restless, murmuring sea, till they came abruptly face to face with cliffs standing, a massive, high, and perpendicular wall, to repel every advance; and soon appeared a man ascending the face of the cliff by the aid of little clefts cut into the rock. Following him they, invisible, ushered themselves into large chambers hewn out of the solid ledge. By the light of four vase-lamps, an imposing and impressive scene was disclosed. Directly facing the entrance sat ten venerable individuals whose patriarchal appearance, simple yet rich apparel, and honorable position pronounced them important personages. With heads uncovered, they sat like so many statues, silent, sombre, and solemn. Before these stood the person whom they had followed. His huge frame, clad in a tiger skin, impressed its image upon the minds of all, and, though evidently the prisoner, he seemed worthy the respect he commanded. Near the judges and ranged around them were a band of ordinary looking men, undoubtedly guards. A maiden sat leaning against the wall on the further side of the room. Though closely veiled and enrobed in flowing garments that enveloped her from head to foot, there was about her a certain innate grace, that showed in her very pose as her form so lightly pressed against the hard stone wall.

The brooding silence that reigned in the judgment hall was broken as one, stepping forth, announced the occasion of the assembly, which was the trial of Prince Konethtaur for various grievous and serious misdemeanors by the high priests of Parnisis and governors of the Pettaures. At this announcement one of the ten arose and addressed the assembly: "Oh noble priests and illustrious governors of the Pettaures, know ye that Dioplas arraigns and indicts this Konethtaur for his unpunished crimes." Then turning to the prisoner continued, "O guilty and dishonored one of the Pettaures, thine evil deeds have reached their climax. As the sun didst thou arise. The name of Konethtaur, noblest of the cliffs-men, was bestowed upon thee. Thy father's house was glad. The people rejoiced. Even the priests of Parnisis condescended to bless thee. As the sun after a day of conflict in the vapory regions is overshadowed and blood red in his departure, so shalt be thy leave of earth. In every one is placed a spirit which he may starve and destroy, or sustain and adorn. Thou hast seen fit in thine animal self-will and foolishness to trample upon and crush the spirit within thee. Thou wast the son of the nation's king, and held high position, but thine every act was aimed at the disgrace and dishonor of the high and noble class into which thy birth ushered thee. Thou wast a priest of thy nation's God, and into what obloquy hast thou dragged its priesthood? First thou didst abase thyself and shame thy parentage by making thyself a member of the hunter caste. And for what? Forsooth, to grasp the low pleasures which thy base heart could find amongst men of that degraded class. Hadst thou been aught but what thou art, thy spirit would long since have been liberated from so loathsome a prison-house. Vain, foolish upstart led away by the lust of thy despicable and licentious imagination, what next mischief didst thou design? Not more nor less than the destruction of the ancient and fundamental laws of this, thy people. Sunken as thou wast in guilt, disgraced from thy caste and rank, led and drawn along by fleshy lust and thoughts, without an honorable ambition in thy soul, cursed of men and marked out for annihilation by the God of thy forefathers, yet thou mightest have been restrained by some surviving instinct of thy people's need and life. But no, thou must add to the black category of repulsive crimes this death blow at its heart; thou must search

out an opportunity, though earth and sky conspired to conceal it, of wounding still further the life of the Pettaures by bringing amongst us this forbidden and proscribed thing, a strange woman.

"I know not the minds of others, but as for me, I would do with you as your ancestors did with those who broke the sacred law of purity, as you have broken the inviolable decree of the nation's purity and separateness, together you should die. Yet what a trifle is death compared with the magnitude of the crime. O villain, thou murderer of thy mother — thy mother-country; thou who turnest all the people to sin, and leadest the wicked and lawless further into crime, what shall I say to thee? Death is a soft, a gentle, yea, a trivial treatment of thee. 'Tis far too nice, delicate, and pleasant a remedy. Let others speak; my thoughts revolt from such a theme."

Dioplas was seated. Throughout this passionate harangue the one addressed had seemed entirely unconcerned.

With calm and moderate, yet severely resolute countenance. another member of that remarkable tribunal, at once judges and accusers, arose. Slowly he stepped forward and, facing the prisoner, began to speak:

"Listen, Konethtaur, to the words of Rakan, the friend of thy father's house. Six generations ago Arethmes, eldest son and heir of Pharaoh and high priest of Isis, left his paternal home and the loved country of his ancestors, bade farewell to the tombs of his fathers, and solemnly departed from his native shores with the boldest and best of his generation — a choice few — to seek a new and greater God, and to found a pure and separate nation on the foundations of piety and isolation. Forth he sailed upon the unsteady billows, long was he tossed between death and life, but finally his craft was guided to the God he sought; that God whose outward form, rising yonder at a single bound from the swelling tide into mid-air, forms a pillar of the wondrous gateway that restrains the mighty deeps and waters. Our great ancestors drew their bark upon the shore, unloaded their cargo, and burned their only means of retreat. These giant walls before and the great sea behind impelled them to formidable labors. Into the unwilling stone they clove their way, and from hard repulsion demanded and obtained shelter and homes. Arethmes then instituted a priesthood of the noblest of his band, and granted them power second only to

his own. 'Ye,' said he, 'shall be the sinews to bind the nation into a firm, harmonious whole.' And he made them holy and revered among their fellows, causing them to be pure, and devoted wholly to the service of our God.

"Now behold, O Konethtaur, in what thou art degraded, and in what thou hast done wrong, and perceive, also, the just demands of thy nation's injured honor and the priesthood's offended laws. Justice applies not to beasts, but powerfully appeals to reason. The constitutional elements of this people's existence are separateness and piety, and grievously hast thou maltreated both of these. Thou hast lowered thyself from the high and honorable position accorded thee by birth among thy nation's priests. Great and wise was Arethmes; strongly and deeply did he lay the foundations of his government and worship. A law he left us which declares, 'He who loses his father's caste shall die.' Again thou didst wrong, great and irreparable, when thou broughtest among us this strange woman, this one of another people. Yea, Konethtaur, better were it for thee if the wild beasts had torn thee than to return as thou hast. I have spoken enough to convince all and thee that I have not desired to destroy thy life." With dignity Rakan resumed his seat amid solemn silence.

After a short interval a third of the priests arose and stepped forth to speak.

"Teschet addresses thee, O condemned one, know thou, son of insolence, at the rising of the sun thou shalt die. Already the noose hath been prepared for thy neck; everything is in readiness, and soon the Pettaures shall sing of thy death as that of an enemy. What then wilt thou do for the maiden who has caused thy death? Wilt thou still be praising her while the cords draw up thy sinews, and thy bones are breaking? And will she, thinkest thou, sing of thee who brought her here while, urged on by the task-master's thong, she digs out of the hard rock her own grave and thine?

"Thou didst think fit to refuse the hand of the fairest of my offspring; how much has thy pride gained thee, indeed? Thy father now lies dying. Not a helper canst thou find. Yet life is dear to all, and especially to the young. The precept has been handed down to us from the ancients who dwelt on the banks of the bounteous Nile that man's life should be conserved at all cost.

We have ever been mindful of their transcendent wisdom, and I, as your judge, have diligently sought to preserve your life. To save thy life thou shalt humiliate thy self, acknowledging thy guilt before all the people, and shalt thenceforth carry husks to the hungry swine, till thy spirit desert thy bones. The option and entire responsibility rests with thee alone." With short, quick steps and consequential air Teschet returned to his place.

Then the silent prisoner, against whom all these invectives had been hurled, opened his mouth and spoke.

"O highly honored and worthy priests and governors of the Pettaures, timidly doth Konethtaur essay to address you, for well he knows how old and deep-rooted a custom he so violates; yet conscious of your power, and with all due reverence, doth he attempt his vindication. To thee, O Dioplas, would I first make answer. From beasts alone do we expect such outbursts of senseless rage. Passion is of all things most characteristic of beasts, and most unjustifiable in men; it blinds the eyes and darkens the understanding. See, then, how weak and foolish a being thou wert to men, O Dioplas, in thy paroxysm of anger. 'Tis a wise provision of nature that the weaker shall not destroy the stronger. Is it meet, thinkest thou, that any one of thy fellow-men should lose his life at the bidding of the weak passion of so weak an one as thou?

"Teschet, the son of a task-master; how came he here? Raised up by artifice and scheming; yet dares he to arrogate powers and honors superior to your own — vaunting himself your head and leader. I know thee, Teschet; schemer and plotter thou ever hast been, and wilt be until death; yet, realize that thy serpentine course is known to all; for thy crimes punishment has never been meted out to thee; thou hast stood high and strong,— great and sudden shalt be thy downfall. This is neither the time nor the place to consider thy base deeds. All pure men shrink from revolting recitals of cunning plots and wicked actions, and it is a credit to a man that all such as thee oppose him. I desire no greater aid in my vindication than the active, open hatred and opposition of all criminals, of whom thou art the chief. Rightly do we reserve the consideration of the most weighty affairs till last; so, Rakan, I now answer thee.

"Of true and most illustrious parentage to whom thou art an honor. The mention of thy name is pleasant to the pious.

Wise and moderate hast thou ever been in thy dealings, prudent and temperate in thy habits; a brave, kind, faithful friend, a good, loving parent; in all, honest, reliable, noble. It is a pleasure to me to reply to the reason and wisdom of thy speech.

"Thou hast fairly said that in defying custom and tradition,—losing my priestly rank and following the chase,—I worked a deep and serious wrong against your caste and sacred laws; yet shall any one of you deny the matchless wisdom of him who framed for you the law, or shall any one desire to do better than he? Do not the storied slabs picture the great Arethmes himself bearing home the spoils of the chase. Ye have all condemned my act of bringing home among you a woman of a far country, but who hath heard my case? Let me then state it to you once for all, that when ye have memories of my early death remorse may not gnaw at your vitals.

"One day after following the chase long and far, but unsuccessfully, I came upon a fountain surrounded with trees, on the edge of the desert, and while I rested there, a company with great beasts of burden appeared in the distance, and approached my resting-place. Nearer they drew with shouts and outcries, which I at first thought were rejoicings at finding water, but soon perceived to be sounds of a strife that centered around a great, white, burdened beast. Together the attacking and the attacked reached the fountain, where the conflict raged loud and long. At length one party, conquered and at once hastened forward to seize the white beast with its secret burden. Two men tore aside the curtains, and disclosed a maiden whom, struggling and crying, they seized and dragged forth with difficulty. They would have borne her to their chief who sat in state beneath a palm, but so fiercely did the maiden resist that they were quite incompetent; at this they grew furious, and began to be violent. At length one struck the defenseless maid with his bloody weapon. Then, with a warlike cry, I, unseen before, rushed out upon them. I slew and slew and slew, and those I slew not were seized with terror and did flee. I turned about, and there before me knelt in childish beauty this weak and helpless maid.

"Ye who have wives whom ye do guard and love, and children whom ye treasure, answer me this; could ye have left this poor, defenceless child upon the desert sands to die? If so, then will I think I did a wrong and culpable act, and I will welcome death in

any form; for when my people's priests and leaders shall have sunk so low, there will be for me no further joy in life. I know the law and custom of our people demands alike immediate sentence and fulfilment; yet I appeal to the omens of the morrow's sacrifice, and trust I have one friend at least to second me."

One of the priests arose and said, "Konethtaur appeals, and I, Dathrak, do indorse his just appeal."

The council-chamber was wrapped in deep stillness as the gathering waited for dawn, when only the death-council could dissolve. The hours dragged by with a melancholy slowness, till a messenger suddenly rushed in announcing the king's death to Konethtaur who immediately proclaimed his authority, and bound the priests. Invested with despotic power, Konethtaur abolished this intriguing and plotting priesthood, preserving alive Rakan and Dathrak only; but from that time forward the Pettaures gradually, almost imperceptably yet surely, declined, losing their former characteristic unity and strength, and at the death of Konethtaur ceased to exist as a people.

Thus the king perceived that the little empire which had waxed and waned among the stupendous boulders of Morocco's rocky shores crumbled to ashes and dreary ruin; that the stone-hewn chambers, once alive with the sounds of a cheerful and industrious people's life, fell into an utter dreariness of desolation, and that its judgment halls which once resounded to the noise of earnest discussion or solemn sentence became the habitation of slimy, crawling creatures, of the beasts of the field, and of the winged terrors of night.

The clang of arms and hoofs in the castle court, announcing the dawn of another day, recalled King Henry to new duties, but could not efface the impressions of his midnight visions. Time, indeed, rather strengthened them, for he ever after upheld and protected the priests as vigorously as formerly he had opposed them.

Halcyone.

Second Prize Poem.

Long years ago, for so the fable tells,
There lived within the smiling land of Greece,
King Ceyx, a peaceful ruler, but whose arm
Was ever first in battle to strike down
Oppressors and the common people's foes.
But he, now in the suntime of his years
And somewhat tempest-tossed by rough March winds,
Had opened all the windows of his heart,
While through their iron lattice-work there streamed
The morning sunshine of a woman's love.
So when the May winds blew and oped the flowers
With their sweet wooing, and the earth was glad,
And all was peaceful in the land of Ceyx,
He wooed sweet Halcyone, wooed and won,
But bowed a vassal to her merest smile.
Thus came, in warfare strange, a priceless crown,—
Defeat and victory, though both in one.
With all the love of her ripe womanhood
Did Halcyone love her warrior lord;
So in the summer they were wed, the two
Uniting force and gentleness. Short time
Was there for blissful honeymoon, for strife,
That through the evil of this world must come
With every calm, as follow ebb and flow,
Had broken in upon their perfect peace,
And borne the husband into foreign lands,

Where foul rebellion threatened to tear down
And cast aside all human law of good.
Long Halcyone waited by the shore,
Until no more she saw her husband's hand
That waved farewell, and all the ships had passed
Beyond the shining harbor, and the sails
Were swallowed up within the eager blue.
Then turned she sadly from the lonely shore
And sought her chamber, there to weep and wait.

And now the years had passed, and still no news
Came from the wandering ships, whether the gods
Had sent to them defeat or victory.
But Halcyone waited, hollow-eyed
And wan with waiting, for the bitter tears
Had written all her sorrow on her cheeks,
Whose bloom was gone. But still there burned a hope
Within those mournful eyes, as burns a spark
When all around are ashes. When the sun
Had ceased to smile his blessings o'er the land
And in the evening's dusk the air grew dense,
As with the waving of bright wings, she turned
Her weary eyes from harbor and from ships,
She drooped her golden head as listening,
And seemed to hear a voice say "he will come."
Upon the evening air arose a song
As of some soul bereft, and low she bent
Her ear to hear it, as it seemed to her
The straw which drowning men are said to clutch,
A last faint ray of hope, a voice heaven-sent,
A prelude to fruition, when the gods
Should smile upon her as they did of yore.

SONG.

Long, weary days have passed since fate
Hath torn asunder thee and me,
And borne thee in thy wingèd ships
Beyond the many billowed sea.

The ever slowly passing hours
Have brought to me their load of pain,
A sad face in the summer flowers,
And longing eyes that look in vain.

And when the flowers wither, still
When blooms are gone from shrub and tree,
I seek thee yet, with loving gaze
Across a mournful, sobbing sea.

But when the twilight's brooding gloom
Shall dimple into smiling morn,
O change my darkness into light,
And cheer my last hope newly born.

Ah, I might know that happiness,
Since thou art gone, so far from me,
If with the morning thou wouldst come
Adown the happy, shining sea

But now the song had died into the winds,
And with the ceasing Halcyone slept,
Tossing through all the night in troubled dreams.
Through all the night the warrior elements
Raved like wild demons, and the mighty deep
Lifted its million hands, and thundered loud
In wild acclaim against th' usurping land.
The cloudy, cheerless morning broke above
A tossing sea, a beach all strewn with wrecks,
And weeping wives and mothers on the shore.
Pale Halcyone waking, with a shriek,
Hastened to where the moaning billows rolled
The bodies to the feet of those whose tears
Were mingled with the brine, and on the waves
She saw her husband's body float afar,
But all his golden hair was streaked with grey,
That weltered to the blowing of the wind.
Then down she knelt upon the yellow sand,
And prayed the gods to spare her this great pain
She had not merited, and one above

Who heard in heaven that sweet prayer, sent down
His messenger to ease her wounded heart.

. . . . . .

Through the deep silence, when the evening came,
There flew above the foamy crested sea
Two Halcyon birds, that in the after-calm,
When Neptune raised his head and stilled the waves,
Built there their little nest in happiness.
And still the poets say the halcyon days
Come when the Father looks in pity down,
And soothes his sorrowing children to repose.

MAURICE CHAUNCEY WELLS.

Books.

President's Address.

What is more mysterious and enigmatical than that which is at the same time our servant and our master; which, while resting still and itself a clod, is full of life and vigor, and imparts needed instruction, counsel, and guidance; while patient and enduring, suffering the utmost neglect and abuse, never complaining of or even feeling rude treatment, is always full of the same comfort and advice, and withal of the finest culture and delicacy; always humble and unobtrusive, yet always a leader bold and unswerving, never retracting its sayings; and costing so much toil and labor, yet so free and open to all? Still, nothing is more common place, no possessions are more incident to anyone than books. They are everybody's and they are everywhere. It is these which are the wonderful puzzle where so much exists in so little. I take from my desk a small volume of one hundred pages. In the meagre space between those pasteboard covers live in a glowing existence the heroes and statesmen, the courts and castles, the magnificent equipage of royal pomp, the splendor of mighty battle-hosts, the world-swaying conflicts of the struggling nations of two thousand years ago. But for their books and literature, these primitive peoples and barbarous tribes would long ago have been sunken into utter oblivion. The obscurity that hangs over the forgotten Aztecs tells too well the fate of a nation that leaves no books to record its having been. Their monuments and remnants of civilization only stand as sad reminders of a race that no longer exists even in

the records of history. What has become of their letters is unknown. Everywhere, where the earliest rudiments of civilization has reached, that elementary humanity *has had* its books and literature in some uncouth form or other, and unless they parade in the letters of other nations, those rude tablets are the only connecting links that have held them in the far-extending chain of generations. Men and characters that have lain for centuries mouldering in their tombs, empires long buried underneath the dust of trampling ages, mighty battle-hosts and great commanders, whose everlasting fame illuminates the pages of my book, leap at its bidding into quickened sensibility, act, talk, and converse with us, and are animated with busy stir before our very eyes and ears. Thus through books the past lives in the present, and the long dark gaps between those antique eras and the modern world are filled with habitation and thrilled with bustling life.

And while they span in an instant the lapse of centuries and brightly vivify the retrospect, they are our companions in and of the present, and attendant upon our every wish. If we desire entertainment, they hold us spell-bound with thrilling narrative, or they are spiced with wit and humor. They make us laugh or cry at will, they cause us to reflect on heavy problems, or they divert our thoughts to relaxation and pastime, furnishing us labor or levity. If we would form a broad social acquaintance we have nowhere so open and immediate access to intercourse with and the fellowship of the worthiest and most renowned personages and characters as through the introduction of books. They make us shake hands with kings and princes, and entertain us at royal courts, show us the grandeur of existing temples and shrines, the gigantic productions of Egyptian, Persian, Greek, and Roman architecture, conduct us around the world, and show us every country and climate, with all its life and characters. If we desire so far to extend our acquaintance, we may know the peasantry, the middle classes, and the particular gentry of the upper-crust, or we may be so exclusively select as to confine our friendship to crowned heads and courtiers, rulers and statesmen, and men of art and letters at the topmost pinnacle of fame. We may skim the richest cream from our social milk, and the privilege of enjoying the bounty of all these great friendships is open to all, even the lowest, through the

avenue of books. Do not books then do, in this respect, more for man than man without books can do for his brother?

Stretching away and away, above, below, and all around us, farther than the human mind can ever begin to conceive of, should it think and ponder a thousand years on this alone, extends boundless, illimitable space, through whose infinite depths huge masses of matter whirl with headlong, reckless velocity, swifter than cannon-shot, swinging around that stupendous, fiery ball, the orb of day! What are these? Why do they always go in the same course, approaching only so near and no nearer? What is their distance from us? Are they inhabited worlds like ours? Books lift us from our sphere, bridge the aerial gulf that lies between the planets, transports us to them, and tell us of the forces that attract, repel, and hold them in their orbits. They tell us the billions of leagues that lengthen toward them, the wonderful creations of Jehovah. Are not our books wonders in themselves?

If you would prove it further, show an unlearned man a book. He will ask, "Who can remember all those mysterous letters?" Tell him there are but twenty-six, and he will still wonder at the words. While we marvel at and admire them, they silently teach us wisdom and philosophy. They are in themselves philosophers, while yet we have not lifted them from the desk or opened their covers, for their mute humility and reticence, when they are so much wiser than ourselves, casts an acrid reprimand upon our vanity and self-conceit. They teach us the lesson to hold our tongues until we are consulted. They are greater than mankind, inasmnch as they are wiser than their makers, for how often must an author turn to works of his own writing for information and advice. They are also the drill-masters of man for whatever occupation he may undertake; they direct and model our courses hand in hand with experience. If we begin without them, we set out from the middle of an uncultivated, trackless waste, and grope about in almost Stygian darkness to find the border land. We stumble through untilled fallow, and become too often entangled and maimed with bramble-jungles. Guided by books we enter trodden paths, and when we deviate from the main way to follow our own course, we enter upon it from a well lighted thoroughfare, and directed by skilful and trustworthy leaders. They discover and develop the

talents that lie hidden in our nature. They elevate us from childhood to ambitious youth, from youth to noble manhood, fill the branches of our life-tree with rich fruit that posterity may gather and store with benefit and gratitude, and the old trunks rejoice that they have brought forth good in their season. The more we read, the more we desire to read, and the fonder of books we grow until we come to love them. There have been men who have sacrificed all else to live and die among their books. Cicero was one of these. Scott wept at parting with his library. Men of letters in general guard their choice books as jealously as they do their dear little ones and friends.

Periodical reading, while necessary in the measure of current events, is apt to be desultory and scattered. The mind pursuing it becomes like a stream that enters a bed of rushes on a level meadow bottom, spreading among the grasses until it covers over a broad morass with no depth, everywhere clogged and muddy, resulting in a stagnant swamp generating fevers and malaria. The mind is likely to sprawl over too many and diverse subjects if it follows periodicals *in toto*, and once concentration is lost, the literary work of a lifetime is bartered for the laxity of an hour.

Ah, what careful descrimination ought we to exert in selecting a book for our library, for they are not all of the same cast; but the bad exists as well as the good, and in all too great frequency! We should be as chary in their choice as in the association with our daily companions, for such is just what a book once in our possession is likely to become. Select your volumes with care, and then make yourself thoroughly familiar with them, but we cannot enter at first upon reading too great a work. What madness it would be to stand under Niagara falls, and attempt to drink the volume of water as it thunders over the precipice! We should be instantly swept away in that powerful current. So, in a less degree, with an immature mind that begins the story of the nations with such great works as Merivale, Hume, Knight, or Gibbon have written. The reader is swept out of his course, and loses sight of the aim with which he started. But observe this, Carlyle says, "Read the book you do honestly wish and feel the *curiosity* to read." Pycroft says, "Follow your *curiosity* as far as it will lead you"; but adds the warning which I have given in gist above. But far above all

other books do we esteem and love that divine collection of books of so widely separated eras, to which humanity is indebted for Christian civilization, to which we owe our country, our constitution, our states, laws, and institutions, and from which, most to be prized of all, we learn the glad tidings of our hope in eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

OTHO G. CARTWRIGHT.

A Portion of Unrecorded History

IN A REMOTE PART OF THE WORLD.

I WAS seven years old when the events which I shall relate took place; but so indelibly are they fixed in my mind that the visions which I conjure up are so like the reality, that I seem to live that period over again. It was now 300 years since my ancestors had emigrated to Barbados in the West Indies, and enjoyed the arcadian life which characterizes that of a West Indian sugar planter. Peace had prevailed from the time it was settled, and during the different stages of its development, nothing ever occurred to excite the peaceful minds of the people. Africans had been imported, bringing with them their heathen customs. Superstition, witchcraft, and unbelief clings to them to-day in spite of the endeavors made to civilize them by the whites. At the time of my story they had been freed thirty-one years, during which time public schools were open to them, churches had been scattered over the island, and there were few but what could read. In this tropical climate, two garments constitutes the dress of the male. Men, women, and children go without shoes. Church attendance is good; but how little they benefit by it. Many may be found sleeping, others noticing trivial objects as children would do, and when singing commences every one has a share, and such voices as they possess, create a monotonous roar, rivaling in intensity a Barnum and Forepaugh's menagerie. Now and again spring up from this low scale of humanity, individuals who by their keen intellect and push, gain for themselves the praise of others and a good station in life. Such was the chancellor of the period referred to. Rising from a printer's apprenticeship, he became shorthand reporter for the courts. Then obtaining enough money he went to

England, and there studied law. Returning he was admitted to the bar, and to-day occupies the position of chief judge. Unostentatious, he lives a life of seclusion, and is seldom seen at public balls or elsewhere.

But this state of *dolce far niente* was not destined to last. The governors of the island who represented the queen, were all elected in Downing Street, London. It happened that Sir John Pope Hennessey, a Jesuit, was sent to rule over a people, all of whom were staunch Protestants. His first acts were to curry favour by giving of offices in the House of Assembly and by other means, and for a time nothing was expected to result from his administration. But holding the ideas of equality, he instilled into the minds of the ignorant classes that they were oppressed, and promising his aid he encouraged them to strike for higher wages. Unable to lead themselves, unable to understand the deeper motives of a man so superior to them in education and birth, they were at a loss to know their own object in their acts. Things began to look gloomy. Knots of men were to be seen gathered in secret places, avoiding the penetrating and anxious glances of their white brothers. Unarmed, and not expecting any serious trouble, no preparations were made. Work proceeded as usual, except that there were certain men missing from their usual posts. Opinions were divided. The majority held lightly the probability of any serious rising. But beneath the spray a deep current ran, whose waters, black as they appeared to the eye, were in reality many shades deeper. Evil seemed to be brewing in the air, and every breath was drawn cautiously.

At length the day arrived when the secret workings of a long premeditated rebellion had reached its climax. Thousands of men, women and children, could be seen in seething masses pervading the streets and principally the country roads. At every dwelling where a white man lived, they would halt, demanding money. In case they did not obtain it, armed with cutlasses and large clubs, they would enter the barns, outhouses and enclosures. Here they wantonly killed every animal they saw. Pigs, goats, sheep, cows, etc., were ruthlessly destroyed. No pains were taken for the direction of a blow, but promiscuously they struck at every living object. Animals were to be seen running across the yards with large gashes, their blood trickling down, shed to satisfy the mob's lust for slaughter. In

extreme cases, to enter the dwelling-houses and carry off all valuables, leaving what remained a mass of debris, was the work of a few daring men and even women, whose ardor could have achieved much for a better cause.

About 500 entered my father's plantation. Going up to them, unarmed, and with a $5 bill in his pocket, the ringleader commenced as in other cases, to address him as follows: "Give us money, or we take what we want." My father replied, "You may do as you will. I have $5, if that is of any use to you, you may have it." This small amount satisfied the men, and prevented them from doing damage to thousands of dollars worth of property. The leader gave orders to his followers to clear out of our yard, which they obeyed, not at the point of the sword, but at the end of the whip, for with this instrument he kept his men in order.

Turning their footsteps in the direction of my uncle's estate they entered the sugar factory. Rolling out many hogsheads of sugar, they cast them into a stream near by. Not satisfied with this, and taking advantage of the fact that the family were alone, (for my uncle had gone to one of the neighboring islands on business), they entered the house and scattered all the provisions around, such as rice, crackers, flour, and potatoes, which were kept in barrels. Then for the sake of showing their temporary predominance, they divested the children of shoes, stockings, and clothes, frightening them almost to death. These disgusting parades over, they took the best of all that was to be had, to their homes. Much being in the shape of furniture, knicknacks, etc., were of no service to them in their ignorance of their use.

This state of things continued for three days, none resisting, and many seeking refuge on board ship. At length the Legislative Council taking the matter in their own hands, ordered out the garrison of English soldiers, 2000 strong. Then came the change of the tide, at once serious and comic. Negroes were to be met everywhere returning stolen goods; others secreted them, and at the sight of a single red-coat, a crowd of this feeble-minded populace would scamper off. Devoid of arms, they were harmless in the presence of a soldier.

Prisoners were captured and the jails filled to excess. During the whole panic, the chancellor of whom I spoke in the beginning of the

story, stood by the whites, taking their part, and was chiefly instrumental in terminating the rebellion and punishing the offenders. In ten days quiet was restored. The home government was telegraphed, and the offensive Governor transferred to Hong Kong. Here he also instigated a disturbance, and was finally recalled by the government.

During the rebellion about five lives were lost. In two weeks after martial law was proclaimed everything had fallen back into the old grooves, and peace reigned supreme. To offer an apology for the listless manner which the pale-faces showed, would be audacity, for I should have to accuse them of cowardice. But it is a recognized fact that a little courage and immediate action would have quelled a rising which for its nothingness of purpose and undefined plan of action, deserves to have no mention in the island's annals; but the peculiar actions in both parties demand its preservation for future generations to contemplate, and thereby learn a lesson.

Here we have an illustration of the effects of "Foreign Rule." Unable to defend herself, the little island, twenty-one by thirteen miles, floats helplessly on the Atlantic, its affairs completely controlled by a foreign power, which, ignorant of its wants, is unwilling to trouble itself for its interest, committing an error and an irreparable wrong. The inconsistency of sending a man whose views ran so directly opposite to those of the inhabitants, is clearly seen by the results just chronicled.

And not in this particular instance alone is the despotism of the ruling power exemplified, but many a treaty has been attempted with America and other nations, but in vain; for so jealous is England of her possessions that petitions for the lightening of any of their burdens are simply treated as so much waste paper. No one as yet sees a solution of the difficulty, but may the day of deliverance be soon at hand.

J. Alick Mayers.

The Democratic Party.

ITS ORIGIN AND PRINCIPLES.

By Third Editor.

During the ninth Congress, which assembled on the second day of December, 1805, the first Republican party dropped their name, and accepted that of the "Democrats." The word Republican passed into disuse until later on in the history of our political parties, when, about 1853, the Anti-Slavery party sprang up under the name of Republican, which name it has maintained to the present time.

Four years ago the people defeated Blainerism, and placed the Democratic party in power, and during this four years we have had no Credit Mobiliers, or no Star Route Frauds. Under the watchful eyes of our President, immense areas of our public lands have been taken away from railroad companies and other corporations. The Republican officials had allowed valuable timber and grazing lands to pass into the hands of railroads which were constructed only on paper; but this business has been stopped, to the glory of the administration.

President Cleveland's state papers are marvels of conciseness; the power of analysis, the grasp of intellect, and the justice of his conclusions, lead the close observer to realize that Mr. Cleveland has done his entire duty as President of our glorious Republic. "A man singularly modest, ingenuous, honest, candid, sincere, good-natured and gentle, has been held up before the public as possessing the reverse of all these qualities. History will show Grover Cleveland to have been much the same sort of a man as Abraham Lincoln."

If in the course of my remarks you find that I differ from the ideas of some fellows, bear in mind that this country is the country of free speech, and that I am only speaking the political truth.

Permit me to say a few words on Protection.

This onerous system of protection is one of the greatest shams of the age. Its chief strength is in its name. But when you look into it you find that it is nothing but a mountain of government taxes so complicated that no one can thoroughly understand them. They are levied on nearly four thousand articles, and every one of these taxes raises the prices of the articies taxed, and it is paid by the people who consume them.

By increasing the cost of manufactured goods, the tax on raw materials prevents our manufactures from competing with those of other nations. Think of it!

The United States with every natural advantage, and an industrious, intelligent people, is prevented from obtaining the commerce of the world by this unfair system of protection. Already we are producing more goods than we can consume at home. I claim that this so-called system of protection does not protect, but it is treating the people unjustly and unfairly; it taxes one man for the benefit of another. The cost of the goods cannot be reduced, for a tariff stands like a wall to prevent. And I assert, that to-day the most protected industries pay the least to their laborers. In the great state of Pennsylvania, where a tariff has its greatest effects, the laborers are in great distress, and receive less pay than those engaged in unprotected industries.

It seems then that claims of the protectionist will not stand examination. We do not care to discuss this question as the philosopher or the student, but we wish to discuss it in a practical way. First take the taxes off from the necessaries of life, and then strike them off from raw materials, that our manufactures may be stimulated and a market for our labor created. This is the fundamental principle of the Democratic party.

Let us look for a few moments into that grand declaration of national principles and purposes put forth at Chicago in 1884, by the authorized representatives of the Democracy of every state in the Union, and on which the confidence of the people was secured, and a great victory won. Let us see first whether the charge that

the Democratic party is in favor of free trade, can be sustained; and second, if President Cleveland ever departed from the Democratic platform of 1884. The pledge of the Democratic party at the Chicago convention of 1884 to reduce the taxes of the American people was bold and righteous. It was made in a few strong words, "All taxation shall be limited to the requirements of carrying on the Government."

This policy was also the policy of its founders, the great leaders and statesmen of the party. It has the sanction of such names as Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Polk, Marcy, Silas Wright, Samuel J. Tilden and others, who by their commanding talents and lofty patriotism have adorned and illuminated American history.

Free trade, to a mind knowing the meaning of these words, signifies the repeal of all tariff laws, the abolition of all custom-houses, and a resort to direct taxation for revenue. If the Democratic party, with its record of more than fifty years' administration of the government and its frank and constant declaration of principles, is to be charged with the folly of free trade every time an attempt is made to modify a tariff which is so unjust in principle, the people before many years will clearly find out that such assaults are only made to divert public attention, and to bulldoze voters.

What is a protective tariff?

The reply might be that of an old Democrat, who, when asked what a Federalist was, said: "A Federalist, well, a Federalist is—is something agin nature."

It is claimed that this country has prospered under and because of protection; rather has she prospered in spite of protection, through her great resources and energy of her people. A laborer in this country, according to labor reports, is able to make two yards of cloth while the English laborer makes one yard. And the other argument that protection has been no advantage to this country, can be proven by the fact, that during the period in our history when the protective tariff has been abolished, has showed no falling off in its onward march of prosperity, but has had greater prosperity.

Let us examine the statement. During ten years of revenue tariff our manufacturing industry increased eighty-five per cent. During ten years of protective tariff our manufacturing industry increased but fifty-two per cent. This one fact is worth more than twenty pages of rhetoric, and I do not wish to discuss it longer.

President Harrison was elected by the Electoral College, and not by the direct vote. Mr. Cleveland received 95,449 more votes for President than Harrison, and yet some people are trying to tell us that the majority of the people are in favor of protection (so-called). Let us look over the Democratic platform .

"The Democratic party stands for those fundamental principles of popular government to maintain which it was founded. It stands for a strict construction of the Constitution, for the right of local government, for universal suffrage, for a government of limited powers but shared by all, for economy and simplicity in the administration of the government, for low taxation, for religious and commercial freedom. It stands, in short, for those great principles of government securing the liberty and equality of all the citizens and the true greatness of American democracy first formulated by Thomas Jefferson and now upheld by supporters of the Democratic party."

With these sound principles the Democratic party can never die, and it will fight the tariff question until victory has been perched upon its banner.

For right is right,
  Since God is God,
And right the day must win.
  To falter, would be sin!

Editors' Review.

Another temporary change has taken place this term in our Faculty. The kindly face of Dr. Bancroft has been missing at our morning chapel exercises. He left us about Christmas for his trip abroad, and will probably remain away until the beginning of another school year. His vacation is indeed well earned, and he may justly look back with pride upon the progress of this academy under his management. The course has been extended and laid out upon a definite system, and with a definite end in view; the field of the Scientific Department has been broadened; the teachers have been organized into a Faculty; the attendance has greatly increased; the whole institution has been advanced to the foremost place among the preparatory schools of America.

Several interesting letters have been received from his pen, descriptive of his journey, by the *Phillipian*, and his letters for next term will be pleasantly anticipated by all, especially by those of us who graduate this year, and leave Andover perhaps never to return.

On account of the absence of Dr. Bancroft, his duties as Principal have been performed jointly, by a "triumvirate," composed of Profs. Coy, Graves, and Comstock (Prof. Coy being at the head). Although our Principal is greatly missed by all, the school has gone on with the customary lack of friction, and the "triumvirate" arrangement seems to work well.

Prof. Graves was welcomed back by all the old boys, and has now assumed his accustomed duties at the head of the Scientific Department.

Mr. Kimball has been thoroughly initiated, and has proved himself to be a competent instructor. He seems to be well liked by those who come under him, and is likely to become a permanent member of the Faculty.

Philo has had a comparatively prosperous term this winter. Pres. Cartwright has presided ably, and has shown a thorough acquaintance with the rules of parliamentary procedure. Attendance has increased over last term as is usually the case in the winter, when out-door sports are for the most part abandoned; yet it is a lamentable fact that out of a school of over three hundred and twenty men, hardly one fourth belong to Philo, and the average attendance does not exceed one third that number. Men attend school for the purpose of preparing themselves for life, but a large number seem to think that, if they only get along fairly well in their studies, that is all that can be expected of them, and forget that a man, who derives his education from books alone, is the most ignorant of men. They pursue certain studies for the same reason that they change the style of their neckties or the shape of their hats—because it is the fashion, because others do it. They never think of making a practical application of what they learn, and the result is the number of college educated men who actually do not know enough to get a living.

Philo offers a man a chance to acquire what he will find invaluable both in college and in after life, — the faculty of ready thought, and the ability to put that thought into correct and forcible language, and, if interest is taken in the debates, the questions are such that he cannot fail to acquire a more thorough knowledge of his country's affairs, and of the proceedings of the world in general.

We sincerely hope that the attendance of the fellows and their interest in this society will be increased, and we are sure that no one will ever regret the two or three hours a week he spends in Philo.

The Society of Inquiry during the past term has shown a very encouraging report. There has not only been a large and constant attendance, but also much more enthusiasm in religious work than

has ever before been shown in this academy. The time has been fully occupied from the opening hymn until the close. So great indeed has been the spirit of religion among the fellows, that meetings have been held in some of the houses throughout the town.

In Y. M. C. A. also the work of the past term has surpassed that of all others. There has been a large increase in the roll of the society, and a constant attendance on the part of its members. The interest also has never once flagged during the short half-hour which the meeting lasts, one fellow rising to speak or pray as soon as the other is seated.

This is the kind of religious spirit we want here in Phillips Academy, and the more of it we get, just so much the more will the whole school feel the benefit of it. A delegation has been sent to Worcester which brings back the report that our society compares favorably with others at different schools and colleges. In short, we have every reason to believe that religious feeling in the school is rapidly increasing, largely through the efforts of Inquiry and her sister society Y. M. C. A.

As the early days of the term lengthened into weeks and the longed-for snow-storm still held off, the chances for the annual sleigh-ride of the senior classes began to look rather dubious; but a snow-fall about the middle of the term set their minds at rest, and they hastened to take advantage of it. As usual, the gods smiled on '89, and the night was perfect. A dinner was served at the Merrimac House in Lowell, after which toasts were responded to by Profs. Coy and Graves, and members of the class. A fine time was enjoyed by all who participated, and the "wee, sma' hours" were rapidly growing longer when the party arrived in Andover, tired but satisfied.

We will add our little quota to the *Phillipian's* semi-occasional articles on the gymnasium. Every time we visit it we cannot help

wondering whether the proprietor of some third class Roman gymnasium of about 50 A.D., would recognize any of his old apparatus if he should be brought to life again, and our venerable "physical developers" (?) should be shown to him. Tradition has it that the most of the present fittings were purchased second-hand about twenty five or thirty years ago, and their appearance certainly tends to confirm the legend. What a tale those ancient parallel bars, those aged chest weights, might unfold, if gifted with the power of speech; how the Pilgrim Fathers 'got up' their muscle and 'trained' to meet the bloody red man in the early colonial days; how much of the endurance of our Revolutionary ancestors was due to them, and how many celebrated men of the 18th century owed their health to their daily exercise with them, etc. However, if the scheme proposed by the *Phillipian* works well, our children may perhaps enjoy greater advantages for physical development at Andover than we do now. The *Phillipian* has taken upon itself a heavy load, and great energy and much time will be necessary to carry it through to anything like a successful conclusion. We offer our best wishes for the success of its self-imposed task, and most earnestly hope that an interest in the matter may be aroused among the alumni.

Winter sports out of doors have not turned out very well this year. We have had almost no coasting, and comparatively little skating. Notwithstanding this fact, the attendance at the gymnasium has also been very poor. The fellows can hardly be blamed for not spending much time in such a gymnasium as ours; but yet exercise ought to be had in some way, and we must make the best of the means at hand. Mr. Pettee offered to take a class in dumb-bell exercises and club swinging; but as the number of men who cared enough about it to come regularly was very small, he discontinued it entirely.

Mr. Dole, the boxing teacher, has made us two visits this term, and was successful in getting quite a large number of pupils. Mr. Kengott of the seminary, has also taken a class. The effect of this training in the 'manly art' was seen in the improvement of the boxing in the tournament this year, over that of last winter.

It is now our turn to write on the *Phillipian*. It still holds the esteem of the school, and can be compared, not only with preparatory-school papers, but with many college papers. It is free from college slang, and devotes its influence to the school in general. We think the mode of electing editors an excellent one; for competition is the only fair and right way of electing predecessors.

Not too much praise can be given to the editor-in-chief for his good management and faithful work. The board of editors are now trying to work a scheme for a new gymnasium, and if the friends of "Phillips" respond in a liberal way, there will be no doubt but that in a few years Phillips Andover boys will enjoy a new gymnasium. We urge more fellows to subscribe for the paper, as it represents every part of the school, and it should be patronized by every fellow in Phillips Andover.

We take great pleasure in presenting as our frontspiece a photogravure of Prof. E. G. Coy, our Greek instructor. Although a long account of his life would be out of place here, a few lines cannot fail to be interesting to all those who come in contact with him.

He was born at Ithaca, N.Y., in 1844, and fitted for college at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, graduating in 1864. He graduated at Yale in '69, and taught during the following year at Chickering Institute, Cincinnati, O.; then a year at Williston Seminary and the next as tutor at Yale, coming to Andover in the fall of '73. He has been very successful here as a teacher, and is universally esteemed by his pupils, past and present, who have found in him not merely an instructor, but a kind and faithful friend.

We desire to express our thanks to Professors Eaton, Wells, and Pettee, who kindly acted as judges. It is a task taking considerable time, and shows an interest in the school and the fellows themselves which we think is appreciated by all of us. Their decisions we feel sure will meet the approval of the school.

The first prize of $8 for stories was awarded to W. B. Parker; the second, of $2, to J. H. Field. The first award for poems was given to Mr. Allen for the poem entitled "Sunrise on Mt. Blanc"; the second, to M. C. Wells for "Halcyone." Mr. Gilbert's cut on "The Valedictorian's Labor, etc.," recieved the first award. Mr. White received second for a cut entitled "Carty's Hand," which we regret to say was drawn in ordinary ink, and therefore rejected by the engraver too late to be copied. Mr. Osgood's, '90, cuts on the "Philanthropist's Legacies" was mentioned as third. Mr. Noyes was the lucky man in "Grinds," and received $3 for his contributions. We also publish a story by Atherton and one by Mayers, and cuts by Evans and F. B. Turner. We are indebted to Mr. Grant for the cuts at the head of the Athletic Association. The competition in cuts was good, and we are able to offer a very good selection. The number of stories and poems contributed was smaller, but for the most part, we think, excellent in quality. The prize for Grinds was successful in drawing out several hundred, of which we print a larger number than usual, thinking that a book of this kind, issued about the time the heavy work of the term is none the worse for a little extra light reading. We cannot acknowledge all the grinds, but we are principally indebted to Messrs. Ahlers, Mayers, and Tyler, and the winner of the prize Mr. Noyes.

The winter tournament came off March 16, and proved to be a success, although many had predicted its failure, on account of the slowness of the entries, and the sickness of some of the best men. It was prolonged until very late, and part had to be postponed. We think it would be a good plan, hereafter, to divide the events between two different half-holidays; for instance, putting the boxing and wrestling on one day, and the rest afterwards, as is done at most large schools and colleges.

The winners were as follows; but as the former records have not been kept in any systematic way, we cannot compare them. This is something that demands the attention of the school, and some means ought to be provided to keep these records correctly.

ORDER OF EVENTS.

Light Weight Sparring, Wheeler, '89.
Middle Weight Wrestling, Foss, '91.
Heavy Weight Sparring, Alexander, '90.
Feather Weight Wrestling, Stevens, '91.
Heavy Weight Wrestling, Brown, '91.
Middle Weight Sparring, Alexander, '90.
Light Weight Wrestling, Sanford, '91.
Fence Vault, 6 ft. 7 in., Foss, '91.
Putting the Shot, 32 ft. 6 in., Coxe, '89.
Parallel Bars, Hassenzahl, '89.
Hitch and Kick, Coxe, '89, Townsend '91. Postponed.
Indian Clubs, Foss, '91.
High Jump, 5 ft. 1 in., Coxe, '89.
Horizontal Bar, Hassenzahl, '89.
Tumbling, Rowley, '89.
Trapeze, Cartwright, '99, Moore, '89, Foss, '91. Postponed.

AWARD OF PRIZES BY JUDGES,

Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Pettee, Mr. Kimball.

Base-ball Scores, 1879–1888.

P. A. versus P. E. A.

We publish the following scores from records found in the *Phillipian* vols. I. to X. inclusive. They show what those who have gone before us have done, and will perhaps be of interest to lovers of our national game. It will be seen that of the ten games Andover has won seven and Exeter three; the average score being 10–5 in Andover's favor.

This spring another game must be played, and it is evident from the *Exonian* that Exeter looks forward to it with a good deal of confidence. Last term our prospects also were very bright, but the sickness of several of the best candidates for the team, and their subsequent withdrawal from school, has rather darkened our outlook. But much depends on the hard and earnest work of each member of the nine. We have a captain on whose efforts we may all rely; our material is good, and although the game is to be played on Exeter's grounds, we may reasonably hope that next term will witness yet another victory over our old opponents.

1879. 10—2.

P. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Rogers, c.	5	2	1	5	3	3
Manning, 3 b.	5	0	2	1	2	1
Thompson, 1 f.	5	0	0	1	1	1
Huntington, 1 b.	5	2	3	11	0	0
Ogden, 2 b.	5	4	1	4	4	0
Warren, ss.	5	0	1	3	2	1
Robinson, cf.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Parrott, lf.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Mills, p.	4	0	1	0	6	1
Total,	44	10	12	27	18	7

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Shattuck, p.	4	0	0	1	9	2
Byington, c.	4	0	1	7	2	5
Towle, 1 f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Bright, 2 b.	4	0	0	5	0	3
Plimpton, 1 b.	4	2	1	13	0	0
Jennison, cf.	3	0	1	0	4	7
D. Merrill, 3 b,	3	0	0	1	1	2
J. Merrill, 1 f.	3	0	1	0	0	1
Byron, ss.	3	0	0	0	6	1
Total,	32	2	4	27	22	27

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. A.	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	4	2	10
P. E. A.	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2

1880. 9—0.

P. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Reymer, 3 b.	3	0	0	2	0	1	0
Robinson, ss.	3	0	1	1	0	1	0
Wilcox, c.	3	1	2	5	5	1	1
Nichols, 1 b.	3	0	0	0	8	0	2
Strong, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	2	2	0
Brown, lf.	2	0	0	0	2	0	0
Blogett, cf.	2	0	0	2	2	0	0
Parkhurst, r.f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Halbert, p.	2	0	0	0	1	4	1
Total,	23	1	3	10	20	9	4

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bright, p.	3	0	1	2	0	10	2
Lovering, lf.	3	1	1	4	0	0	0
Bowman, ss.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Bales, cf.	3	0	2	4	0	0	0
Hamlin, c.	3	0	0	1	8	2	1
Phillips, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Foote, 1 b.	3	0	1	3	5	0	0
Denfield, rf.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Bean, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total,	28	1	5	14	18	11	3

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. A.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	–	–	1
P. E. A.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	–	–	1

Exeter refused to play in seventh inning, on account of alleged unfairness of umpire.

1881. 13—5.

P. A.

	A B.	R.	B.H.	E.	P.O.	A.	T.B.R.	T.B.H.
Strong, 2 b.	5	1	3	3	3	0	9	4
Peck, rf.	5	2	0	1	1	0	9	0
Pi Yuk, cf.	5	3	2	0	0	0	12	4
Fuller. 1 f.	5	2	3	0	2	0	10	3
Halbert, p.	5	2	2	0	4	6	10	3
Pinchback, 3 b.	5	3	2	1	2	3	14	2
Stewart, 1 b.	5	0	2	0	10	0	7	2
Watson, ss.	6	0	1	2	1	5	3	1
Parkhurst, c.	5	0	0	2	4	1	0	0
Total,	46	13	15	9	27	15	74	19

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	E.	P.O.	A.	T.B.R.	T.B.H.
Allen, 3 b.	5	0	1	4	2	0	5	1
Phillips, 2 b.	5	0	0	2	3	1	3	0
Chinn, ss.	5	1	1	2	0	1	4	1
Bales, lf.	4	1	0	1	2	0	4	0
Merrill, c.	4	2	2	6	8	2	13	2
Alder, rf.	4	1	1	0	1	2	9	1
Pritchard, cf.	4	0	1	0	4	0	2	1
Boyden, p.	4	0	1	0	0	7	2	1
Peters, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	7	1	2	0
Total,	39	5	7	15	24	14	44	7

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. A.,	5	3	0	0	0	1	0	4	–	13
P. E. A.,	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	0	5

1882. 5—7.

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	E.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gleason, ss.	4	0	2	1	2	1
Weeks, 3 b.	4	2	1	4	1	3
Peters, c.	4	0	0	5	3	3
Phillips, 2 b.	4	0	0	5	2	1
Parker, 1 b.	4	0	0	8	0	0
Varick, rf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Prichard, p.	4	1	0	0	5	2
Bales, cf.	3	1	1	2	1	0
Stuart, lf.	3	2	0	1	0	0
Total,	34	7	4	27	14	10

P. A.

	A.B.	R.	E.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bremner, c.	5	0	1	13	2	3
Wilcox, 3 b.	5	1	1	0	1	4
Watson, ss.	5	0	1	1	1	1
Young, rf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Stewart, 1 b.	4	1	1	8	0	0
Hickox, lf.	4	1	1	0	2	1
Harris, 2 b.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Morley, cf.	4	2	0	0	0	0
Vinton, p.	4	0	1	0	8	2
Total,	39	5	7	25	15	11

1883. 16—5.

P. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Taylor, 3 b,	6	3	0	0	1	1	0
Carleton, c.	6	2	1	2	12	6	2
Knowlton, 2 b.	6	1	1	1	2	4	1
Vinton, p.	5	2	2	5	2	14	0
Olney, lf.	6	1	1	1	0	0	0
Noyes, ss.	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
King, cf.	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Merrill, rf.	4	2	0	0	0	0	0
Velie, 1 b.	5	2	2	2	9	0	1
Total,	48	16	10	14	27	25	4

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Prichard, p.	5	0	1	1	2	9	4
Bales, lf.	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Varick, c.	4	1	0	0	9	3	5
Willard, cf.	4	1	2	3	0	0	0
Knapp, 2 b.	4	2	2	2	0	0	1
Pennypacker, ss.	4	1	1	1	1	3	5
Butler, 3 b.	4	0	1	1	2	4	3
Honore, rf.	4	0	1	1	1	0	2
Peters, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	11	0	2
Total,	37	5	8	9	27	18	23

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. A.,	1	2	0	0	2	1	1	2	7	16
P. E. A.,	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	0	5

1884. 13—5.

P. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Taylor, 3 b.	2	3	3	4	1	0	2
Stearns, c.	5	1	0	0	14	4	1
King, 1 b.	5	0	1	1	8	0	1
Vinton, p.	5	1	0	0	1	17	3
Noyes, ss.	5	2	2	3	0	2	0
Beckwith, 2 b.	5	1	2	2	3	2	1
Odlin, rf.	4	2	0	0	0	0	0
Wallace, lf.	4	2	2	2	0	0	0
Garside, cf.	3	1	0	0	0	0	1
Total,	41	13	10	12	27	25	9

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Williams, c., lf.	4	1	0	0	2	0	2
Wurtemburg, ss.	5	3	2	2	2	3	0
Jennison, lf., c.	4	0	0	0	7	0	1
Stagg, p.	4	0	1	1	4	10	5
Foss, 1 b., 3 b.	3	1	0	0	6	0	0
Honore, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	2	1	1
Durant, cf.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Moulton, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gill, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	3	2	5
Total,	37	5	4	4	27	16	14

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. A.,	2	0	6	0	0	0	0	1	4	13
P. E. A.,	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	5

1885. 1—9.

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Huntington, 2 b.	5	1	2	2	3	3	0
Shinnick, lf.	5	1	2	3	1	0	1
Kelley, p.	5	5	4	5	0	10	0
Cook, cf.	5	1	3	3	0	0	0
Morrison, 1 b.	5	2	1	1	14	0	0
Moulton, ss.	4	1	1	1	2	1	0
McClung, c.	4	2	3	3	5	6	1
Joline, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Clark, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	2	5	0
Total,	41	9	17	19	27	25	2

P. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Knowlton, c.	4	0	0	0	2	2	2
King, cf.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Johnson, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Noyes, ss.	3	0	0	0	0	5	1
McNeill, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Perry, rf.	3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Weyerhauser, p.	3	0	2	4	0	6	1
McBrier, 2 b,	3	0	0	0	5	3	2
Merrill, 1 b.	3	0	0	0	15	0	0
Total,	29	1	4	6	24	17	7

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. E. A.,	0	0	2	1	1	1	4	0	–	9
P. A.,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1

1886. 6—7.

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wurtemburg, ss.	4	2	2	2	1	1	1
Dana, cf.	4	1	2	4	0	0	1
Shinnick, 3 b.	3	1	1	1	0	1	1
Huntington, 2 b.	4	1	1	1	1	5	1
McClung, c.	2	1	0	0	10	1	6
Park, p.	3	0	1	1	1	9	6
Ewing, rf.	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Pettee, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Morrison, 1 b.	3	1	0	0	12	0	0
Total,	31	7	7	9	27	18	16

P. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Luce, ss.	5	1	1	1	0	1	0
Aldrich, p.	4	1	1	1	0	11	8
Johnson, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	2	4	0
Knowlton, c.	2	2	1	1	11	3	1
McNeil, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
Grimes, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Flemming, cf.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Brainard, 1 b.	4	1	0	0	10	0	0
Perry, lf.	4	0	2	3	0	0	0
Total,	34	6	6	7	24	20	13

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. E. A.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	6	–	7
P. A.	2	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	6

1887. 22—6.

P. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mowry, lf.	6	1	1	3	0	0	1
Aldrich, p.	6	3	3	5	1	15	4
Knowlton, c.	3	2	0	0	15	2	1
Stearns, cf.	7	2	2	3	0	0	1
Luce, ss.	6	3	3	6	0	2	0
Grimes, lf.	6	2	0	0	2	0	0
Poole, 2 b.	4	2	1	1	1	3	1
Brainard, 1 b.	3	4	0	0	7	0	1
Shurmer, 3 b.	5	3	2	2	1	0	1
Total,	46	22	12	20	27	22	9

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McClung, c.	5	2	2	2	12	2	6
Huntington, 2 b.	5	1	1	1	2	2	1
Annable, ss.	5	1	1	1	1	1	3
Freeland, 1 b.	2	0	0	0	9	0	2
Flagg, 3 b.	4	1	0	0	2	2	2
Dillon, p.	4	0	2	2	0	16	25
Cable, lf.	4	1	1	1	1	0	1
Franklin, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Knowles, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	37	6	7	7	27	25	40

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. A.,	1	3	0	2	2	8	4	1	1	22
P. E. A.,	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	1	6

1888. 6—4.

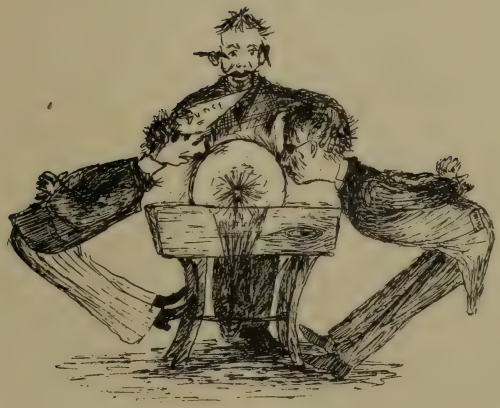
P. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dickerman, cf.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
White, 2 b.	5	1	2	2	0	2	0
Stearns, p.	5	1	1	1	0	19	1
Brainard, 1 b.	5	2	2	2	8	0	0
Merrill, rf.	4	1	1	1	0	0	1
Preston, lf.	3	0	1	1	2	0	1
Upton, ss.	4	0	1	1	0	2	0
Mowry, 3 b.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Gorman, c.	4	0	1	1	16	1	2
Total,	39	6	10	10	27	24	5

P. E. A.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Annable, 3 b,	5	0	0	0	2	3	2
Soule, ss.	4	0	0	0	3	1	0
McClung, c.	3	0	1	1	5	1	1
Pattee, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Locke, cf.	4	1	2	2	1	0	0
Flagg, 1 b.	4	2	2	4	13	0	2
Farquhar, 2 b.	4	0	1	1	0	0	4
Day, rf.	4	1	3	3	2	0	0
Hoyt, p.	4	0	0	0	1	11	0
Total,	36	4	9	11	27	16	9

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
P. A.	2	0	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	6
P. E. A.	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	4



Grinds.

The heartless editor grinds away,
He grinds by night, he grinds by day,
Until some think he grinds alway;
For in his sleep he's heard to say,
"Grind! Grind! Grind!"

"Egregiously an ass."
The fellow who does not buy this mirror.

"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is." *Bacigalupo.*

"Let us do it after the high Roman fashion."
Junior Middler (on polo question).

"I am not in the roll of common men." *The Senior.*

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray." *Ives.*

"He was as fresh as is the month of May." *E. W. Ames.*

"A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket," *J. D. Clarke.*

"For every why he had a wherefore." *Prof. Coy.*

"His age is about forty summers." *Mc Cord.*

"Thou art gone, and forever." *Ex-governor Russell.*

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."
A Philo Speaker.

"Now by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on."
The new gymnasium.

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."
E. C. 1–4.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."
When McDuffee flunks.

"The game is up." *Exeter.*

"Three merry boys and three merry boys
And three merry boys are we."
Addis, Cameron, Clarke.

"Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli."
Harrison versus Stearns.

"Positive, Park; comparative, Parker; all the world cannot furnish a superlative!!!"

"His hair just grissled, as in a green old age." *Bard.*

"Then spake the devil, yard-long-tailed." *F. K. Hollister.*

"There was a young man named Horne,
Who'd a beard ever since he was born.
When they told him they'd shave him
His courage quite failed him,
This peculiar young man named Horne.

"*Hirsutus*" *Horne.*

Atha (reading from Cicero): "By the immortal gods I swear!"
Prof. K.: "No, don't swear here."

"A college joke to cure the dumps." *A Mirror grind.*

"And the mark that he made on the ground where he sat
Measured just two and a half feet by three.
So it did, —
Just two and a half feet by three."

"*Fatty*" *Holland*, '90.

"And his head rattled round in his number five hat."

"*Kid*" *Morrison.*

"And his legs were as thin as the tail of a rat." *Fouse.*

"There was a young man named Brown,
Who for toughness had some renown.
And he chewed a quid,
Yes indeed, he did.
And for smoking he cleaned out the town."

"*Pretty*" *Brown.*

"Then he will talk; ye gods, how he will talk!" *Moré.*

"Blessings on him who invented sleep." *Bliss.*

"They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy."

German table.

"He knew himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme."
Cartwright.

"The more is meant than meets the ear."
Faculty meeting.

"He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."
Powell.

"I was not always a man of woe." *Moré.*

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
Sid. Farwell.

"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground."
The Fem. Sem. woods.

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me."
"*Crowley*" *Morrison.*

Something too much of this." *Sawyer,* '92.

"Man delights not me — nor woman neither."
Bremner, '89.

"It will discourse most excellent music."
J. D. Clarke.

"For I am nothing if not critical." *Addis.*

"'Tis neither here nor there." *Mayer's moustache.*

"Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go."
The Theologue on the ice.

"The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage."
Kimball in the Glee Club.

"Small Latin and less Greek." *Coxe*, 89.

Some are born great, *Fat Holland.*
Some achieve greatness, *Fat Sawyer.*
And some have greatness thrust upon them, *Big Billy.*

"Is most tolerable and not to be endured."
Berry House Chamberlain.

"Even there, where merchants most do congregate."
Pat Hannon's.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."
Bard when Megers plays the flute.

"With an enormous stride he courses the campus, spurning the earth. *Altissimum Turner.*

"The rankest compound of villianous smells that ever offended nostril." *That small building close by the reading-room.*

"The bold, bad man from Michigan." *Cobb.*

"The bottomless tank." *Marsh.*

"He does not drink, but how he can eat and talk."
Moody, '89.

"Mrs. Merrill's darling." *Darling*, '91.

"Who ever saw whiskers growing on a horn?"
Horne, '90.

"Oh, how witty (?)." *Ahlers*, '91.

"Would that words could describe him." *Babbitt*, '91.

"That I am both fresh and silly is very true."
Dove, '90, '91, '92.

"Marry, he trots hard." *P–tt–b–n*, '89.

"What should Prof. Gulliver preach about?"
About a quarter of an hour.

"He comes high, but we must have him."
Benbow, '89.

"A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years." *Noyes*, '90.

"He was the meekest of his sex — the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out to take up the less space. He carried his head on one side, partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of every body else." "*P—p.*"

"Conceited men are but as little boys in pants."
Dickerman.

"Infinite riches in a little room."
Contents of Noyes' head.

"Yet all the world who knew him wondered that he passed."
Hollister, 91⅓.

"The long and the short of it." *Turner and Holbrook.*

"Did I ever yet work an example right." *Gould.*

"I know it all." *French.*

"This certainly is a Theologue or a Theologue's brother."
W. S. Buck.

"I've fallen from my high estate." *Decker.*

"Master, we are seven." *P.S. '89*

"Three long hours I spent on Physics, but still I flunk."
Moody.

"Did anyone ever see us apart?"
Holland and Yardley.

"The more a man knows, the more the Prof. sticks him."
McDuffee.

"A wearisome condition." *Bishop.*

"Of what nature is this machine?" *Henning.*

"What is fresher than the flowers that bloom in the spring?"
Candee.

"Baldy to E. F. Page (referring to his eyeglass): "I say, Page, were you born so?"

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."
A. B. and T. B. Turner.

"*Wanted*: A label on "*alt.*" Turner to distinguish him from an infant. Also one on "Hazzie" marked "gas."

"The crow doth sing as sweetly." *Chapel Choir.*

"Hang off, thou Burr; vile thing, let loose. *Horton.*

"I pray thee, gentle mortals, sing again." *Glee Club.*

"Count that Sunday lost,
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No eight dollars and expenses won."

A Theologue.

"Don't be frightened when he opens his mouth."

Dodge, '90.

"Few and far between, but still they come."

Iwaya's moustache.

"Iterum siste. Set him up again."

Prof. Comstock.

"Googins' apostle. *Masher Bailey.*

"Beauty, truth and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity."

Haldeman.

"Behold a proof of Irish sense!
Here Irish wit is seen!"

Moody '89.

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look." *Holland.*

"Well, this is modest; nothing else than that.
My coat? my boots? my pantaloons? my hat?
My stick? my gloves? as well as my wits,
Learning and linen,—everything that fits!"

Taylor, '89.

"With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin."

Hunt, '90.

"Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux, and more;
The 'cad' himself has followed her,
When she has walked before."

Fem. Sem.

"I love Lillian too!" *Emerson*, '89.

"A conceited ass of the third degree." *Morgan*, '89.

"The Berry House boys want to get rid of him.

Chamberlain, '90.

"Little, but Oh, my!" *A certain Fem. Sem.*

"Pretty, but not old enough to go with the girls."

Lapham, '92.

"Unlike some fellow's,
He's not 'struck' on himself. *McCosh*, '89.

"I hail from the western plains.
I never had such a thing as brains.
You can tell "by gosh"
I'm as green as a squash,
Since I hail from the western plains."

Gilbert, P.S. '90½.

The P.A. Quartette

H. W. Kimball,	Basso Disgusto.
The Theologue,	Tenore Busto.
Baker,	Alto Monotono.
Malone,	Soprano Buzz Sawo.

Dr. Harrington recommends H. W. Kimball to take a Rhus toxico dendron vel Radican *pill* for his basso voco.

Funny to hear. — "Berry House" Chamberlain singing "Cat Malarity" on the back fence.

"A terrible end." *Towns–end*, '90.

It was Joe Bradley that retailed the shirt, but he can now re-tail it again. *The shirt that came out of the cane-rush.*

Fearfully and wonderfully made.

The School Orchestra.

J. D. Clark blows the cymbals, and Webber beats the floor with his foot.

Kimball is the general spittoon, and Little Gavie Campbell keeps it clean.

Cummings makes off by playing on the "fiddle," while Candee puts on a blooming smile.

"Please disband."

THE PHILLIPS GAS COMPANY.

President,	Windbag Torbert.
Vice-President,	Windbag Torbert.
Secretary,	Windbag Torbert.

Pork Mowry will serve as the Gasometer, and Blart Pettibone as the Gas-pipe.

Gas furnished at short notice. For further information apply to President Torbert.

Notice. — This company proposes to supply "gas" for boarding-house mistresses in order that they may keep up their "gossip!"

The Agony Quartette.

First Howler, J. D. Clark,
First Growler, John Benbow,
Second Growler, J. D. Cameron,
Assistant Growler, Rev. Craig.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS TICKET.

For Selectmen.

Faith Bailey, '89, Hope French, '89,
Charity Decker, '90.

For Fence Viewers.

Freddie Hollister' '90, Silent Parsons, '89
Cock-eyed Freer, '89.

For Trustees of States Prison for 90 years.

Tough Dwight, Innocent Cobb.

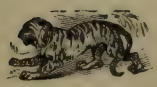
For Swill Collector.

His Honor Decker.

For General Supes.

Little Gilmour, Evil-eye Feeter.

Duley the "full-fledged Democrat," and Bird, the "everlasting Republican," will stump Frye Village and Paddy Heights.



Facts and Figures.

A man in England stole a can of milk and drank it; he was sent to States Prison for three months. But an Academy boy stole a can of milk from a boarding-house in Andover, and drank it, and was sent to the Hospital for three years.

You are very "high tone" when you live in the sixth story of a Piano Factory.

A Morrill House fellow, not long ago, fell down. He afterwards said, "The fall didn't hurt me any, but the stopping so quickly."

Why are the Andover Policemen like the rainbow? Because they always appear after the storm is over.

He's got a new pair of suspenders. *Freer*, '89.

It has been said that a woman has more bones than a man. This is a fact, but it's mostly jaw-bone.

There's very little difference between a fellow's arm and a dust-pan. They both gather up the "waiste."

Recently some letters got left for not having stamps. Oftentimes fellows get left for not having stamps.

Dealers in Slim Gush and Grease of all kinds.

Grandy Farnum, the Fly-catcher, Useless Day,
Simple Decker.

Three Bricktops.

Halleck, '89. Thayer, '91, F. A. Moore, '89.

The following article appeared in the *Phillipian* of Feb. 16, '88 :

"Two of the Theologues gave a reception in their rooms at Bartlet Hall on Friday night, at which the Senior class of Abbot Academy were present. It is rumored that some of the Commons fraternity are contemplating giving a similar entertainment."

Great idea, and no doubt the Fem. Sems. will be glad to attend.

The following committees have been appointed ;

Committee on Sponge Cake.— Mayers and Bard.

Committee on Music.— Horne and John Benbow. By special request the "Hon. Mr. LuLand of Lost Angels, Kalifornia," will sing a duet, and Hallect will hold the light.

Committee on drinks.— Rev. Teney Craig and Deacon Eaton.

Committee to interview Miss McKeen.— J. D. Cameron, D.D., and Gooseneck Robinson.

Committee on Saratoga Hash.— Sam Ellsworth and Gift-of-gab Horton.

Squeezer of Lemons.— Fat Holland.

Squeezer of "you know." — H. W. Kimball.

The wall paper will be taken off in order that Fat Holland may attend, and Simple Baker will be there to grin at the Fems.

Detective Cheever will be present to watch the silver, and will favor the gathering with his blooming countenance, and will smile with Ghoulish glee.

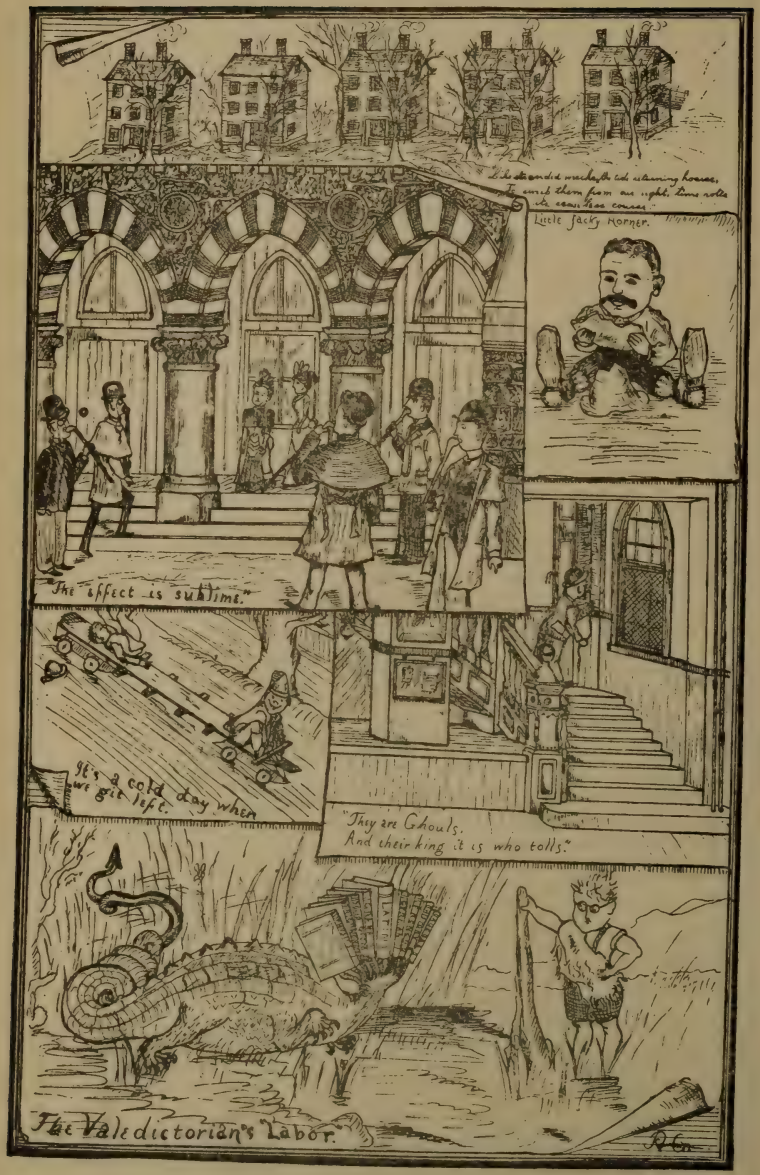
"This reception will take place April 1." For particulars inquire of Clarke and Addis, E. C. 1–1.

Seniors take warning. — "In what strange ways some people meet their deaths. Here is a Northampton, Eng., man who died from injuries caused by a tall hat which he was wearing coming in contact with the top of a doorway. The deceased when passing from one room to another in his own house, struck the top of his hat against the lintel of the doorway, and forced the hat further on his head. As he suffered considerable pain, medical aid was summoned, but he succumbed to injuries to the brain, caused by compression of the skull."

Tell a story to an Andover Fem. Sem., and she would reply, "Is that so?" To a Bradford Fem. Sem., "Why, the idea!" But to a Smith College young lady, and she would reply, "What ar' you giving us?"

Lost. — A sky blue terrier, the color of brick. Answers to the name of Sandy Parker. If found, return to G. R. Atha, Secretary of Philo.

"Ye Editur's gluvs."


Little Jacky Horner.
"The effect is sublime."
It's a cold day when we git left.
"They are Ghouls,
And their king it is who tolls."
The Valedictorian's Labor.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.

O. G. CARTWRIGHT, Belmont, N. Y.

VICE PRESIDENT.

R. K DICKERMAN, Foxboro.

SECRETARY.

G. R. ATHA, Lowell.

TREASURER.

S. K. WHEELER, Chattanooga, Tenn.

MIRROR EDITORS.

F. W. MOORE, Independence, Ia.
L. F. FRISSELL, New York, N. Y.
W. A. DULEY, Wakefield.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

V. C. McCORMICK, Harrisburgh, Pa.
S. S. YARDLEY, East Orange, N. J.
S. W. TYLER, Tylerville, Ct.
C. G. SMITH, Williamstown.
R. T. HOLBROOK, Yonkers, N. Y.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Alexander, W. McK.	Oakland, Cal.
Ames, Azel 3d	Wakefield.
Ames, E. W.	Wakefield.
Atherton, P. L.	Boston.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, C. J.	Portland, Me.
Bailey, L. E.	Zanesville, O.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Bartlett, DeL. F.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Benbow, J. L.	Fort Madison, Ia.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Cook, J. P.	Oakland, Cal.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Decker, W. H.	Davenport, Ia.
Dickson, A. G.	Philadelphia, Pa.
DuPont, H. B.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Ellsworth, S. W.	Braintree.
Emerson, R. W.	Oakland, Cal.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Fouse, G. C.	Washington, D. C.

Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
French, R. T.	Davenport, Ia.
Gould, J. A.	Aurora, N. Y.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro'.
Hammond, F. E.	Worcester.
Hansen, E. C. G.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Hassenzahl, L. W.	Toledo, O.
Higgins, W. McK.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Hinkey, F. A.	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hunt, J. L.	Weathersfield, Vt.
Jones, R. E.	Webster City, Ia.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
Moré, J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Noyes, G. R.	North Andover.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osborne, W. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Robinson, A. G.	Vienna, Va.
Sandford, E. R.	New York, N. Y.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Turner, A. B.	Corning, Ia.
Turner, T. B.	Corning, Ia.
Upton, J. D.	North Reading.

Wadhams, W. M. H.	Wadham's Falls, N. Y.
Warren, P	College Hill.
Wells, M. C.	Louisville, Ky.
Weyerhauser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Wilkinson, R.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

PRESIDENT.

L. J. MALONE,	London, Eng.

VICE PRESIDENT.

W. S. BEARD,	South Killingly, Ct.

SECRETARY.

F. P. DODGE,	New York, N.Y.

TREASURER.

J. A. LEWIS,	Hampton, Va.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Alexander, W. McK.	Oakland, Cal.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, L. E.	Zanesville, O.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Baldwin, W. A.	Lahainaluna, Maui, H. I.
Bartlett, DeL. F.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.

Blanchard, H. W.	Hudson Centre, N. H.
Bliss, C. D.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Bryant, H. A.	Andover.
Buck, S. W.	Crown Point, N. Y.
Burt, G. F.	Boston.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Case, J. A.	Charles City, Ia.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Chamberlain, J. P.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Chisholm, E. C.	Savannah, Ga.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Cooke, J. P.	Oakland, Cal.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro'.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eastman, G. E.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Ellsworth, S. W.	Braintree.
Elwell, J. B.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Farnam, C. H., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Frissell, L. F.	New York, N. Y.

Gallaway, J. M.	New York, N. Y.
Gatchel, F. E.	Louisville, Ky.
Gilbert, J. B.	Denver, Col.
Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Goodwin, L. A.	Dover, N. H.
Gove, J. S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, F.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Grant, L. C.	Middleboro'.
Griffin, N. E.	Williamstown.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hall, D.	Dover, N. H.
Hallock, H. B.	Portland, Me.
Hammond, F. E.	Worcester.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Haskell, H. B.	West Falmouth, Me.
Hassenzahl, L. W.	Toledo, O.
Holbrook, G. M.	Springfield.
Holland, J. W.	Westfield.
Hollister, F. K.	Rutherford, N. J.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, F. T.	Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Horne, C. A.	Dover, N. H.
Horton, W. S.	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Jacobson, S.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Kimball, H. W.	Bradford.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lake, G. E.	Hampstead, N. H.
Leverty, R. G.	Bridgeport, Ct.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
Malone, L. J.	London, Eng.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
Mills, F. H.	So. Williamstown.

Moré. J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Morrison, C. B.	Newport, R. I.
Morrison, W. R.	Newport, R. I.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osborne, W. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Osgood, A. T.	Rochester, N. Y.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Pomeroy, E. S.	Troy, Pa.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Puffer, E. W.	Lowell.
Richards, B. U.	Wilmot Centre, N. H.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Rowley, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Russell, H. D.	New York, N. Y.
Russell, S. M.	Bedford, Pa.
Ryder, F. B.	Andover.
Sawyer, E. S.	Dover, N. H.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro', Me.
Smith, J. H.	Brewster, N. Y.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Sterns, W. H.	Westfield.
Stetson, H. C.	Bangor, Me.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Turner, T. B.	Corning, Ia.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	North Reading.

Wadhams, W. M. H.	Wadham's Falls, N. Y.
Walsh, T. T.	Sumter, S. C.
Warren, P.	College Hill.
Webber, L.	Portland, Mich.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
Wells, M. C.	Louisville, Ky.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Wheelock, J. H.	Paterson, N. J.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Wilkinson, R.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Winters, H. B.	Oswego, N. Y.
Woodward, W. B.	Denver, Col.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

Y. M. C. A.

PRESIDENT.

O. G. CARTWRIGHT, Belmont, N. Y.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

H. L. W. SNELL, Saticoy, Cal.

PERMANENT SECRETARY.

R. W. HOLMES, West Winsted, Ct.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

A. B. BROWN, Dover, N. H.

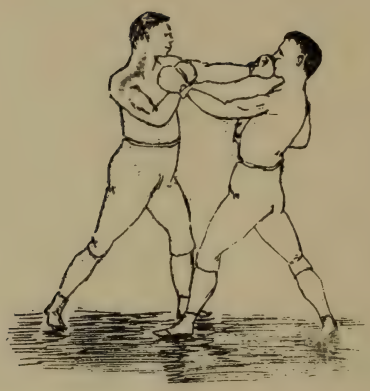
TREASURER.

L. F. FRISSELL, New York, N. Y.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bacon, H. S.	Rochester, N. Y.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Burt, G. F.	Boston.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.

Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Craig, W. T.	Falmouth.
Cummings, A. G	Andover.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Frissell, L. F.	New York, N. Y.
Gove, J. S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, L. C.	Middleborough.
Goodwin, L. H.	Dover, N. H.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.
Hodgdon, F. W.	Haverhill.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Johnson, L. T.	Bangor, Me.
Kimball, H. W.	Bradford.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
Moody, C. E	East Andover, N. H.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, Ct.
Robinson, A. G.	Vienna, Va.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro', Me.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Torrey, J. P.	Harvard, Ia.
Turner, T. B.	Corning.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT.

C. E. MOODY, East Andover, N. H.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

O. C. CARTWRIGHT, Belmont, N. Y.

SECRETARY.

H. C. STETSON, Bangor, Me.

TREASURER.

S. E. FARWELL, St. Paul, Minn.

DIRECTORS.

A. E. ADDIS,	Leeds.
C. H. FOSS,	Lowell.
A. JOHNSON,	Belfast, Me.
S. MOWRY,	Englewood, N. J.
E. R. SANDFORD,	New York, N. Y.
W. B. WOODWARD,	Denver, Col.

MEMBERS.

Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Albree, R.	
Atherton, P. L.	Boston.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Baldwin, A. K.	Cleveland, O.
Baldwin, H. A.	Haiku, Maui, H. I.
Barbour, F. H.	Detroit, Mich.
Bard, H. D.	Orford, N. H.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Bliss, L. T.	New York, N.Y.
Bremner, F. K.	Boxford, Mass.
Brown, A. M.	Davenport, Ia.
Burr, C.	Auburn, N.Y.
Burr, N. B.	Auburn, N.Y.
Campbell, G. A.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Cassidy, D. D., jr.	Amsterdam, N. Y.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N.Y.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Cobb, B. C.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Cochran, T., 3d.	St. Paul, Minn.
Coxe, C. E.	New York, N.Y.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Decker, W. H.	Davenport, Ia.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro,
Dickson, A. G.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Dwight, C. A.	Hartford, Ct.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Edmison, J. P.	Sioux Falls, Dak.
Edmison, T. C.	Sioux Falls, Dak.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Emerson, J. L.	Titusville, Pa.

Emerson, R. W.	Orland, Me.
Evans, J.	Cincinnati, O.
Farnam, C. H., jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Farnam, H.	New Haven, Ct.
Feeter, G. I.	Little Falls, N. Y.
Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
French, R. T.	Davenport, Ia.
Frissell, L. F.	NewYork, N. Y.
Fox, A. B.	Morristown, N. J.
Forbes, A. H.	St. Louis, Mo.
Foster, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Funiac, de F., jr.	
Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Goss, W. C.	Melrose.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Hassenzahl, L.	Toledo, O.
Hinkey, F. A.	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Hixon, G. C.	La Crosse, Wis.
Holbrook, R. T.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hood, J. C.	Chelsea, Vt.
Horton, W. S.	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Houghton, E. R.	Montpelier, Vt.
Hutchins, S. C.	Danielsonville, Ct.
Ives, F.	New Haven, Ct.
Jackson, E. S.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Johnston, H. S.	New York, N. Y.
Johnstone, E. W.	Connellsville, Pa.
Joy, R. P.	Detroit, Mich.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
Lee, H. T.	St. Paul, Minn.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.

Malone, L. J.	London, England.
Marsh, A.	Omaha, Neb.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Mills, M.	Boston.
Moore, F. A.	Detroit, Mich.
Moore, F. W.	Independence, Ia.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Morris, H. N.	Chicago, Ill.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Owsley, L. S.	Chicago, Ill.
Page, E. S.	Melrose.
Page, H. F.	Bucksport, Me.
Perkins, C. F.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Pettibone, A. W., jr.	La Crosse, Wis.
Pomeroy, E. S.	Troy, Pa.
Potter, J. T.	North Adams.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Richards, W. A.	Keene, N. H.
Richards, T. T.	New York, N. Y.
Rowley, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Ryder, F. B.	Andover.
Savidge, G. P.	Spring Lake, Mich.
Sawyer, E. S.	Dover, N. H.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stevens, W. F.	Cambridge.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stone, C. J.	Andover.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Stover, B. W.	Smyrna, N. Y.
Suydam, R. S.	
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Torbert, H. G.	Dubuque, Ia.
Townsend, F. de P.	Melrose.
Turner, A. B.	Corning, Ia.

Wells, M. C.	Louisville, Ky.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.
Young, H. J	Pasadena, Cal.

BREWER & STEVENS,

Successors to W. S. BREWER & CO.,

TAILORS,

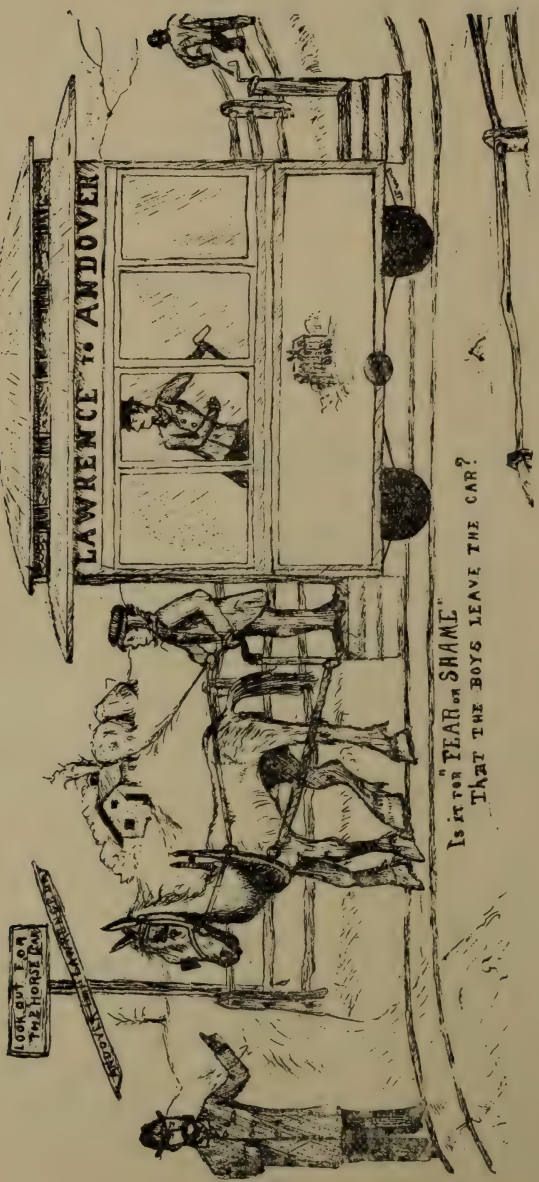
488 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

NEARLY OPPOSITE TEMPLE PLACE.

FINE PRODUCTIONS AT MODERATE PRICES.

We shall be represented at Society Hall during the season.

WALTER S. BREWER, WENDELL P. STEVENS.


LAWRENCE & ANDOVER
LOOK OUT FOR THE HORSE CAR
Is it for "FEAR or SHAME"
That the Boys leave the Car?

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '89.

Colors: Yellow and Wine Color.

'Απὸ πείρας πάντα.

President,	C. E. Moody.
Vice President,	W. M. Higgins.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. S. Bacon.

P. S., '89.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.

"*Avise le fin.*"

President,	F. H. Barbour.
Vice President,	A. N. Blake.
Secretary and Treasurer,	

P. A., '90.

Colors: Violet and Yellow.

"*De Die in Diem.*"

President,	R. W. Holmes.
Vice President,	H. D. Bard.
Secretary and Treasurer,	G. A. Campbell.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"*Sans Pareil.*"

President,	L. S. Owsley.
Vice President,	W. H. Woodruff.
Secretary and Treasurer,	R. A. Terry.

P. A., '91.

Colors: Garnet and Light Green,

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	J. A. Powell.
Vice President,	L. S. Stillman.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. W. Snell.

P. S., '91.

Colors: Old Gold and Lavender.

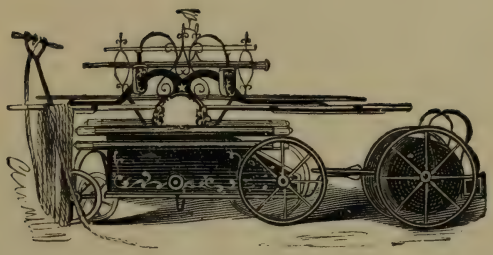
President,	V. C. McCormick.
Vice President,	C. H. Foss.
Secretary and Treasurer,	A. Ames.

P. A., '92.

President,	F. E. Meyerhauser.
Vice President,	C. A. Dwight.
Secretary and Treasurer,	F. T. Hooker.

P. S., '92.

Unorganized.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

C. Morgan.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

J. D. Upton.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

E. B. Bishop,
D. Churchill,
C. W. Frear,
J. A. Gould,
C. E. Moody.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

S. W. Ellsworth,
J. Ogilvie,
H. C. Stetson,
W. B. Woodward,

THE GLEE CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

S. E. Farwell.

MANAGER.

A. E. Addis.

FIRST TENOR.

E. H. Chandler, E. A. Bird,
J. A. Lewis.

SECOND TENOR.

A. E. Addis, F. K. Hollister,
C. Morgan.

FIRST BASS.

D. Churchill, W. M. Higgins,
S. E. Farwell.

SECOND BASS.

R. W. Holmes, H. W. Kimball,
W. B. Woodward.

LATEST STYLE HATS AND CAPS.

CORRECT STYLES, First Class Work and Satisfactory Prices.

1889

JOS. M. BRADLEY,

TAILOR AND MEN'S FURNISHER.

extends an invitation to all to call and examine his Selection of Goods for

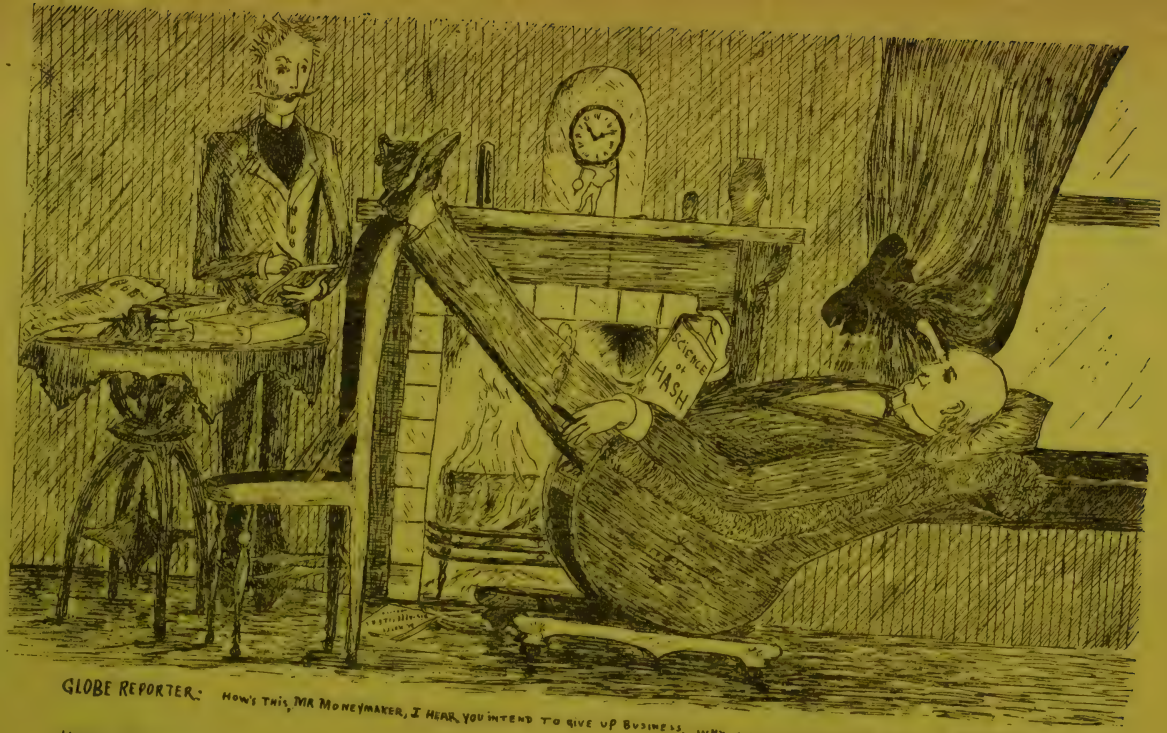
Spring and Summer Wear,

the stock is selected with Special Reference to the Academy trade—which is respectfully solicited.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT OFFERED TO CASH CUSTOMERS.

REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

Agent for Scripture's Laundry, OF LOWELL.



GLOBE REPORTER: How's This, Mr Moneymaker, I hear you intend to give up Business. Why. You have the best Hotel in Boston?"

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: " True. But we must keep one eye on opportunity. You know. I've been offered the privilege of keeping a Boarding House in Andover. "

SCHOOL CHAPEL CHOIR.

ORGANIST.

H. D. Bard.

AIR.

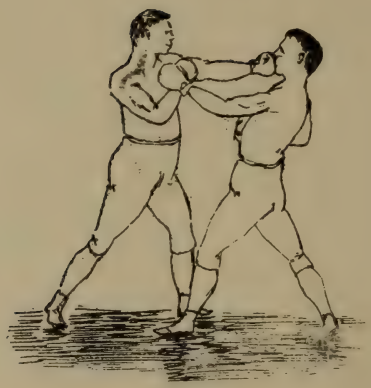
G. R. Atha,
A. E. Addis,
W. A. Bailey,
W. S. Beard,
D. Churchill,
F. P. Dodge,
C. Morgan.

TENOR.

S. P. White,
L. H. Goodwin.
F. K. Hollister,
J. A. Lewis.

BASS.

S. E. Farwell,
W. G. Goss,
H. W. Kimball,
L. J. Malone,
W. M. Higgins,
R. W. Holmes.
W. H. Sterns.
C. J. Stone.
W. B. Woodward.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT.

C. E. MOODY, East Andover, N. H.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

O. C. CARTWRIGHT, Belmont, N. Y.

SECRETARY.

H. C. STETSON, Bangor, Me.

TREASURER.

S. E. FARWELL, St. Paul, Minn.

DIRECTORS.

A. E. ADDIS, Leeds.
C. H. FOSS, Lowell.
A. JOHNSON, Belfast, Me.
S. MOWRY, Englewood, N. J.
E. R. SANDFORD, New York, N. Y.
W. B. WOODWARD, Denver, Col.

MEMBERS.

Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Albree, R.	
Atherton, P. L.	Boston.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Baldwin, A. K.	Cleveland, O.
Baldwin, H. A.	Haiku, Maui, H. I.
Barbour, F. H.	Detroit, Mich.
Bard, H. D.	Orford, N. H.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Bliss, L. T.	New York, N.Y.
Bremner, F. K.	Boxford, Mass.
Brown, A. M.	Davenport, Ia.
Burr, C.	Auburn, N.Y.
Burr, N. B.	Auburn, N.Y.
Campbell, G. A.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Cassidy, D. D., jr.	Amsterdam, N.Y.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N.Y.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Cobb, B. C.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Cochran, T., 3d.	St. Paul, Minn.
Coxe, C. E.	New York, N.Y.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Decker, W. H.	Davenport, Ia.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro,
Dickson, A. G.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Dwight, C. A.	Hartford, Ct.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Edmison, J. P.	Sioux Falls, Dak.
Edmison, T. C.	Sioux Falls, Dak.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Emerson, J. L.	Titusville, Pa.

Emerson, R. W.	Orland, Me.
Evans, J.	Cincinnati, O.
Farnam, C. H., jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Farnam, H.	New Haven, Ct.
Feeter, G. I.	Little Falls, N. Y.
Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
French, R. T.	Davenport, Ia.
Frissell, L. F.	NewYork, N. Y.
Fox, A. B.	Morristown, N. J.
Forbes, A. H.	St. Louis, Mo.
Foster, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Funiac, de F., jr.	
Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Goss, W. C.	Melrose.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Hassenzahl, L.	Toledo, O.
Hinkey, F. A.	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Hixon, G. C.	La Crosse, Wis.
Holbrook, R. T.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hood, J. C.	Chelsea, Vt.
Horton, W. S.	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Houghton, E. R.	Montpelier, Vt.
Hutchins, S. C.	Danielsonville, Ct.
Ives, F.	New Haven, Ct.
Jackson, E. S.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Johnston, H. S.	New York, N. Y.
Johnstone, E. W.	Connellsville, Pa.
Joy, R. P.	Detroit, Mich.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
Lee, H. T.	St. Paul, Minn.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.

Malone, L. J.	London, England.
Marsh, A.	Omaha, Neb.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Mills, M.	Boston.
Moore, F. A.	Detroit, Mich.
Moore, F. W.	Independence, Ia.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Morris, H. N.	Chicago, Ill.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Owsley, L. S.	Chicago, Ill.
Page, E. S.	Melrose.
Page, H. F.	Bucksport, Me.
Perkins, C. F.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Pettibone, A. W., jr.	La Crosse, Wis.
Pomeroy, E. S.	Troy, Pa.
Potter, J. T.	North Adams.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Richards, W. A.	Keene, N. H.
Richards, T. T.	New York, N. Y.
Rowley, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Ryder, F. B.	Andover.
Savidge, G. P.	Spring Lake, Mich.
Sawyer, E. S.	Dover, N. H.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stevens, W. F.	Cambridge.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stone, C. J.	Andover.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Stover, B. W.	Smyrna, N. Y.
Suydam, R. S.	
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Torbert, H. G.	Dubuque, Ia.
Townsend, F. de P.	Melrose.
Turner, A. B.	Corning, Ia.

Wells, M. C.	Louisville, Ky.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.
Young, H. J	Pasadena, Cal.

BREWER & STEVENS,

Successors to W. S. BREWER & CO.,

TAILORS,

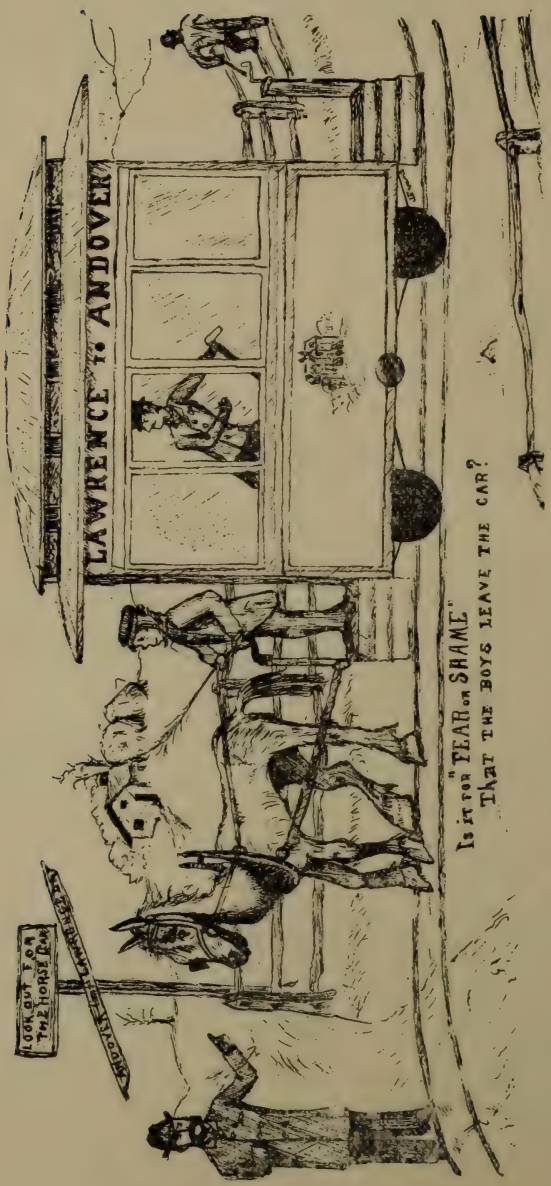
488 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

NEARLY OPPOSITE TEMPLE PLACE.

FINE PRODUCTIONS AT MODERATE PRICES.

We shall be represented at Society Hall during the season.

WALTER S. BREWER, WENDELL P. STEVENS.


LAWRENCE & ANDOVER
LOOK OUT FOR THE HORSE RAM
Is it for "FEAR or SHAME"
That the boys leave the car?

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '89.

Colors: Yellow and Wine Color.

'Απὸ πείρας πάντα.

President,	C. E. Moody.
Vice President,	W. M. Higgins.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. S. Bacon.

P. S., '89.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.

"Avise le fin."

President,	F. H. Barbour.
Vice President,	A. N. Blake.
Secretary and Treasurer,	

P. A., '90.

Colors: Violet and Yellow.

"De Die in Diem."

President,	R. W. Holmes.
Vice President,	H. D. Bard.
Secretary and Treasurer,	G. A. Campbell.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"Sans Pareil."

President,	L. S. Owsley.
Vice President,	W. H. Woodruff.
Secretary and Treasurer,	R. A. Terry.

P. A., '91.

Colors: Garnet and Light Green,

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	J. A. Powell.
Vice President,	L. S. Stillman.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. W. Snell.

P. S., '91.

Colors: Old Gold and Lavender.

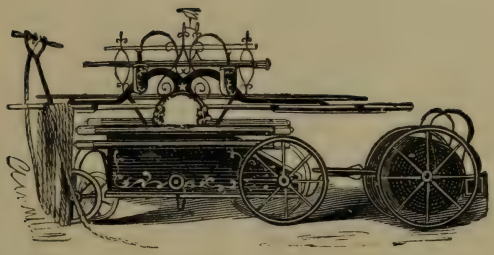
President,	V. C. McCormick.
Vice President,	C. H. Foss.
Secretary and Treasurer,	A. Ames.

P. A., '92.

President,	F. E. Meyerhauser.
Vice President,	C. A. Dwight.
Secretary and Treasurer,	F. T. Hooker.

P. S., '92.

Unorganized.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

C. Morgan.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

J. D. Upton.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

E. B. Bishop, C. W. Frear,
D. Churchill, J. A. Gould,
C. E. Moody.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

S. W. Ellsworth, H. C. Stetson,
J. Ogilvie, W. B. Woodward.

THE GLEE CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

S. E. Farwell.

MANAGER.

A. E. Addis.

FIRST TENOR.

E. H. Chandler, E. A. Bird,
J. A. Lewis.

SECOND TENOR.

A. E. Addis, F. K. Hollister,
C. Morgan.

FIRST BASS.

D. Churchill, W. M. Higgins,
S. E. Farwell.

SECOND BASS.

R. W. Holmes, H. W. Kimball,
W. B. Woodward.

LATEST STYLE HATS AND CAPS.

CORRECT STYLES, First Class Work and Satisfactory Prices.

1889

JOS. M. BRADLEY,

TAILOR AND MEN'S FURNISHER,

extends an invitation to all to call and examine his Selection of Goods for

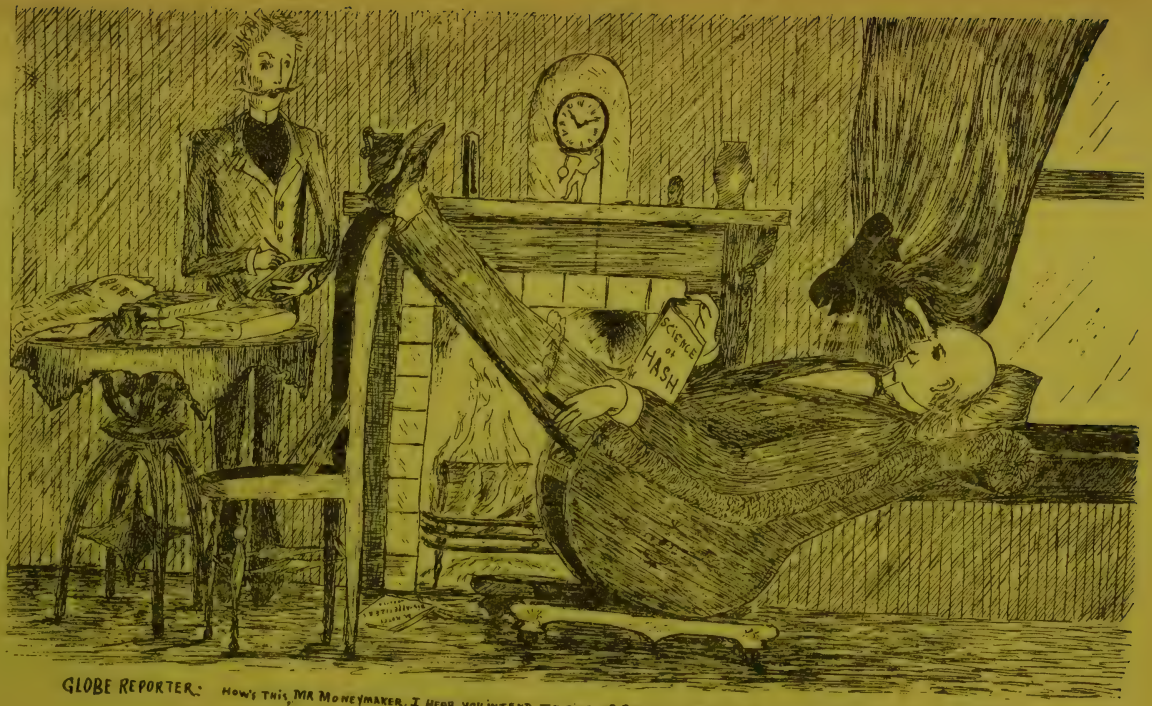
Spring and Summer Wear,

the stock is selected with Special Reference to the Academy trade—which is respectfully solicited.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT OFFERED TO CASH CUSTOMERS.

REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

Agent for Scripture's Laundry, OF LOWELL.



GLOBE REPORTER: "How's this, Mr Moneymaker, I hear you intend to give up business. Why, you have the best hotel in Boston!"

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: "True. But we must keep one eye on opportunity, you know. I've been offered the privilege of keeping a boarding house in Andover."

SCHOOL CHAPEL CHOIR.

ORGANIST.

H. D. Bard.

AIR.

G. R. Atha, W. S. Beard,
A. E. Addis, D. Churchill,
W. A. Bailey, F. P. Dodge,
C. Morgan.

TENOR.

S. P. White, F. K. Hollister,
L. H. Goodwin. J. A. Lewis.

BASS.

S. E. Farwell, W. M. Higgins,
W. G. Goss, R. W. Holmes,
H. W. Kimball, W. H. Sterns.
L. J. Malone, C. J. Stone,
W. B. Woodward.

PHILLIPS ORCHESTRA.

FIRST VIOLIN.

L. Webber, Leader.

E. B. Weston, W. B. Candee.

SECOND VIOLIN.

C. Morgan, A. G. Cummings,

J. H. Field.

FLUTE.

C. W. Frear.

CLARIONET.

A. S. Harrington.

CORNET.

J. D. Clarke.

TROMBONE.

L. S. Stilman.

CELLO.

H. E. Tracy.

BASS VIOL.

H. W. Kimball.

PHILLIPS BANJO CLUB.

LEADER.

F. K. Hollister.

BANJOS.

F. K. Hollister, A. B. Fox.

A. K. Baldwin, F. A. Moore.

GUITARS.

F. E. Gatchell, A. T. Harrington.

HATS. HATS.

English and American Silk Dress Hats, Opera Crush Hats, Felt and Cloth Hats in Choice Shades. English Solid Leather Hat Cases, Umbrellas and Walking Sticks.

COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

(Successors to D. P. Ilsley & Co.)

381 Washington Street, Boston,

Hatters and Furriers,

SOLE AGENT FOR

Henry Heath's, White's, and Lincoln, Bennett & Company's

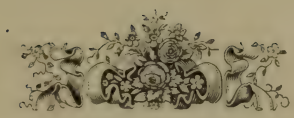
LONDON HATS.

COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

381 Washington Street,

Opp. Franklin Street, - - Boston.

"IF."



THE PHILLIPIAN.

MANAGING EDITOR.

A. E. Addis.

EDITORS.

E. B. Bishop, '89,
E. A. Bird, '89,
O. G. Cartwright, '89.
J. A. Mayers, '90.
J. C. Sawyer, '90.
W. B. Woodward, '89.
A. E. Stearns, '90.
R. W. Holmes, '90.
W. A. Duley, 91.
C. J. Bailey, '91.
H. L. Snell, '91.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

J. D. Cameron, '89.

GERMAN TABLE.

OFFICERS.

Präsident,	O. G. Cartwright.
Vicepräsident,	H. B. Hallock.
Secretär-Schatzmeister,	H. D. Bard.

MEMBERS.

Ahlers, L. A. E.	Hallock, H. B.
Bard, H. D.	Haskell, H. B.
Bartlett, D. F.	Holbrook, R. T.
Benbow, J. L.	Hassenzahl, E. F.
Bliss, L. T.	Hassenzahl, L. C.
Brown, A. M.	Holmes, R. W.
Buck, S. W.	Malone, L. J.
Candee, W. B.	Mayers, J. A.
Cartwright, O. G.	McDuffee, F. E.
Cross, H. S.	Osgood, C. G., jr.
Dickerman, R. K.	Powell, J. A.
Ellsworth, R. W.	Smith, C. G.
Elwell, J. B.	Taylor, A. S.
Foss, C. H.	Taylor, F. B.
Grant, L. C.	Townsend, F. de P.

P. A. CAMERA CLUB.

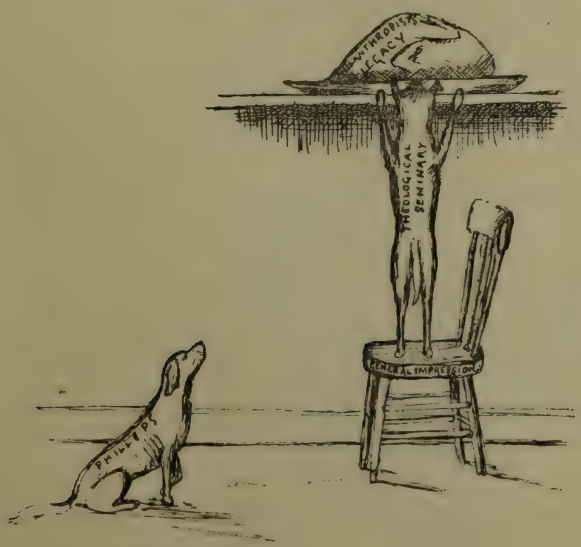
President,	B. G. Wells,
Secretary and Treasurer,	S. S. Yardley.

MEMBERS.

J. S. Evans,	H. L. Bacon,
J. C. Chamberlain,	F. T. Hooker,
J. W. Holland,	F. H. Barbour,
H. P. Moseley,	T. W. Hyde,
J. W. Tarbox,	V. C. McCormick.

Senior Class Parts.

Orator,	Donald Churchill,	Andover.
Poet,	Otho G. Cartwright,	Belmont, N.Y.
Prophet,	Frederick E. Hammond,	Worcester.
Historian,	Thomas L. Ellis,	Oxford, Me.



THE FIRST HOUSE E. C. CLUB.

PRESIDENT de Jure.

Prof. Kimball.

PRESIDENT de Facto.

J. D. Clarke. (Meetings held in his room.)

VICE-PRESIDENT.

A. E. Addis. (Can clip enough articles in half an hour to last the *Phillipian* a week.)

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

J. D. Cameron. (Will soon return to his native land with the funds.)

CHAPLAIN.

Wheelock Tenny Craig.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

"Teddy" Eaton.

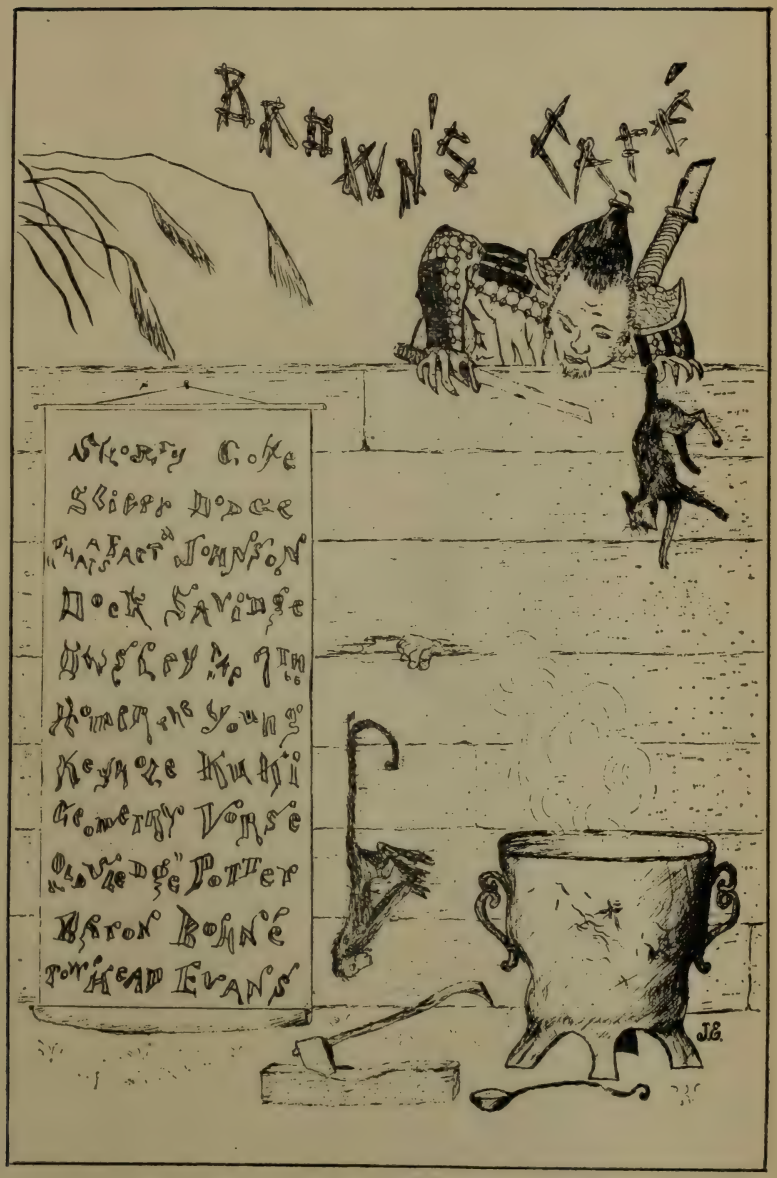
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

"Prof." Noyes. (Does errands, and provides refreshments.)

SUPES.

E. Frank Page, jr. Sargent.

On p. 79, *McCosh*, 89, was intended for *McCord*, P.S. '91.


BROWN'S CAFÉ
STORY COKE
SLIPPY DODGE
THAT'S A FACT JOHNSON
DOCK SAVAGE
DWELLEY AT THE
HOMER THE YOUNG
KEYHOLE KUHN
GEOMETRY VORSE
OLDRIDGE POTTER
BARON BOHNE
TORREAD EVANS
JE

J. W. Anderson,
A. K. Baldwin,
F. H. Barbour,
F. K. Bremner,
C. Burr,
N. B. Burr,
R. P. Joy,
W. McK. Higgins,
F. A. Moore,
J. Parsons,
J. C. Sawyer,
B. G. Wells.

B. C. Cobb.

J. L. Emerson,

J. Evans,

L. S. Owsley.

E. B. Bishop,
J. H. Field.
C. Morgan,
C. J. Stone,
W. F. Day, jr.
W. B. Woodward,
C. E. Coxe,
F. K. Hollister,
S. F. Farwell.
R. K. Dickerman,
J. A. Gould,
V. C. McCormick,
C. H. Farnam, jr.
L. S. Stillman.

BROOKS BROTHERS,

Clothing and Furnishing Goods,

Broadway cor. 22nd St., New York.

For the Spring and Summer of 1889 we have ready made for young men, Covert Coats, superior in cut finish and a full assortment of Fancy and Scotch Worsted Suits. This stock is selected and manufactured with the especial view of avoiding any style, fabric or cut which can be easily imitated in low grade of goods or inferior workmanship.

All Noticeable Patterns sold by us are limited to small quantities and not to be found in other houses.

Our Furnishing Department contains all the Novelties in the way of Gloves, Scarfs, Tennis Belts, Blazers, etc., of our own make and from the best English makers. Samples and rules for self measurement sent on application.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 *John Street, N. Y.*

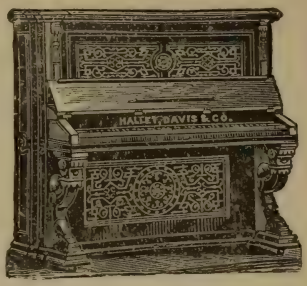
HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.

KENNELLY & SYLVESTER,

Have a large assortment of New and Second-Hand

Pianos and Organs

for sale or to let, or sold by installments.



VIOLINS, BANJOS, GUITARS.

—

Large assortment of Sheet Music and other Musical Merchandise.

—

Tuning and Repairing promptly done.

256 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Andrew Watt, M. D., C. M.,

Office and Residence, 435 ESSEX ST.,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

DR. C. G. CARLETON,

301 Essex Street, **Lawrence.**

DR. J. H. KIDDER,

DENTIST.

299 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

1849. 1889.

H. M. WHITNEY & Co.,

Prescription Druggists,

297 ESSEX STREET, - LAWRENCE, MASS.

Fine Cutlery, Toilet Articles and Appliances a Specialty.

W. E. RICE,

195 & 197 Essex Street, Lawrence,

Has the Largest and most Choice Stock of New Spring

PAPER HANGINGS AND DECORATIONS

to be found in Essex County.

☞ A competent corps of Hangers constantly employed. Window Shades made and put up. Our prices are low, you can save your money over Boston charges.

G. W. COLBURN & CO.,

Picture Frame Makers and Guilders.

Engravings, Etchings, Photographs, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Etc.

281 ESSEX STREET, - - LAWRENCE, MASS.

GEORGE H. LECK,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

283 ESSEX STREET, - - LAWRENCE, MASS.

Students of PHILLIPS ACADEMY will find it more convenient and less expensive to come here for photographs than to go to Boston.

☞ Special prices to classes. ☞ Nothing but first-class work.

C. W. PARTRIDGE, D. D. S.,

—Dental Rooms,—

461 ESSEX STREET, - LAWRENCE, MASS.

WM. FORBES & SONS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

Steam, Gas and Water Fitters,

448 and 450 ESSEX ST., cor. HAMPSHIRE ST.,

LAWRENCE, - - - MASS.

DYER & CO.,

337 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE.

BANJOS, GUITARS, VIOLINS, ETC.,

BICYCLES, TENNIS GOODS, CROQUET.

Franklin House,

Opp. B. & M. Eastern & Northern Station,

Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.

RATE, $2.00 & $2.50 PER DAY.

G. A. TASKER,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

ICE CREAM, BON-BONS, ETC.

204 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

DENTAL NOTICE.

A. W. HOWLAND, D. D. S. would most cordially invite the public to an inspection of the new methods of inserting. Richmond crowns. Gold caps and Bridge work. DENTAL ROOMS, 132 Boylston St., Boston; 283 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

N. S. S. TOMPKINS,

(Successors to Tompkins & Mann)

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Chemicals & Dye Stuffs.

191 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

SPECIALTIES :

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS, and a competent person always in charge.

Our own Tooth Powder.

Glycerine Lotion.

BEEF, WINE and IRON,

VEG. LIVER PILLS,

Condition Powders.

BOTANIC COUGH SYRUP,

WORM SYRUP.

Sarsaparilla for the Blood,

ETC., ETC.

FRANK EMERSON,

APOTHECARY.

122 Broadway, South Lawrence.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Homœpathic Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Holiday Goods. Confectionery and Cigars.

☞Call for sample bottle of our Glycerine Lotion, it is a wonderful compound for chaffed or rough skin.

PLAIN and FANCY HARDWARE,

GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS AND OILS.

A good Assortment of Sportman's Goods, Cutlery, Etc.

H. McLAWLIN,

MAIN STREET, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

H. P. WRIGHT,

—DEALER IN—

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Repairing Promptly Done. Warranted Genuine Water-Proof Porpoise Shoes.

MAIN STREET, - . -- - ANDOVER, MASS.

CHARLES H. GILBERT,

Dentist,

Draper's Block, - - Andover, Mass.

G. C. LYLE,

CONFECTIONERY

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Fine Brands of Cigars and Tobacco. Ice-cold Soda during the Summer months, all flavors and the very best of syrups. Also a general stock of Stationery and Small Wares.

MAIN STREET, - ANDOVER, MASS.

DR. CHARLES E. ABBOTT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

43 MAIN STREET, - ANDOVER.

J. M. BEAN,

HAIR CUTTER,

Town Hall Building, Andover.

JOHN CORNELL,

—DEALER IN—

Wood, Coal, Hay and Straw.

OFFICE IN CARTER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

E. H. BARNARD,

House, Sign and Carriage Painter,

GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING.

—DEALER IN—

Paints, Oils, Window Glass and Wall Papers.

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

The American Express Company

has added another team so as to be able to make calls. Any one having packages to send by express can have the team call by hanging out the card which we will furnish to al who desire. All orders taken will receive prompt attention. We have five trains to Boston and four from Boston daily. Nothing carried by freight.

P.S. Remember our rates are the same from Andover to New York that they are from Boston, and by sending by the American Express Company you save the charge between Andover and Boston.

FRED C. WILBUR, Agent,

OFFICE, ELM HOUSE, ELM SQUARE, ANDOVER, MASS.

COMMONS DINING HALL,

Open to students of Phillips Academy from September to July.

Permanent Board $3.00 a Week.

WILLIAM MARLAND, - Proprietor.

JOHNSON'S

Andover and Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICES:

32 Court Sq., and 106 Arch St., **Andover Office at my Store.**

J. H. CHANDLER, Proprietor and Messenger.

D. TOY,

Tailor & Importer,

11 CHARLES ST., "BEACON ST."

BOSTON.

SPECIAL RATES FOR STUDENTS.

AGENT FOR

Winchester, Son, & Flowers, Whitaker & Co., Hill Bros., London, W.

Will remove Sept. 1, to 71 Beacon Street.

THE

NOTMAN PHOTO. CO.

STUDIOS AT

3 Park St., and 184 Boylston St.,

BOSTON.

Children's Pictures a Specialty.

CHAS. GREEN & CO.,

Tailors.

The Largest Custom Tailor Store in New England.

Occupy the Entire Building.

SPRING SEASON 1889

TROUSERS TO ORDER,

$5.50.

TWO PAIRS for $10.

Our Trousers to order at $5.50 are the greatest bargain in Trousers ever offered. They cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than $7.

Suits to Order at $20.

Overcoats to Order, $25

CHAS. GREEN & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

581, 583, 585 Washing'n St., cor. Avery.

OPEN TILL 8 P.M.

The Quincy,

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

500 Rooms.

J. W. Johnson & Co.,

BOSTON.

J. W. JOHNSON. GEORGE G. MANN.

O. CHAPMAN,

DINING ROOMS.

Fruit, Confectionery, Blank Books, Stationery, Inks, Kerosene Oil and Lamps.
Large Stock of Canned Goods, Base Ball Goods.

Everything Pertaining to a Student's Outfit.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

Druggist and Apothecary.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Prescription Carefully Compounded.

Special Attention given to School Trade.

M. H. HANNON.

BENJAMIN BROWN,

Dealer in Ladies' Misses' and Children's

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

SWIFT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

JOSEPH ABBOTT,

Pictures Framed to Order,

CURTAINS, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

PARK STREET, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

MRS. WATERMAN, HIGH STREET,

has a large quantity of Novelties in baskets, suitable for Prize Speaking.

BROWN'S

Andover and Boston Express,

Boston Offices, 34 Court Sq., and 77 Kingston St., Andover Office, 1 Park St.

B. B. TUTTLE, Proprietor.

J. E. SEARS,

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Bank Building, Main Street, Andover, Mass.

Repairing in all its branches done with Neatness and Despatch.

SMITH & MANNING,

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods and Groceries,

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
Barnard's New Block, Main Street, ANDOVER, MASS.

LEWIS J. BACIGALUPO,
Manufacturer * of * Choice * Confectionery.
Dealer in Spanish Queen Olives, Foriegn and Domestic Fruit and Soda Water.
Main Street, Andover, Mass.

T. J. FARMER,
Dealer in Fresh, Salt, Smoked and Pickled Fish,
OYSTERS, CLAMS AND LOBSTERS.
3 Cental Street, Opposite Baptist Church.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods and Groceries.
BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,
Andover, Mass.

HIGH GRADE CIGARETTES

OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Each packet contains certificate entitling the holder to money or choice of six Albums.

On sale with all first-class dealers.

Wm. S. Kimball & Co., **Rochester, N. Y.**

15 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

WILLIAM F. FINDLEY,

—DEALER IN—

Fish of all Kinds, Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled.

LOBSTERS, CLAMS, OYSTERS.

Fancy Fish of all kinds in season. Goods delivered. MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

NEW YORK, SOUTH AND WEST

—VIA—

FALL RIVER LINE,

Steamers PILGRIM and PROVIDENCE.

Lighted by Electricity. Heated by Steam.

SPECIAL EXPRESS,

Connecting with Steamer at FALL RIVER in 80 minutes, leaves

OLD COLONY STATION

Week days, at 6 P. M., Sundays, at 7 P.M. Connections to Brooklyn and Jersey City by annex boat, Tickets, Staterooms, and Berths secured at

NO. 3 OLD STATE HOUSE,

Cor. Washington and State Sts., and at the Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK, General Mankger. L. H. PALMER, Agt., 3 Old State House.

GEO. L. CONNOR, General Passenger Agent.

JOHN H. DEAN,

Merchant Tailor,

Ready-Made Clothing and Gents' Furnisher. Hats, Caps, etc. Alteration, Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing done at Short Notice.

31 MAIN STREET, - ANDOVER, MASS.

ARTISTIC FLORIST,

Table and Stage Decorator, Baskets and Fancy Roses.

GEORGE PIDDINGTON,

School Street.

In place of the MANSION HOUSE, burned last Autumn,

THE STOWE HOUSE,

(Long the residence of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe,)

has been enlarged and newly furnished, and is now ready for company and transient guests. It is built of granite, has modern conveniences and appliances, and located on

ANDOVER HILL,

The house will be cool and comfortable. Ample shade and extensive grounds.

Apply to

CHARLES L. CARTER,

STOWE HOUSE, - - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT.

C. W. SCOTT, M. D.,

Surgeon and Homeopathic Physician,

49 MAIN STREET,

OFFICE HOURS UNTIL 9 A. M.; 1 TO 3 AND 7 TO 9 P. M.

For **ONE DOLLAR** you can secure the new POPULAR SONG COLLECTION, 37 songs; or POPULAR PIANO COLLECTION, 27 piano pieces; or POPULAR DANCE MUSIC COLLECTION, 60 pieces; or CLASSICAL PIANIST, 42 classical pieces; or PIANO CLASSICS, 44 classical pieces; or YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLASSICS, 52 easy pieces; or SONG CLASSICS, 50 Songs, for Soprano; or SONG CLASSICS FOR LOW VOICE, 47 songs; or CLASSIC TENOR SONGS, 36 songs; or CLASSIC BARITONE AND BASS SONGS, 39; or CHOICE VOCAL DUETS, the newest duets; or COLLEGE SONGS FOR BANJO, or COLLEGE SONGS FOR GUITAR, two popular books; or EMERSON'S PART SONGS AND GLEES, or EMERSON'S CONCERT SELECTIONS, or GOOD OLD SONGS WE USED TO SING.

NEW MUSIC

Any Book mailed promptly, post paid, for $1.00.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

1228 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1, CIGARETTES

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored, and highest cost **GOLD LEAF** grown in Virginia. This is the **Old and Original Brand of Straight Cut** Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

Beware of Imitations,

and observe that the FIRM NAME, as below, is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

J. H. Campion & Co.,

GROCERS,

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.

Main Street, **Andover, Mass.**

HENRY P. NOYES,

Furniture Dealer,

ANDOVER, - - - MASS.

H. B. ROBINSON,

Manufacturing Confectioner,

FINE CHOCOLATE & BON-BONS,

ALSO A LARGE LINE OF

PURE HOME MADE CANDIES.

273 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

CHAS. E. SCHEFFLER,

Registered Pharmacist,

539 Essex Street cor. Franklin Street,

LAWRENCE, - - - MASS.

ZENAS FOLGER,

567 Essex St., (Next to H. R. R. Station) Lawrence,

—DEALER IN—

Watches, Cloaks, Spectacles & Fine Jewelry.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. William A. Hammond, the world-famed specialist in Mind Diseases. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psycologist, J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate, Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hons. Judge Gibson, Judah P. Benjamin, and others, send post free by Prof. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

Coll. Exon. Oxon. Sept. 1888.

Dear Sir:—In April, 1885, while thinking of taking orders in September, I suddenly received notice that my ordination examination would be held in a fortnight. I had only ten (10) days in which to prepare for the Exam. I should recommend a year's preparation in the case of anyone so utterly unprepared as I was; but your system had so strengthened my natural memory that I was able to remember and give the gist of any book after reading it once. I therefore read Lightfoot, Proctor, Harold, Browne, Meshlem, &c., &c once, and was successful in every one of the nine papers. The present Bishop of Edinburg knows the facts. Faithfully yours,

Rev. James Middleton McDonald, M.A.

To Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Perfectly taught by correspondence. Send for prospectus.

New York, July 10, 1888.

I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, including, among others, those of Feinaigle, Gourand and Dr. Pick, and I have recently become acquainted with the system in all its details and applications taught by Prof. Loisette. I am therefore able to say, that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system. I consider Prof. Loisette's system to be a new deporture in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examing isolated passages of it. William A. Hammond.

To Prof. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave, N. Y,

DO YOU WANT A

Spring Suit or Overcoat?

IF SO, GO TO

P. J. Hannon,

Tailor and Furnisher,

who has a carefully selected stock of Spring Goods, containing many unique and original designs.

Agency for Troy Laundry.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

Main Street, Andover, Mass.

"P. A."

O. A. Jenkins & Co.,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

BIGELOW & Co.,

Hatters to the New England Colleges.

EXTRA QUALITY. CORRECT SHAPES.

HEATH'S LONDON HATS,

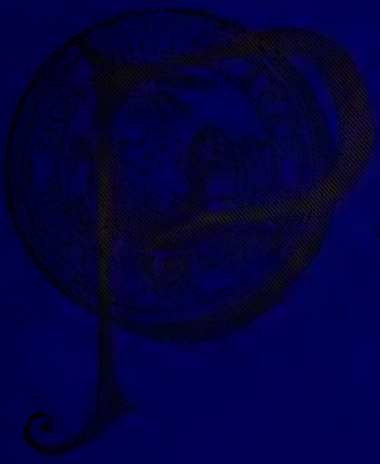
TENNIS, CAPS, BELTS, AND BLAZERS

IN GREAT VARIETY

CANES * AND * UMBRELLAS.

407 WASHINGTON STREET, 407

BOSTON.



OHIO. MIRROR

JUNE. 1859.

A. SHUMAN & COMPANY,

We invite your inspection of our large and varied stock of

CLOTHING

For Young Gentlemen's Wear.

Manufactured by us from

Fine All Wool Fabrics,

Of both Domestic and Foreign make. All our garments are made in a style

Equal to Custom Production.

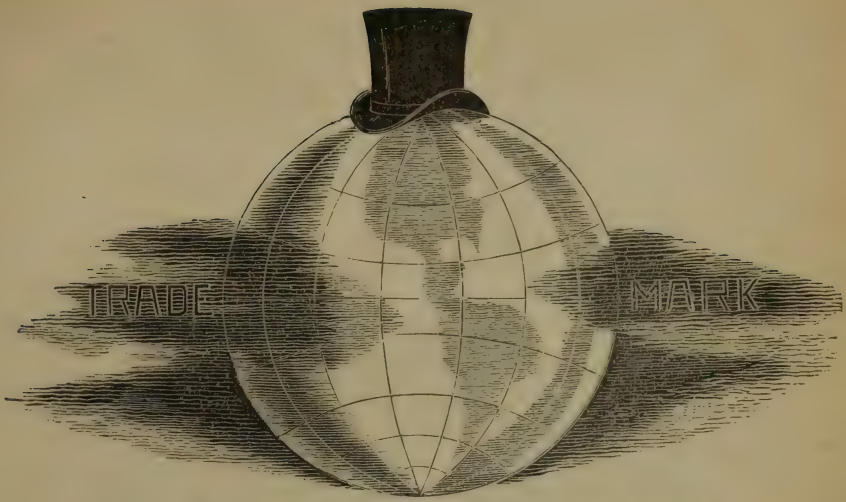
— AND A —

Perfect Fit Assured.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

Manufacturing Clothiers,

WASHINGTON STREET, COR. SUMMER, BOSTON.

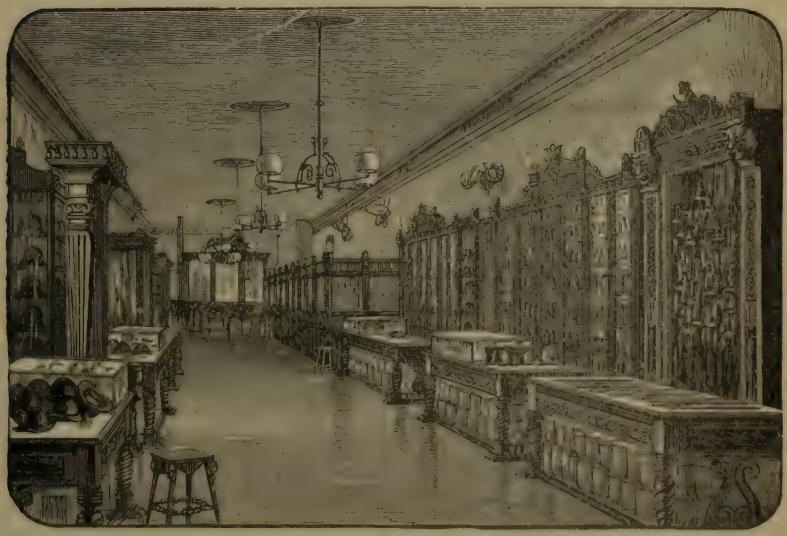


COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

Successors to D. P. ILSLEY & CO.

HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

381 Washington Street, opposite Franklin, - Boston, Mass.



English and American Hats of every description.

BLANKET WRAPS

For the Nursery,
For the Sick Room,
For the Bath,
For Steamer Travelling,
For the Railway Carriage,
For Yachting.

For MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN and the BABY, $2.75 to $35, with Hood and Girdle complete.

English Hold-Alls, Steamer Wraps and Rugs.

NOYES BROS.,

ALLEN SOLLY & CO.'S LONDON

High-class hosiery and underwear in pure lamb's wool, merino, balbriggan, and silk, in white, the famous brown, and the natural gray. All weights and sizes, 28 to 50 inches, at popular prices at Noyes Bros.

ENGLISH SILK UMBRELLAS

In gold, silver and natural wood handles, ladies' and men's, $2.75 to $35.00, very rare and choice designs, at Noyes Bros.

LADIES' AND MEN'S ENGLISH

Waterproofs, for storm, for street, for travelling. The latest London production, $7.50 to $45. English hold-alls, steamer wraps and rugs, at Noyes Bros.

PAJAMAS, OR EAST INDIA

Sleeping suits, and long night shirts, made from the best English flannels, cheviots, oxfords and silk, for steamers, sleeping car, yachting or hunting, at Noyes Bros.

NOYES BROS.,

Hosiers, Glovers and Shirt Makers,

Washington & Summer Streets,

BOSTON, U.S.A.

SPECIAL LAUNDRIES

For Dress Shirts,
For Family Work,
For Collars and Cuffs.

THE BEST work possible to be done.

Ladies' Cape Collars
AND
Boys' Wide Collars

Laundried with Special Care,

At NOYES BROS.

English dressing gowns, study coats, house coats, office coats and long wraps $5.00 to $45.00, in stock or to measure, at Noyes Bros.

New French shirtings at Noyes Bros.

New French flannels at Noyes Bros.

English oxfords and cheviots at Noyes Bros.

Pure silk shirtings at Noyes Bros.

Blanket steamer wraps at Noyes Bros.

Ladies' blouse tennis waists at Noyes Bros.

Tennis coats, shirts, trousers, caps, belts and sashes at Noyes Bros.

DRESS SHIRTS

For Receptions, For Weddings, For Dinner Parties.

HIGH CLASS ENGLISH

Neckwear just opened by Messrs. Noyes Bros.

The New London Tan Gloves at $1.35 are absolutely the best gentleman's walking glove in the country. They are Messrs. Noyes Bros.' specialty.

Jurors' Award for Beauty of Workmanship and Design, and Distinguished Ecelle nc e in the Manufacture of Shirts.

NOYES BROS.,

Hosiers, Glovers and Shirt Makers,

Washingson & Summer Streets,

BOSTON, U.S.A.

WHIDDEN, CURTIN & CO.,

FURNITURE.

1 to 9 Washington St.

CHAMBER FURNITURE.

Mahogany Chamber Sets	$55 to $350
Black Walnut Chamber Sets	45 to 200
Cherry Chamber Sets	35 to 175
Oak Chamber Sets	45 to 150
Ash Chamber Sets	20 to 100
Chiffonieres, with and without Glasses	6 to 65
Wardrobes	$10, $15, 20 to 50
Hair Mattresses	9, 15, 18 to 25
Soft Top Mattresses	2.50 to 6
Excelsior Mattresses	2 to 5
Spring Beds	$1.50, 5 to 18

LIBRARY FURNITURE.

Bookcases open with Brass Rods	$ 7.50 to $ 50
With Glass Doors	15 to 100
Secretaries, with Fall lid and Cylinders	25 to 75
Tables	3.50 to 50

In Oak, Black Walnut, Cherry and Mahogany.

OFFICE FURNITURE.

Flat Top Writing Tables,	$5, $7, $10 to $25
Office Desks, with Drawers,	$10, $15, 20 to 40
Roll Top Desks	$35 45 to 75

PARLOR FURNITURE.

Parlor Suites . . . . . $45, $60, $75, $100 to $300

Upholstered in Plain ond Embossed Mohair, Sultan and Silk Plushes; all the newest shades. Tapestries and Hair Cloth. In Mahogany, Cherry and Black Walnut frames. Sixty to seventy-five different styles, all upholstered, in our Warerooms at all times, ready for delivery.

Odd Sofas, Divans, Patent Rockers and Corner Chairs.

Sofa Beds and Bed Lounges, all styles upholstery	$12 to $75
Easy Chairs in Leather	10 to 50
Easy Chairs in Plushes	12 to 75
Reception and Fancy Chairs	10 to 35
Bed Room Couches and Lounges, in Cretonne and Tapestry	12 to 50
Parlor Cabinets and Bric-a-Brac Stands	25 to 100
Screen Frames, ready to upholster	8 to 25
Pedestals	$5, $10. 15 to 25
Easels	3.50, 10, 15 to 20
Parlor Desks	13, 15, 20 to 65

Rattan and Reed Chairs and Rockers, at all prices, from $3 upward.

CARPETINGS.

Brussels Carpets, the best makes	$ .90 to $1.50
Tapestry " " " "	.55 to 1.00
Woollen " " " "	.40 to .90
Well Seasoned Oil Cloth	.25 to 1.00

Borders, Art Squares, Rugs, Mats, Hassocks, from the cheapest to the finest quality manufactured, at all prices.

FARNSWORTH & CO.,

Hatters and Furriers,

Manufacturers and Importers.

— A FULL LINE OF —

English, American and French Hats.

The Best Line of Umbrellas in Boston

SILK HATS A SPECIALTY.

522 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Opposite Adams House.

Shreve, Crump, & Low Co.,

WATCHES. * DIAMONDS.

THE CELEBRATED

PLATED GORHAM WARE,

EQUAL TO SILVER.

Prizes in Silver. **Finest Assortment of Stationery in the City.**

CANES. UMBRELLAS.

432 Washington Street, Corner Summer, Boston, Mass.

J. M. Bradley,

TAILOR AND FURNISHER,

Latest Designs in Seasonable Woolens, Fine Hats and Furnishings.

AGENT FOR SCRIPTURES' LAUNDRY.

Dame, Stoddard & Kendall.

FINEST GRADE

LAWN TENNIS

WEDGEMERE Expert.

OUR CELEBRATED WEDGEMERE EXPERT, IMPROVED FOR 1889.

Strung with the Finest quality English Gut, Handsomely Finished.

Base Ball Goods of Every Description We Sell Wagon-Tongue Bats for 50c.

Send for Complete Catalogue of All these Goods.

374 Washington Street, Boston.

JOHN R. COLE,

Bookseller and Stationer.

Men's Outfittings.

FOREIGN NOVELTIES A SPECIALTY.

Corner Washington and West Sts.,

BOSTON, MASS.

F. L. DUNNE,

TAILOR

—TO—

P. A. Co-operative Society.

MY SPECIALTY:

The Largest and Best Assortment of the Most Correct London Styles.

Constantly in receipt of the Latest Foreign Novelties.

338 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

Athletic Shoes

Of All Kinds, Constantly in Stock at

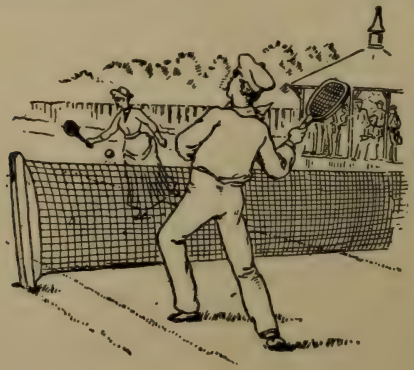
Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins,

47 Temple Place, - Boston

Lawn Tennis, Bicycles, Foot Ball, Base Ball, Running, Yachting, etc., etc. Shoes for Dress Wear, Shoes for Street Wear, and of the best makes and at moderate prices.

Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins,

47 Temple Place, . - - Boston, Mass.



ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Will purchase a *Gentleman's Watch*, which we guarantee to be the best possible time-keeper for the money. In 18kt. case, stem winder, nickel movement, adjusted with parts interchangeable, and bearing our name. It is made with greatest care, to special order, being equal in style to the most expensive grade, and has proved all we claim for it.

Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

511 Washington St., Boston.

ROBERT LAYCOCK,

Merchant Tailor.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

19 Bosworth Street.

FORMELY MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON

CHAS. A. SMITH & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

18 and 20 School St,, Boston.

IMPORTERS OF LONDON FANCY SUITINGS,

IN EXCLUSIVE STYLES,

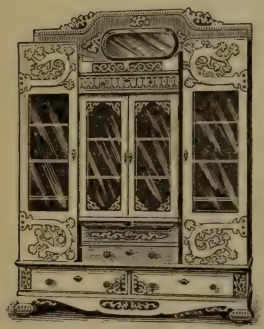
Specially Adapted to Young Men's Tastes.

STAPLE GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

FULL DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

W. E. HODGKINS. C. G. BEALS.

DANIELS, BADGER & CO.,



The Largest Manufacturers of

Fine Furniture

IN NEW ENGLAND.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WAREROOMS. 25 SUDBURY AND 138 FRIEND STS., BOSTON.

Factory at Cambridge.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 3.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

JUNE 1889.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

A Song of Past Years, - - - - - - - - 5

The Realism of Tolstoï, - - - - - - - - 10

Phillips One Hundred Years ago, - - - - - - 13

What Tyranny most Threatens the American People? - 19

Socrates on a Bust, - - - - - - - - - 22

An Unwritten Chapter of Bluebeard's Life, - - - 28

History. — President's Address, - - - - - - 30

Story of a Phillipian, - - - - - - - - - 33

Dedicated to P. A.' 89, - - - - - - - - - 38

Editors' Review, - - - - - - - - - - 41

A Select Few, - - - - - - - - - - 49

To Sister Abbot, - - - - - - - - - - 51

Grinds, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 53

Statistics of the Senior Class, - - - - - - - 59

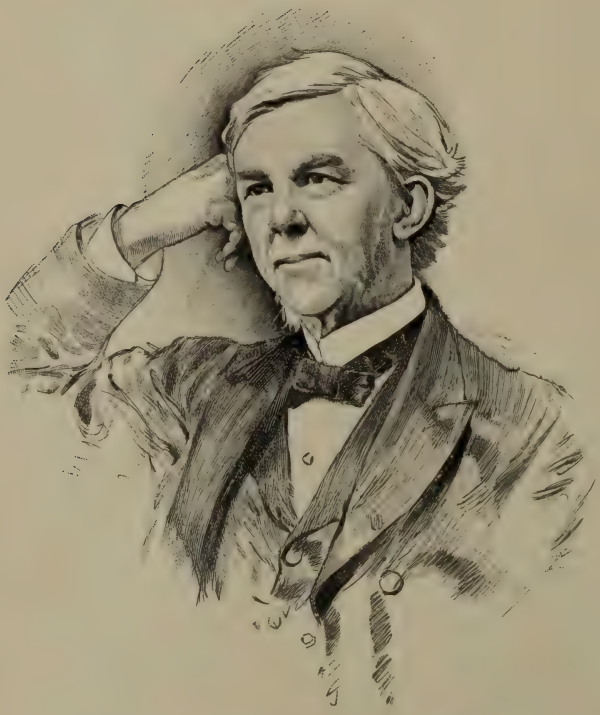
The Phillips Pot-Pourri, - - - - - - - - 63

Editors.

R. T. FRENCH,

S. W. ELLSWORTH,

J. O. MORÉ.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXVI. JUNE, 1889. No. III.

A Song of Past Years.

First Prize Poem.

Across the way there, where the scattered trees
Gaunt landmarks fringing round the field, where now
The idling school-boys pass the happy hours
With ball and racquet, and with tennis net,
Stood the old schoolhouse, while through sun and rain
Its gabled roofs frowned o'er the lazy town
That slept in blissful ignorance of the world,
In cloistered purity and holiness.
I think the moulded eaves frowned darkest when
We laggards loitered past the crumbling door
And through the weary halls, where all day long
The masters scolded, threatened, wearedly
To ears long deaf to these long monotones,
To cudgled brains, belabored still in vain,
To thoughts far wandering in the happy fields,
To souls that drank the tonic of the Spring
With long, deep draughts its nectar. I, a boy
Just budding into manhood, and just past

The eighteenth birthday, dreamed through the bright days,
Not heeding how before me fell the sands,
The golden sands of youth. The maiden hours
Tripped smiling by; I heard their music-tread
That pressed the turf beside me. Heard their laugh
Ripple athwart the whispered even-glow,
And die away below the dipping road,
Above whose lifting terrace, and beyond
The green lawn-reaches, stood the Hall. Within
Some three score maidens, in whose bird-like glance
And newly knotted hair and lengthened gowns
You saw the early dawn of womanhood.

I said the old town slumbered, yet at times
Across the darksome background of its thought
A dream of beauty tip-toed, faded, passed
With tender sunset tints, in Spring or Fall
Whene'er the merry group of school-girls came
Or went past opening gate or barring door.
When sobbing April brightened into May,
I walked in aimless wandering by the Hall.
Above, the windows flashed the sunset back,
Whose prancing elves slackened their jocund pace,
Lingered, caressed, passed on, and left behind
A gracile creature, o'er whose head at birth
The dawn-light wavered as it stayed to bless,
And cloudless Heaven smiled upon those eyes
That answered smiling on through shadowed night.
Below I paused to worship till she turned,
Tossed out her danger signal o'er her cheek
That blushing told me, "Thou may'st worship, but
Beware thou enterest not the holiest."
So turned and moved, in radiant beauty still,
Beyond the gravel walk, till jealous trees
Hid her, and I, deep sighing, climbed the hill
To my lone lodging, left my heart behind
Beyond the trees that edge the garden walk.

The May in parting waved its farewell kiss
Whose tenderness had made the flowers weep

At dawn or gloaming. Then the summer came,
And found me at my Mecca worshipping.
In June, the leafy June that Coleridge sang,
I strolled in idle musing by the Hall,
Plucking a daisy's petals one by one,
Still conscious that two eyes were watching me
Above, upon the terrace to the left,
And waiting eagerly to hear the end
Of "Love me, love me nots." But fate was kind
And made the number odd, and triumphing
I looked, and saw her smile, though blushingly
In sweet confusion. "Pardon me," I said,
"I have known you long — what is your name?" and she,
"My name is Ellen." "And the other name?"
"It matters not, and yours is —" "Arthur Clyde."
"And does your prophet daisy gladden you?"
I moved to make reply, but speaking heard
Voices approaching, stooped and kissed her hand
For answer, and she hastened through the clump
Of firs that clustered hard to left, and pressed
To her sweet lips the hand whose purity
I touched, profaned, but reverenced touching it.
I walked through veiling dream mists in the week
Which followed, seemed to hear a voice that called
To my soul's darkness, where it drooped in tears:
"I am the voice that calls thee from thy sin;
I am the voice that calls thee from thyself;
O turn not backward, all is dark behind
And cheerless, but the forward way smiles on
Through vistaed pathways, where sweet heaven stoops
To whisper through the twilight o'er thy head,
Until the dawn light break above the goal
Of our long waiting, and the night is past."
And still it would not cease; I heard its cry,
"I am the voice that calls thee from thyself."
June's roses passed the bud-time, leafed and blew,
And floated down the breeze, and strewed the lawns
With their dear weight of blessing ere they died.

I waited by the huddled group of firs
In silence, hugging close the darkened fence,
And listened, till with hurried steps I heard
A voice call "Arthur" and I hastened to it.
"And have you waited long? I could not come;
But triple-headed Cerberus sleeps, and now
I shall reward thy patience with the 'yes'
I promised yesterday. But is it not wrong,
This that we dream of? For I love thee so
That I could follow thee through shine or shade,
Or death or life, not knowing right or wrong."
"Yea, it is wrong, if wrong it be to pluck
The rosebud from its mother bed, and steal
The loveliest flower that grows there, selfishly
To wear it on my breast before the world.
For if it die, it dies above the place
Where beats the heart that loves it. If it be sin
The sun should melt the winter snows and warm
The hearts to blossoming, and bring
The promise of the year, then thou hast sinned;
But I who sit in judgment o'er thy crime,
Forgive thee, dear." She sighed and turned away
Half doubting till I whispered to her, "Come,
Night pauses in her course to wait for thee,
The stars above throb out to listen to thee,
And I — thou hold'st my soul upon thy lips
That tremble with their message." Then she turned
Her eyes, whose blue had deepened for the love
That lighted them, as oft when night wears on,
The azure heavens glow to violet
Starlit and distant. Soft those snow-white hands
Were clasped behind my neck, and then I knew
The current of her thought was one with mine.
She spoke with voice that silvered on the air,
"My heaven opened, but I waited long
My heaven opens and I enter it,
I merge my soul in thine, I hold this cup,
This life-draught to thy lips. O drink, and live."

The lights flashed from the many-windowed Hall,
And shadowed as we crossed their golden wake.
A moment more, and we had gained the spot
Where horse and carriage waited; passed the church
Upon the bending highway, while the bell
Tolled out eleven, grew faint and lost itself
In hurrying hoof-beats and the hum of wheels.
Out of the void of hope and memory
A soft, faint sunbeam pierced with golden light,
And flooded all my soul, while far ahead
By that lone ray, I saw my haven gleam
In great white shining. . . . . .
All that was years ago. My child-wife sleeps
Beneath the kindly earth whose freshening sod
Billows above her head, beyond the goal
Where cloud-mists kiss the sea, and past whose bounds
My heart lies waiting till she wake again.
I climbed the weary hill to find the place
Where once I went to school, but all has changed.
The old-time building is no more, for now
Behind me rise the towers and peaked roofs.
Above the door-way, "Phillips" carven there
Looks kindly downward, while beneath its shade
I pass in recollection through the years
That knew me here, a boy. Below the road
I paused in climbing, sought the giant firs,
And moved the loving mosses from the place
Whereon were carved the letters E. H. L.,
Initials that I wrought in younger days.
The past is kindly to us when we bow
To learn its lesson. I have passed through vales
Of bitter tears, but o'er the widening gulf,
A silver cloud broods with a mighty peace,
And through its sunny rifts, the angels smile.
I see the sunset glowing in the west
In nacre flushing. To this light I move,
And the last silence folded in the night.

MAURICE CHAUNCEY WELLS.

The Realism of Tolstoi.

First Means Prize.

"PAINT me as I am," said the truth-loving Cromwell to the artist who was to make his portrait, "Paint me as I am, wart and all." Had Cromwell been placed before a photographer's camera, he would have been taken "wart and all," whether he would or not. Had a dozen cameras been focused upon the old hero, the result would have been twelve photographs practically alike. But had a dozen artists painted him, no two results would have been precisely the same.

In these two methods of treating the same object, we have exemplified both Naturalistic and Idealistic Realism. The camera, as representing the Naturalistic method, is superior to any artist in the bare accuracy of external facts; but every true artist is infinitely superior to the most perfect camera, because he puts something of his own nature into his work.

In fiction the Naturalistic School of Realism claims to reproduce human life with camera-like fidelity. The Idealistic School endeavors truly to represent life, but life *interpreted*,— interpreted by the creative imagination of the artist.

Now in which of these two schools of Realism do we find the great Russian novelist Count Tolstoï? Manifestly, in the school of Idealistic Realism. The Naturalistic element of his work appears in the Source and Nature of his materials. He takes them from the experiences of life as he has both seen and lived them. They are chiefly the experiences of Russian life in its many phases. The life of the student, with its orgies and duels; the life of the camp, and life on the battle field; the life of the courtier, and the counsellor of state;

yes, even the lowly life of the peasant; — Tolstoï knows them all, for in various ways he has actually lived through them all.

"But," you say, "other men have had similar experiences, and opportunities for knowing these varieties of life, and yet they have not reached his great fame." Very true. They may have Tolstoï's knowledge, but they have been denied his superior faculty of observation, of imagination, and his wonderful power of expression; these are gifts of God.

Tolstoï is as close an observer of the facts of the inner life as he is of the outward. Nowhere is this seen more clearly than in the short but perfect story of Ivan Ilyitch. With marvellous vividness he shows us the effect of disease upon mind and character. When the wretched man dies we feel that we are actually at his very bed-side, and almost involuntarily breathe a prayer for the rest of that poor, struggling soul.

In all his great novels, in "Anna Karénina," in "War and Peace," and in "The Cossacks," the students of Tolstoï all unite in marking his wonderful faithfulness in depicting the manifold aspects of human life, both in the great and in the little things that make up man's outward and inward existence.

So much for his Naturalism. Thus far we have noticed only the action of the camera. Now let us look at the great artist with his brush, colors, and creative imagination. His Idealism appears in his artistic purpose. His aim is to make us see things as they are: to set our minds to thinking and feeling the same thoughts that he gives to the minds of his characters. How plainly Tolstoï shows us that so long as Ivan Ilyitch fought against his conscience, he was only the more distressed with his guilty past; but as soon as he admits the evil of his life, he gains peace of conscience, and becomes reconciled to his fate. The great artist persuades his readers to accept death as a part of nature, and the necessary entrance to a higher and truer life. In the struggles of Ivan Ilyitch, Tolstoï discloses to us the recesses of our own hearts, and we exclaim, "This is Truth." You cannot read the story without having your feelings deeply stirred. More than this, you cannot help asking,— "Am I living as I ought."

In his literary workmanship Tolstoï seems to care but little for the artistic quality as such. He does not say, "See my art"; but, "Look at this piece of Real Life *through* my art."

But Tolstoï's Idealism is seen at its greatest advantage in the lofty moral purpose of his writings. He so selects and arranges the facts of life as to make us see the meaning of life. He aims to make us live lives of unselfishness, of purity, of devotion to the noblest ends. In a word, the practical purpose of his writings is to enforce upon us the duty of shaping our lives according to the principles of Christ's perfect life. And so he makes us hate evil, and believe in the good; and to believe in the final triumph of the good; and, above all, he makes us stronger to work for that end.

It would be very difficult, I think, to find a nobler or more practical moral Ideal than the view of life expressed by Levine in the closing words of Anna Karénina: "I now cry to Him. My inner life has won its liberty; it will be no longer at the mercy of events; and every minute of my existence will have a meaning impressed upon every single one of my actions,— that of *being good.*"

DONALD CHURCHILL.

Phillips One Hundred Years ago.

Second Prize Story.

"Who, in these days when all things go by steam,
Recalls the stage-coach with its four-horse team?
Its sturdy driver,— who remembers him?
Or the old landlord, saturnine and grim,
Who left our hill-top for a new abode,
And reared his sign-post farther down the road?"

THE night is stormy. Hark, is that not the sound of distant thunder, which like the far-off roaring of the sea, now breaks upon the shore of sound! The rain falls fast against the window panes, which rattle at the bidding of the wind, who has full sway to night; and he whistles and laughs, while his subjects, the clouds, grumble and mumble and rumble as they toil. The fire burns bright upon the hearth, but for the children of the wind who, playing, chase the smoke through the room. The lightning's flash now lights the room; an old man of some eighty years sitting by the fire is seen, and then — 'tis gone again. A knock at the door is heard. A young man dressed in the most mysterious costume enters, and asks if here there is shelter for a stranger from the storm. The old man having given this novel looking youth a cordial welcome, they seat themselves, and having been asked by the stranger to tell of the days when he was young, the old man speaks:

"Well, my friend, those times were different. I'll tell you how I went to Phillips Academy. In the year 1786, being a lad of ten, my father decided that I must go to school. Therefore, after considerable preparation, I arose one morning at three o'clock, had my breakfast, and having, with many tears, said adieu to my mother,

took the stage-coach, accompanied by my father, for Haverhill. The four fine horses pulled well as the sturdy driver made his long whip crack in the air over their heads. The wheels rumbled, and the dust flew; it was hot and disagreeable, but this was the best mode of conveyance, in fact, the lightning express to Haverhill in those days. We were well on the road, which was full of holes and ruts in places, when — 'Whoa, Daniel! slow, Jerry! whoa! whoa...! Y^e^ coach is in y^e^ mire, and ye'll get out till we ride on anew!' the coachman exclaimed as he jumped down from his seat. All were obliged to get out, while the gentlemen turned to and helped the driver lift the heavy coach out of the rut, after which we continued our journey. Late that night we reached Haverhill, where we tried to sleep until four o'clock, when we were called. The morning dew was on the ground, the trees, accompanied by a full orchestra of birds, sang to the time of the wind. The coach was ready, all were aboard, and away we drove. We had about nine miles to go before we should reach Andover.

Coming round a bend in the road we saw the town nestled on the banks of the slowly flowing Shawshin, which turned the wheels of Judge Phillips' old powder-mill, now in sight. Farther up the sloping bank, prominent among the houses of the town, stood forth the two white churches. We now drew rein at Isaac Abbot's Tavern, a square white house with green blinds. In front of the inn were two (then small) trees, and over one side of the house vines were growing. Here we breakfasted, and after an hour's rest, leaving the town, reached the "Hill." On our right hand was the new Academy, a wooden building two stories high, surmounted by a cupola in which was the bell of the school. Opposite this building, a few feet from the road (which was bounded by a plain faced wall), and surrounded by small trees was the Mansion House of Judge Phillips; farther up the road was the old or first Academy, and opposite this a store, the only store anywhere near the "Hill." Through the trees at some distance, could be seen the houses of Stephen and Samuel Abbott. This was the aspect of the "Hill" when I was a boy. The coach stopped at the new Academy, and when we got out Principal Pearson met us, and having greeted us cordially assigned me a room. My father remained with me that night, taking the first coach for home in the morning.

"On that day I remember entering the school hall for prayers. This hall held about one hundred, and how lost I felt among so many! I soon became acquainted, however, and found myself quite at home. One of the first walks I took was up the highway to the old Academy, where I had my singing lesson. This building had been fitted up from a joiner's shop, and was thirty-five by twenty feet, with seats for about forty boys. One morning as I came back from my lesson, I saw a cloud of dust way down the road, and then I heard a horn; it was Samuel Bean, the post rider, who, having left the 'Independent Chronicle' all along the road from Boston, was now on his way to Londonderry. He was on horseback, equipped with saddle-bags, and a horn which announced his approach, a broad felt hat on his head, and high leather boots on his feet. Drawing up, he left our letters at the new Academy. This Samuel Bean was a robust fellow, a good friend to everyone who paid him regularly his sixteen dollars in cash, his half bushel of rye, or his three pecks of Indian corn, which was his price for carrying the Chronicle a term. Often after that when the weather was bad, or when Bean was sick, which happened very seldom, or in the time intervening between the issues of the weekly paper, I would see posted a notice that there was a letter for me in the Haverhill post-office.

"Many letters came and went. The war was over; the President of these United States had taken the Oath of Office. The old powder-mill, which had so long helped to sing the song of the war, was now giving way to a paper manufactury that the history, glory, and victory of the same war might be read. Iron-works were also springing up, and the town was in as thriving a condition as any in the Commonwealth. We had, however, as usual, our four hours in the morning and our four hours in the afternoon. In these hours I sat next on the bench to a boy called Josiah Quincy. Quincy and myself played much together, became great friends, and I was often invited by good parson French, where he boarded, to tea. When we were very much troubled the good parson would console us, and give us something nice to eat, which had great effect. We went also with the rest of the Academy twice on Sunday to hear Parson French preach in the South Meeting-house. How large the church seemed with its two tiers of galleries and the crowds of people, and how terrible was the tything-man with his long pole,

when he rapped on the wall to the horror of the boys and sleeping elders. One Sunday, (what a hot Sunday that was!), we had been sitting for a long time listening, or trying to listen, to a long sermon, when I, becoming tired, looked around for something to do. Below me in the body of the church was one of the elders with his head thrown back, his mouth wide open, snoring to his heart's content. In my pocket I had some tobacco, which one of the boys had given me; wanting to get rid of the tobacco, and desiring amusement, I drew it out, took a steady aim, and —!!!!—. It had hit the mark, there was a sudden knock on the wall, several persons looked around at the elder, who not knowing what could have happened, and thinking his last day had come, solemnly bent his head. Parson French stopped a minute,—I trembled in my boots and looked at Josiah — looked at the elder, and then resumed.

"Among the congregation were several who came so far that they could not return home and come again for afternoon service. These betook themselves after meeting to the so-called 'noon-house,' where they ate their lunch, and in winter warmed themselves and filled their foot-stoves with coals from the grate, for afternon service in the cold meeting house; and lest there should be too much gossip or waste of time on the Sabbath, they selected some layman to read a sermon or devotional exercise.

"But perhaps you are not interested in this. To return to the boys,— one morning, Thursday, the 5th of November, 1789, the old Academy bell rang out at half past four. This was the sign for us to get up. The whole town was soon alive, and everyone was out and making their way toward Haverhill.

Judge Phillips and Principal Pemberton, both on horseback, rode slowly in advance, while the boys of the Academy plodded along after them. The road was now filled with the townspeople and farmers, coming from all directions. As we ascended a hill over which the road lead, against the horizon were seen a company of cavalry, who as they began to descend made the surrounding country ring with the blast of the bugle. 'George Washington comes, boys!' cried Principal Pemberton, and then you ought to have heard the 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Washington!' which we gave in answer to the bugle call, and which has been echoing for nearly a hundred years in Phillips. It was indeed George Washington on his white charger,

accompanied by Captain Osgood, with a band of fifty men, whose bright red uniforms faced with green shone out well in the morning sun. Judge Phillips and several of the distinguished citizens of the town saluted General Washington, and rode on with him to Deacon Isaac Abbot's tavern, and there breakfasted, where I had been some few years before. Just at this juncture, I was the bearer of a note to Principal Pemberton, and while waiting for an answer, a fine opportunity of observing what was going on offered itself. General Washington having taken off his riding-gloves, one of which he had asked Deacon Abbot's little daughter to mend, was seated at the table at the side of Judge Phillips, with whom he was carrying on a vigorous conversation, the words of which I was just catching, when alas! the answer to the note was ready. When I went out I found the crowd had greatly increased, and that all were gathering around the door and awaiting the President's reappearance. The cavalry had formed so as to leave a pathway for the President, from the door of the tavern to the road, where his horse, held by a groom, was impatiently pawing the ground. After some time, at last the door was opened.

'Great Washington the hero comes,
Each heart exulting hears the sound,
Thousands to their deliverer throng,
And shout him welcome all around;
Now in full chorus join the song,
And shout aloud, great Washington!'

As he came out Miss Priscilla stepped up to him with the mended riding-glove, and with a low courtesy gave it to its owner. This so pleased the General that he took her up and kissed her (and the boys said that she would not have her face washed for a week afterwards), then walking quickly down the path, Washington mounted and rode on, amid the shouts of the citizens, past the old South Church, up the avenue now called School Street to the Mansion House of Judge Phillips. After having refreshed himself, he sat on horseback under the trees of the common, where he again received the oblations of the people, then rode away down Phillips Street, past the site of the Latin Commons, which were erected, some fifty years afterwards. Thus one of the greatest days in the history of Andover was passed.

"The scene has changed; nature has fallen asleep, and as she sleeps she dreams, and in her dreams she fancies foliage and stars in the frosty air; she dreams of her children the flowers all covered up warm and cosy, of her jester the brook who has made him a house from the storm. She dreams that all her subjects are paying obedience to their King, a Child who was born in a manger, in the sunny land of the east, and who now, in their memories, has come to earth again. So the Christmas-tide had come. The hall of Judge Phillip's mansion rang with the laughter of the boys. The great logs burned in the chimney place, in the light of which Madame Phillips sat with her knitting, in the same chair in which George Washington had rested during his visit to the Mansion House. As she leaned forward to pick up her yarn (for which I am sorry to say I was too slow), she disclosed, on the back of the chair, a ribbon which she had placed there as soon as General Washington had gone.

"The evening festivities were over, the boys were leaving, and with them I also started for my lodgings. It was just such a night as this, except that snow fell instead of rain. But no!" the old man said, rising and going to the window, "Look, it has cleared," and as he spoke, the stroke of a distant clock was heard to tell the midnight. He turned to address the youth, but lo! he was gone; and on again looking forth, a shadow seemed to pass down the garden path. "Ho, stranger! where away so late?" but the only sound that broke the dead stillness of the night was the weird hoot of an owl, which seemed to say, "He stays not yet! — He stays not yet! He is the pre-existent Spirit of 1889."

William Wadhams.

What Tyranny most Threatens the American People?

Third Means Prize.

As the great political battle of '88 has been fought, and the partisan speeches and pyrotechnics of the campaign are ended, we may now calmly and dispassionately discuss the question,— What Tyranny most threatens the American People. Tyranny is not always open, bold, and defiant, but subtle in its approaches as the noxious gases in the atmosphere that enter our systems by inhalation, bearing disease and death. Thus, stealthily, does tyranny come upon a people, through laws not understood, not sufficiently scrutinized except by the artful and designing, who have secured their enactment. It has come through our protective tariff,— the offspring of a great national necessity, passed in that terrible war emergency, to meet the expenses of the government, of $3,000,000 per day,— to maintain our vast armies in the field. Then, it was a war necessity, now, in peace, a tyranny, an oppression on the many to subsidize the few. Then, the people bore the burden willingly, to save the unity of the states, the integrity of the nation, under the solemn assurance that it should cease with the necessity for its existence. A quarter of a century has elapsed since war and desolation were no more in the land, and still the burden rests like an incubus on the people, drawing from them yearly, a large portion of their earnings, and pouring it in a golden stream into the vaults of the millionaires, also into the treasury of the government over a hundred millions annually, more than is requisite for its administration, where it lies dead, a temptation, an inductor to the extravagance and corruption that scandalize the government. The rapidly accumulating millions in the hands of the few, extorted from the many, proclaim the tyranny

of this continued war taxation. The combinations and trusts, organized by the moneyed power thus created to rob the people, should awaken them to the dangers of a moneyed despotism. Protected millionaires control the national Senate, occupy many seats in the House of Representatives, are counted in every manufacturing town, and through a corrupted ballot-box, hold the people, as the devil-fish holds its victims, with their varied tentacles fastented upon them, sucking,— sucking their financial blood. It has made plethoric with wealth the few, and to that extent impoverished the many. Some industries are over stimulated, others depressed and paralyzed. Depression weighs heavily on that great industry, agriculture, as the $3,500,000,000 of mortgages on ten western states and the decrease in farm values confirm. It has brought the silence of decay and death to our ship-yards, and nearly swept our merchant marine from the ocean. Before the inauguration of this Chinese policy we were second to England, only, in commercial supremacy on the waters,— now the American flag is rarely seen in foreign ports, and we are the eleventh power in the commercial race. Even "the rich man of the East" has out-distanced us, and the crescent and scimiter gleam in our advance. How humiliating!

In evasion of this tariff, our vessels go to foreign ports for repairs, American capital to foreign lands to construct our ships, as in case of that grand steamer 'The City of New York.' American capital purchased in a foreign country the material for her construction, paid foreign labor to lay her keel, build all her parts and bring her to magnificent completion. This steamer, on her first voyage, bore back to his own country the great apostle of protection. What may have been his thoughts as he stood upon her decks, and in his upward gaze, beheld not the stars and stripes, but the British flag floating over her,— that American steamer, sailing under British colors, British papers, British protection, to evade American Protection! What a commentary on his doctrine! What a lesson for his reflection! England, with a broader and more statesman-like policy, throws open her ports to the trade of the world, and, with her thirty thousand ships, bears the products of all her industries to every nation on earth. She gathers in the vast trade of the South American republics, which should be ours; sweeps into our own ports and does most of our carrying trade. Her policy is ex-

pansive, the markets of the world her ambition ; our policy exclusive, relying on a home market without effort at extension, and over-production, lockouts, and strikes are the result.

Protests against unjust taxation were inscribed with the sabre and bayonet, in letters of blood on every battle field of the Revolution, and when this government taxes its citizens beyond the amount requisite for its administration, to compel the many to pay tribute of hundreds of millions yearly to the few, it is tyranny,— tyranny not only threatened, but actual.

The war against this unholy taxation has already begun. Let there be no cessation,— no retreat, but let the cry ring out as of old, "Unto your tents, O Israel," and let a blast be sounded upon the trumpet of tariff reform, louder and longer than that of Joshua and his men around the walls of Jericho, and as those walls went down before the righteous, so shall these Chinese walls of protection for the few and oppression to the many likewise fall.

F. W. Moore.

Socrates on a Bust.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SENIOR CLASS ROOM.

First Prize Story.

One warm June evening, when the air was filled with drowsy and sleepy influences, and all nature seemed buried in repose and rest at the close of a hot summer day, I was sitting in the Senior class-room, hard at work on Greek roots and declensions. The sun, a red orb glowing in the hazy air, hung above the horizon, almost ready to sink into the shades of approaching night. Outside, all was still and peaceful. The chirping of the crickets came in through the open windows like the soft murmuring of a distant song, lulling one to sleep and dreams. In the room already the shadows were growing deeper and duskier, and the quiet peace of a twilight seemed to fill every nook and corner. I found it impossible to study longer, and closed my book with a bang that rudely broke the sleepy stillness into a hundred mysterious noises and echoes. A magic spell seemed to linger through the room, and an uncanny sensation began to creep over me. I could not shake off the feeling that the piercing eyes of some spirit were fixed in a steady gaze upon my face. I looked up toward the ghostly busts ranged round the walls, and to my horror and amazement, the eyes of every one were set in a cold stare at me. "Steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit." Although terrified, I was powerless to move, and for some time, we continued the mutual gaze. At last Socrates opened his lips, speaking thus, in deep sepulchral tones: "Oh youth! come unto the market-place and learn of my precepts. Does thy soul yearn after wisdom, and thy mind long for understanding? Then hearken unto me. 'T were but as yesterday that my voice was heard at Athens, scattering abroad knowledge to all who would give ear.

For who is so versed in morals and virtues as I? Great Jupiter has blessed me with wisdom that surpasseth understanding. For this did the ignorant, envious throng compel me to drink the hemlock cup." — "Nay, thou ill-omened satyr!" interrupted Apollo, "Thine ugly face they hated and despised. Look at me, the most beautiful of all the Superum. When I smile, the sun with darting ray dispels the mist and falls in light and warmth upon the earth. When I frown, dark thunder-clouds hang sullenly over the land, and the destroying tempest rushes upon the people." "This is getting interesting," said I to myself; "I hope they will keep on." From the opposite corner of the room was heard the silver voice of Demosthenes, "It is well for thee, oh Socrates! that thou boastest not too vainly. My fame has even surpassed the shining glory of Phoebus. When has ever such voice as mine been heard in the Athenian market-place?" Homer, from his lofty seat, put in his word. "Ye have all talked falsely of your powers. Have ye ever heard such melodious verse as inspires my Iliad, my creation? Tell me, have your writings been heard in this pillared hall so oft as mine? Every day those gathered here bear witness to my glory."

"Alas! too true!" I groaned; thinking of the sixty lines for the next day. From his crumbling pedestal, Hercules lifted his powerful voice, and said, "More severe than any of my labors hitherto is this, to calm your disputing tongues. No word do I need to sound my praises; they are spread from the bounds of earth to the limits of the skies above. My name has become a by-word among men.

"A great honor!" sneered young Augustus, scornfully looking down upon the marble face of the demi-god; "Who of mortals is so famous as I? I am descended from the Pius Aeneas." At this point, Laocoon stops his struggle with the classic serpent for a moment, and remarks, after a word of warning to his adversary — "No choking now." "Alas! If the Trojans had given ear to my voice of warning, the broad-avenued city of Troy had not fallen. Since then, by fated lot, I am destined to wage continual battle with this immortal serpent; forsooth, a thankless reward for my undying guard and truthful words." With this, he turned wearily again to the combat. A deep silence reigned, each preparing to renew the contest. Meanwhile the tremor of fear had left my bones, and I ventured this question, hoping to change the subject. "Oh, thou

Socrates, and ye others, renowned and learned above all earthly men, can'st thou tell me wherefore ye all speak the English tongue, instead of the Greek and Latin, and the dialects in which ye were once versed?" In answer, Socrates smoothed his wrinkled brow and said: "Long delay and useless waste would it be to narrate the changes and vicissitudes through which I and my comrades have passed. Yet soon will be my answer. From our long sojourn in the precincts of this institution, and from the excellent example herein set, have we learned so well to speak the English tongue. Alas! how often do the works of art and memorials of former greatness, which adorn these lofty walls, recall to my mind the days of yore, when Athens, the queen of all cities, proudly ruled the earth. Thus do the youth of these days bring to my mind by way of contrast, the Athenian youth. As follows runs my story." Here he drew a long, full breath. "Four score and seven years ago, 'ere the walls of this noble edifice had yet been laid, fresh from the sculptor's bench, we crossed the sea —" "The hoary sea, the wine-colored deep" suggested Homer, — "And when the shining Moon with waxing light had thrice filled her curved horns, we found our haven in this new land, America as to its name. Taken from our crates of straw ignominiously, each with a tag about his neck, we reached at last our destiny in this school, like wandering sheep. On the way, Apollo lost his quiver of arrows, and I mine olive fillet. Many a change has taken place since then,—" "'T was but the thirtieth day before the Kalends of October," interrupted Augustus. Socrates continued, "Moving from room to room, and hall to hall, at last we have found an abiding place on our high pedestals, in this place, as you see. When ten years with their revolving months have rolled their winged course, a silvery veil of filmy paint adorns our features, and thus our mortal, marble lives are prolonged. But, oh youth! our spirits, our souls ever live through generations as unnumbered as the sands of the loud-roaring sea. Our fame is spread abroad on the wings of the swift-blowing wind, and strikes the stars above, and beneath, the uttermost parts of the earth. Men may come and men may go, but we go on forever." The philosopher paused, and for a time, was buried deep in the clouds of perplexing thought. Again the room was still and silent as a tomb. My watch ticked so loudly in my

pocket, I had grave fears lest it should disturb the ruminating sophist. Homer, ever mindful of his majestic Iliad, was unconscious of the present, and gave no attention to what was happening around him. Hercules, leaned upon his club, ever and anon grasping it with convulsive clutch, as if he were again fighting the Nemean lion or the Lernaean Hydra. Augustus was smiling thoughtfully to himself. Demosthenes, the sweet-tongued orator, with soft flowing words, at length spoke: "Many generations have passed beneath our eyes and have gone, like white-winged ships before a favoring gale, and we see them no more. Yet here we remain. Before Fate brought me hither, it was my pleasure to think there was no more knowledge in the world for me to learn. Alas! I was mistaken. I and my companions, by the closest attention, have got on to many things hitherto unknown. Yes, my soul grieves to say it, from my long rest here I have learned more of the Greek tongue than I ever dreamed or thought of before. Many a surprising fact could I tell the Athenians about their own language. Yea, and Augustus tells me how wonderful and pleasing is the Latin herein —" "True," softly murmured the descendant of Aeneas, "We Latins are fond of the dative, the partitive genitive, and completed —" "Alas! If the Trojans had given ear to my voice of warning, Troy had not fallen," meekly interposed Laocoon.

With patient endurance of this double interruption, the orator went on, "Oh youth! many benefits do we obtain from sojourning in this place. Every word spoken in this room do we hear. Naught escapes us. Yet our minds within are troubled with ever increasing fear for our personal safety. Know'st thou what the cruel fates have decreed? Thus runs our lot. Whenever a youth with brave attempt, stands up his lesson to repeat, inwardly we tremble, For if he in failing endeavor takes his seat, within our breasts a bit of marble flesh in sympathizing pity crumbles and falls in powdered dust. So at every flunk do we in sorrow waste away. Oh! youth, and all ye who gather here, take heed and have pity. Oh! hearken and give ear to my pleading voice, for in your hands lies the keeping of our mortal lives. Spare and preserve us, that for many years to come we may let our influence and glory shine in helpful example upon future generations. Although without, our pale faces may seem firm and unfeeling, within, from continued grief,

there is naught but an aching void. A hollow trembling shell alone remains. May that, while it lasts, serve with warning look to rouse youth's dormant energies. Soon, ah! too soon, will come the day when they shall miss us from our accustomed places. They shall see us no more." Demosthenes sighed and relapsed into silence and meditation.

Soon Socrates continued the thought, in a voice low and deep at first, but swelling into majestic tones like a great organ: "Truly has my comrade spoken. Harsh is the decree of Fate. Idle, except in thought, are we forced to remain, gazing into empty vacancy from our high pinnacles. We, doomed here to exist through so many revolving ages, are destined here to abide until together our ashes fall, simultaneously, as the Deacon's one horse shay —" "What!" whispered the others. "I beg pardon. Until the crumbling dust in a whitening shower falls upon the marble pavement, not otherwise than when a storm-cloud hangs threatening over the sleeping earth, and suddenly descends in a shower of rain upon the parched ground; and lo! as quickly, borne along by the cooling breeze, vanishes into thin air, as the dewy mist which the morning sun drinks in with quickening ray. Verily, the time shall come, and soon, when they who are accustomed to gaze with wondering eye upon this memorial of former greatness, shall miss us from our wonted place. Yea, they shall look and shall not behold us. Naught but a heap of mouldering dust upon the floor shall they see. Then shall our spirits fly away on the wings of Aurora to the starry skies, whose golden images laugh in the rippling water. Not otherwise than when —" "Alas! If the Trojans had but given ear to my voice of warning the broad avenued city of Troy had not fallen," shrieked Laocoon from the folds of the serpent. "Castaneas!" hissed Augustus. "Tonitrum!" roared Hercules as he picked up his club. Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! appropriately rang out the quarter to eight bell. Amid all this uproar and confusion discretion got the better of my valor, and, as if some "favoring gale" were at my back, I vanished from the sight of these ghostly busts, sped out of the haunted room and down the stairs out into the open air. How long the philosophers kept up their discussion I never found out, but no doubt the evening bell warned them into silence and studious meditation.

Often since then have I gazed with sorrowful eye upon the calm features of the busts, hoping to get some sign of recognition, but no word or look will they condescend to give. I fancy each day they grow thinner and paler. Perhaps the time when their prophetic words will be fulfilled is not far distant. No one knows.

From this strange adventure there hangs a moral and a lesson. Always look upon the statues of great men, whether they be philosophers or poets, statesmen or soldiers, with reverence and respect. As you admire and venerate the character and genius of the hero himself, thus treat his cold image; for the spirit and personality of the dead hover tenderly over the living marble, and often seem to fill and inspire the pale stone with the mind and soul that shone so brightly in the living man. And should not the statue, the memorial to the eye, be held in the same estimation as the recollection and memory of the hero existing in the heart? The fame and glory of him who is worthy to be represented in the carved stone will never fade. Above all, remember whenever you enter the senior room that the phantom spirits of some of the greatest and noblest minds the earth has ever seen linger like a halo of light and promise above the heads of the busts seemingly unconscious of all around them. In the presence of these inspired figures, then let every class and every student so act that the modern day may not seem degenerate, nor the youth of this age behind in any respect to the Athenian youth in the time of Socrates. In the words of the philosopher himself, remember that "virtue is wisdom."

J. H. Field.

An Unwritten Chapter of Bluebeard's Life.

Second Means Prize.

The Alps are lying in stillness; the moon is just rising over one of the peaks of the St. Bernard, and as its silver rays strike the icy surface of the Glacier des Angroniettes, a traveller, with his head bent in thought, is coming up the road. On his left lie the ruins of the temple to Jupiter Penninus, and on his right stretch the silent waters of a lake.

The traveller started from his reverie. "Did I not hear a voice? Comes it not from yonder ruined temple? Mayhap some robber has made it his nightly lodging, or some goblin, nymph, or fairy his habitation for the night. What can this mean? — Ha! ha! ha.....! What can this mean! — More voices? Am I bewitched?"

Here the path led through a narrow ravine, and the traveller stood gazing into the darkness. "Halt!" said a voice. "Who is it that bids me halt on the public highway?" Instantly, the gorge was filled with the sound of trumpets, the clattering of hoofs, and the place became light.

Before the traveller, stood a band of miniature cavalry, clad in shining armor of glittering ice from head to foot. The cavalry formed around him, and impelling his steps, urged him on, he knew not whither. Across snow-white fields, frozen lakes, over mountain tops, through icy valleys, until at last they reached a cave of solid ice, the entrance to a glacier. This icy cavern had been cut by the rushing of waters for many centuries.

Straight in they passed; the tumult of the waters almost drowned the traveller's thoughts, and the air from the walls of ice made him draw his cloak closer; everything looked ghastly blue, and his guards seemed like icicles about him. Now the waters expanded

into a lake, across which they sped, and arriving on the other side, the prisoner was conducted into a grand and lofty hall. This hall seemed filled with stalagmites of ice, but on closer observation, the traveller perceived that they had faces and forms like his captors.

In the centre of the hall, seated on a block of ice cut like a prism, and serving him for a throne, was the King of the Elves. With a grand flourish of trumpets, the captive was led to the throne. The Captain of Cavalry addressed the king: "May it please your Majesty, we have been able this night to capture one who has long persecuted his race and ours." The king turned sternly toward the prisoner. — "What is your name?" "Chevalier Raoul," returned the captive, bowing low. "Captain, is there any special charge against this mortal?" "Ah yes, Sire, it was but this morning that he seized some of our guards placed along the rocky side of the road and wilfully destroyed them." "Prisoner, is this true?" "Upon my honor, your Majesty, I thought them merely icicles." "You hot-blooded mortal, you burning coal of fire, how dare you insult my knights, how dare you destroy my people?" He reached out his icy hand, and seized Raoul by the beard. Raoul felt a coldness creeping over him, he began to lose the use of his muscles, his hands dropped to his sides, his eyes became fixed with a cold, glassy stare, he was blue with cold, even his heart seemed freezing, he stood as one petrified.

A Herald rushed in in breathless haste. "Save yourselves! the palace is crumbling!" There was a creaking and cracking of ice, a rolling of thunders, a rushing of waters; the glacier was moving, and Raoul was swept down with the ice.

"Ah! how cold I am, — and where am I? — Am I alone?" Raoul picked himself up out of the *débris*. The sun is rising, and as the mist clears away before its face, he sees the town of his destination, before him in the valley. He enters the town; an old man at the gate asks for alms, but he refuses; his heart is too cold. The beggar cries: "Cursed may your days be, as many times cursed as the number of hairs in your blue beard!"

Raoul starts. "Is my beard indeed blue? Ah, 'tis true, the coldness lingers at my heart; and the mark of the Ice King's grasp is still upon my beard." — So, even to this day, Chevalier Raoul is called Bluebeard.

WILLIAM WADHAMS.

History.

President's Address.

History gains its importance as a study not as mere record of the past, but as a reflection of events in our own and future ages. Who has not heard the saying, "History repeats itself." To the student who knows the real, intrinsic worth of history of facts, really live facts, the back-bone of years gone by, the foundation and cause of to-day's events, this subject is of special interest; nor can sufficient stress be placed upon the importance of studying it well.

History is the reproducing of the past, and the clothing of its characters with the mantle of life. It tells of the birth of nations leads us back to the causes which led to their inception, and traces their progress and development during succeeding generations. It brings to our imagination the men who once swayed the baton of power, the men who lead to victory or death the great armies of the world. The great battles upon which the fate of nations depended are fought again before our mind's eye. Chivalrous deeds are related, the primeval traits of ancient people told, and quaint old customs made a subject to bring out the simplicity of primeval settlers. These events are traced backward till the student reaches the cradle of the world, and sees the spot, the times, the persons that constituted the germ of all future facts and events. The lives of these at first are treated; their manners of life, their joys, their trials are mentioned. Then comes an apportioning out of the earth, the rise of mighty nations, the birth of powerful rulers, and lastly the entire habitation of the earth, controlled by laws natural and moral, so that to-day from these annals the magnificent harmony prevailing in the affairs of nations become apparent.

The facts contained in history should be the most momentous;

facts from which instruction can be derived, — the primary objects of history. To treat history philosophically, in addition to mere facts, the cause of events ought to be noticed, and also the results and the relation and effect of these results on following events. In the critical study of history attention must be paid to the chronological order of events, and when the reigns of monarchs began and how they terminated; what were the sovereigns' lives, virtuous or wicked; their chief acts, whether conducive to the public welfare or detrimental to the commercial or domestic success. Thus history should proceed, till a picture on which is painted power and impotence, virtue and vice, peace and war, ambition and revenge, together with countless other peculiarities which make up the lives of men and nations is presented to the mind. Too often do we find facts in history distorted by exaggeration or through a deficient statement. Mostly for this reason have historical accounts been accredited, many times, with a want of *certitude*. Prejudiced historians through motives actuated by perverse ideas, either of religion, of morals, or of justice, besmear the face of pure fact with vile falsehoods.

The first characteristics of history should be conciseness of expression, truth in fact, distinctness as to the order of stating these facts, unity in the narrative of cause and effect, all these accompanied at the same time by the principle that should be the guiding star for all true historians, viz. that history is for the instruction of the people, that former ages may be better known as an incentive to the finer development of our own times, to give experience what the world really is. And also when history exists for the purpose of casting rays of learning upon darkened minds, morality must appear if we wish to fulfil its proper ends. Unfortunately and unhappily, however, the expositions of character are often given too much in detail, and consequently a perversity, a bad tendency, bigoted and ungodly sentiments are created in the minds of men. Morality should pervade every tone, in order to avoid making history pernicious, so as to have it read only by the uncouth, whose eyes are forever open to see what is unwholesome and wicked. Undue personality and exposure must be laid aside to have a conformity with that seriousness, gravity, and dignity, history's ennobling traits.

The English nation takes pride in the number of her historians, and in the works issued from their pens. America justly boasts of two historians, Bancroft and Prescott, who wrote with a spirit of impartiality, yet with a discretion and wisdom worthy of commendation, and have left eternal monuments of truth to their country and names. No noxious matter appears in their works, the intention of teaching something useful to posterity was their chief motive, and consequently the thread of morality connects facts and statements. The praises of men are not too high. It is necessary to give both sides of rulers' lives, but when their private bad lives are mentioned they, in accordance with propriety and decency, must receive no more than the passing notice of the writer.

With choice language, a display of important facts which are substantiated by good authorities, history is one of the grandest studies for the intellectually inclined. "Wisdom is the great end of history," says a noted writer, and certainly knowledge and power will come to those who pursue the study of history systematically and attentively.

Story of a Phillipian.

On the 10th day of September, 18—, Hugh Blodgett arrived in Andover. His father had recently died, and Hugh had left his home in the southern part of Michigan, that he might prepare for college and life at the old school which his father had attended before him. It was not without great pain and distress that his fond and loving mother bade him farewell, with her blessing that success might attend his efforts in his new surroundings; and Hugh made her burden as light as possible by promising that he would do his best.

After presenting himself to the Principal, who was expecting him, he repaired to his boarding-house on Main Street. The other young men that were to lodge there had not yet come, as they were old students and it was not necessary that they should hurry, as they had no examinations to take, nor make arrangements for lodging.

Hugh found everything neat and tidily arranged, and felt as though he should be well satisfied. The few days that intervened before the assembling of the school, he spent in acquainting himself with the town of Andover and its surroundings. On the 15th, the day for the opening of the term, there were about three hundred and fifty students present. Hugh passed through the ordeal of examinations with credit, and was assigned to the first division of the Middle Classical Class. His instructors were very favorably impressed by his appearance, as one that would give an excellent account of himself, and as we shall see, his career justified their expectations. Hugh soon made the acquaintance of the seven other young men that boarded at the same place with himself; chief among them were Edgar Lord of New York City and Harry Newton of Chicago.

Newton was certainly a character in his way, and was called by that familiar title "Prep," because he seemed to have been permanently quartered in the prep class, having been there two years and was still taking one recitation with them. "Prep" Newton may not have been lazy, but there cannot be any question but that he was born tired. He hated his books worse than an old spinster hates a beau, especially if he is one that she does not want. It was no uncommon occurrence for the instructor in Latin to "bounce" him from the class, either because he did not know his lesson or because, having other matters so important to think of, that he could not spend the necessary time to keep the place. There were in fact but few things that the heart and soul of "Prep" Newton entered into with unalloyed delight, and those were foot-ball, base-ball, and playing practical jokes upon everybody that he could; not even excepting his boarding-mistress and certain of the professors. On one occasion his boarding mistress reported him for being out of his room after eight o'clock, and for the offence, he came near being sent away; so Prep swore by his household gods and his ancestral Penates that he would take vengeance on that "busy old lady" for her "unwarranted meanness," as he contemptuously called it. Mrs. C. being a widow, and anxious to make as charming an appearance as possible, happened to leave her false teeth on her dressing-case, when "Prep" Newton went into her room to speak to her on business, stole them, and carried them out, and took them to the Academy, and advertised them on the bulletin board. Mrs. C. instantly accused Newton of the theft, but he vowed with great solemnity that she could not prove it.

There was a secret organization, composed principally of Latin Commons men, that called themselves "White Caps," of which fraternity "Prep" Newton was one of the leading spirits, and a member in good standing, so when it was suggested that they take McDuffy's stove and bury it, "Prep" said that it would be capital. One night when all was quiet, and no sound was heard save the rustling of the leaves, and the gentle roar of the Shawsheen river in the distance, "Prep" Newton stole out of his boarding-house, and joined his Latin Commons associates in front of the Academy, and at the North-east corner, under a small spreading hemlock, they consigned Mack's stove to the bosom of mother earth, and on a plain pine board as a

tombstone, some one of the distinguished band wrote the following epitaph:

"Here lieth the coal-stove "Ulysses" McDuffee,
Whose pranks and caprices made Mac very huffy.
The career of "Ulysses" began in a gutter,
To exalted distinction by night did it flutter.
Through thrilling adventures by roadside and fallows,
It travelled and thrived, twice escaping the gallows.
You may envy its rest here, for unlike his master
All its fire was on earth, while his is *hereafter*"

Quite an attachment had sprung up between Hugh Blodgett, "Prep" Newton, and Edgar Lord, and as the two latter were great foot-ball enthusiasts, they urged upon Hugh to come out and try for the team. He did so reluctantly at first, but after a few times liked it so well that he entered into the sport with all his heart, and soon was recognized as one of the new men likely to get on the team. The desire to defeat Exeter was intense, as she had been successful for three consecutive years. So well had Hugh played in the practice games, that when the names of the candidates were posted Hugh was selected right half-back, while Edgar Lord was left, and the inevitable "Prep" Newton was quarter-back. The game was scheduled for the 10th of November. Promptly at three o'clock on the eventful day both sides were lined up for the contest. "Time!" shouted the umpire, and the little giants were at it. First Exeter has the ball, now Andover makes a short rush only to lose the ball to Exeter. The partisans of both schools are shouting, yelling, and gesticulating, like so many madmen, at every slight advantage gained. The first half has been played, and neither side has scored. The second half is almost a repetition of the first, but hark! a wild shout arises from the ranks of the Exeter contingent, as one of their fleet-footed runners speeds his way towards Andover goal, and the cheer Hel-la-bo-lu! hura! hura!! Exeter! Exeter P-E-A greets the noble effort of the rusher, but was of no avail, as Edgar Lord tackled him within four feet of the line, and Andover secured the ball. Newton then passed the ball to Hugh, and by the "criss-cross" movement he carried the ball over the line, and Egar kicked a goal, while Andover gave vent to her pent up

feelings in the long old P-H-I-L-L-I-P-S rah! rah!! rah!!! as Andover had won the game. The staid, quiet, old town was a scene of wild confusion that night, as it was the first opportunity that the boys had had for celebrating a foot-ball victory in three years. Hugh passed the year pleasantly, and in June, at the close took his preliminary examinations for Harvard, while Edgar took his for Yale. Hugh received his certificate marked "cum laude," and felt as if he could spend the summer with an especially light and free heart. Both Hugh and Edgar finished at Andover, and entered college, where they became rivals, and much to Hugh's regret Edgar had the greater number of triumphs on the athletic field, but that did not at all dishearten him.

Four years passed, and both young men had completed their course, and at the earnest solicitation of Edgar, Hugh went to spend the summer with him at his father's cottage at Long Branch. The elder Lord, as one of the great railroad magnates, had a cottage that was truly royal in all of its appointments, and from its broad piazzas a most lovely view of the great Atlantic could be obtained. But more charming than the ocean, and more royal than the cottage was Edith Lord, the sister of Edgar, and Hugh Blodgett soon realized the truth of the situation, when he found in his heart an exceedingly tender sentiment for her, which his summer's visit only tended to increase. After having a pleasant vacation, Hugh took his departure; but before going told Edith of his love for her, and there, by the side of the hoary ocean, they were plighted to each other.

Six years later the following notice appeared in one of the leading New York papers:

"The home of William Lord, President of the Wabash R.R., 470 Fifth Ave., was the scene of a brilliant wedding last evening. The contracting parties were Miss Edith Lord, daughter of the President, and Hon. Hugh Blodgett, Congressman for eighth Michigan district. Mr. Blodgett was prepared for college at the famous Phillips Andover Academy, and graduated from Harvard in the class 18—, and is regarded as one of the most brilliant young men in public life. His bride is an acknowledged belle, and one of the most beautiful women in New York City."

Edgar Lord was elected second vice-President of the Wabash System, but as yet has not yielded to the sunny smiles and danger-

ous eyes of the fair sex ; but Dame Rumor reports him as being in deep contemplation.

As for " Prep " Newton, the last authentic information we had of that distinguished youth was, that after having been bounced from Andover he decided to join an expedition to the " Soudan " to relieve " Emin Bey." Let us hope that greater success crowned his efforts than when he attempted to go in to Boston without an excuse, and for that reason had to withdraw. E. A. Bird.

Dedicated to P.A. '89.

A stands for Atherton quicker than blitzen,
B stands for Babbitt whom C——y so sits on.
Bird, Bailey, and Benbow we take in a group,
But Bacon alone the honors doth scoop.
Bremner's our bum and Cameron our "Nestor,"
Cartwright, our poet, 's somewhat of a jester.
Churchill our wonder took first Means prize,
Clarke is a wag, and Cooke a surprise.
Coxe is our monster, a genius in Greek,
"Dickie" in "centre" is not at all weak.
Ellis and Ellsworth seem always together,
Emerson's name is now in high feather.
F gives us Farwell, Apollo in grace,
French, Frear, and Frissell take the next place.
"Haldie"'s our "kid," and "Hass" our non-swearer,
Higgins the smart man and prize mustache wearer.
Hutchins, called "Stubb," though not at all short,
Johnson our farmer from Bangor doth sport.
"Vivo Malone," then Moody the joker,
Then Moore, auburn haired, excelling at poker.
One Mo(o)re we skip, and come to Cap. Morgan,
Who is not a great "rusher," but in school quite an organ.
Parsons we see at least twice a week,
"Pett" in the meantime to Lawrence doth sneak.
Rowley looks meek, and by the rules an abider,
But really he "horses" by far more than Ryder.
With S we meet Stetson a post-graduate,
And by wondrous coincidence,— Stork '88.
Taylor the dude, and Torbert the crass
Who goes by the name of "Natural Gas."
Upton's our catcher for whom Harvard cries,
Webber, his pet, on whom he relies.
With Weston and Wilcox we close up our list,
And beg humble pardon if anyone's missed.

To Yale, Harvard, Princeton
Williams and Amherst
68
Mother Phillips
and her Boys
92
61

Editors' Review.

To the class of '89, this time of year, though filled with the glad anticipations of near vacation, is yet tinged with sorrow at the close approaching separation from school life here. '89 will leave the halls of her school, prepared not only for college studies, but also for the larger, broader life which now opens before our members.

Now, we men of '89 can realize that the training and discipline which we have received, irksome as they often were, have made us ready for the larger freedon of college or business life. If we have had greater temptations in our life here than we would have suffered in preparing at home, yet we can honestly say that we are better boys and men for it. A character which will sustain a young fellow under temptation, only grows the stronger the more it is assailed. If resolution and firmness are learned at a preparatory school, then the greatest lesson of youth has been gained. This lesson all the various influences of Phillips Academy combine to teach. It is a preparatory school in the widest sense of the term, and as we stand upon the threshold of graduation, we can only say, "God bless her! May she be to others what she has been to us — the grandest school in America."

Despite the counter attractions so frequent in this the last term, the meetings of Philo have been well attended. President Cameron has proved himself a worthy successor of the able men who have preceded him. The constitution has been carefully revised by Messrs Clark, Cameron and Addis. A large number of new men

have become members, and '89 can well feel that she has done her duty by the old society. Let '90 not only have a care that the standard of Philo does not fall while the society is under her charge, but let her also strive to bring the society up to such an excellence as shall inspire the whole school with an earnest interest ; then will its future success be assured.

The Means and Draper Prize speakings, which are always looked forward to with great pleasure, proved to be of their usual excellence and interest. The Means prizes were awarded respectively to Donald Churchill, P.A. '89, W. M. H. Wadhams, P.A. '92, and F. W. Moore, P.A '89. The successful men for the Draper Prizes, were P. F. Gilbert, P. A. '90, S. E. Farwell, P. A. '89, and R. T. French, P. A. '89. Although in both cases the judges found difficulty in making their decisions, on account of the high merit of all the speakers, yet they performed their duties with the greatest impartiality, and to the ultimate satisfaction of all. They deserve the thanks of the school for their interest in these contests.

Inquiry has thrived under the tact and ability of President W. A. Bailey. While at the approach of warm weather a slight decrease in attendance has been noticed, on the whole, the term has been one of earnest work and gratifying success. The influence of this society upon the school life can scarcely be over estimated. Not only have the regular meetings continued with all their interest, but a mission has been established in one of the district school-houses, which is a pleasing manifestation of a growing religious sentiment among the members of the school.

The society of the Y. M. C. A. has enjoyed a marked increase in numbers and influence this term, and instead of becoming a hindrance to inquiry as many were constrained to think, it has proved a real source of aid and strength. Mr. Snell was sent by the two societies to the Y.M.C.A. Convention at Philadelphia, and brought

back an interesting account of the meeting held there. The society's meetings on the whole have been interesting and well attended, and the society's outlook for the coming year is very encouraging.

The Glee Club, whose picture we have been able to insert, deserves some tribute from these pages for its long and hard work. This year we can boast of a Glee Club which will not suffer by comparison with the similar organizations of many of the colleges. It is one of the most pleasant features of school life here, and we trust that the complete success of the present year may be continued for the future. It has reflected honor upon the school, and the enthusiastic receptions it has met with, during its concerts and serenades, all show that its efforts have been appreciated.

Universal satisfaction has been expressed with the Phillipian this term. The paper has been remarkably free from the rashness and impulsiveness generally characteristic of school organs, and will compare favorably with many college issues; yet still further improvement may be made. There have been evidences at times of an almost juvenile spirit of over criticism. The reports of events have been printed a week and even ten days after their occurrence, though in the last respect great improvement has been made over last year. On the whole, the paper has been fair, free from personalities, animated with school feeling, a wise monitor, and just judge, and an issue of which its editor, Mr. Holmes, and manager, Mr. Cameron, as well as the whole school, may justly feel proud.

It was our desire to obtain for a frontispiece, the portrait of an alumnus of the Academy, and it seemed to us that no face would carry more interest with it, than that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Doctor was interviewed, and with his usual kindness, aided us as much as possible. He related many incidents of his life here in

the Academy in the twenties, when the school was small and so far different from what it is now. During the course of his conversation, Dr. Holmes showed that his interest in the old Academy has by no means ceased since since his graduation in '25, and that he is an old Phillips boy still. Through the courtesey of his publishers, Messrs Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, we have been able to secure the electrotype portrait which we present as the frontispiece.

The annual Field Day on May 30 was one of the most successful and interesting that we have had for a number of years, perhaps the more enjoyable on account of the presence of the Fem Sems and the comfortable accomodations of the grand stand. The events themselves were well contested, and several records were broken. Through the care of the managers all unnecessary delay was avoided, and much credit is due them for the success of the tournament. The events were as follows :

100 yds. dash, 11 sec., Frear, '89.
Fat Man's Race, Holland, '90.
Hurdle, 120 yds., 20 1-5 sec., Grant, '90.
Running High Jump, 5 ft. 5 in., Holmes, '90.
220 yds. Dash, 26 2-5 sec., Lyon, '90.
Pole Vault, 8ft. 10 in., Cartwright, '89.
Throwing Base Ball 329 ft., Owsley, '90.
Mile Run, 5 min. 27 sec., Sandford, '91.
Putting the Shot, 31 ft. 11 in., G. Turner, '90.
Standing Broad Jump, 11 ft. 9 1-2 in., Cartwright, '89.
Three-legged Race, 14 1-4 sec., Ahlers, '91, Hall, '90.
Running Broad Jump, 18 ft. 5 1-2 in., A. B. Turner, '90.
Half Mile Run, 2 min. 17 3-5 sec., T. B. Turner, '90.
Throwing the Hammer, (16 lbs.) 64 ft. 8in., McDuffee, '90.
Slow Bicycle Race, Gilmour, '90.

JUDGES,

Mr. Pettee, Mr. Kimball, Mr. McCurdy.

At the beginning of the year our prospects for a victory this spring were unusually bright and hopeful, but as time went on Fortune seemed to turn against us, as one after another we lost some of our most promising players. At the opening of the Spring term we still had reasonable hopes that by hard training we would again be able to beat Exeter. And our hopes seemed well grounded by the excellent showing which the nine made in the first few practice games. But the fates had decreed otherwise, for our pitcher, Mr. Stearns, in whom our hopes were centered, injured his arm so severely as to be unable to play in his position for the rest of the season, until the game with Exeter when he pluckily pitched the entire game. The game itself was fully as close and exciting as that of last year, and we feel that we can say that if Stearns had been unhampered by a lame arm the result would have been far different. His untiring efforts in training the team deserve our highest praise, and he has proved himself to be an earnest and able captain. The team in the face of all discouragements has worked with unusual faithfulness and persistence. The management also is to be congratulated for its success in arranging a schedule of practice games with some of the strongest teams we have ever played.

In short nothing has been left undone which would insure success and though we have been beaten, all have done their best, and we can feel truly proud of the work of the team.

The first Interscholastic Tournament with Exeter as an experiment proved a complete success. An athletic contest between Andover and Exeter, which had seemed in the past to beim practicable, will without doubt now become a regular event. The benefits derived from such a contest are obvious, as an interest and enthusiasm for athletics is excited throughout the entire school which can be aroused in no other way.

The result of the Tournament was looked forward to with many misgivings, as Exeter's reputation in field sports is of no low order, and on account of her great advantage over us in having a thoroughly equipped gymnasium and a regular training master. However, thanks to the hard training under the direction of Mr. Pettee,

we were able to send a team to Exeter which won the pennant in magnificent style; a result which exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

The six out of nine events won were as follows: 1 Mile Bicycle Race, Burr, 3 min. 19 3-4 sec., and Hallock, 3 min. 22 3-4 sec.; Final, Hallock, 3 min. 18 3-5 sec.; Pole Vault, Cartwright, 8 ft. 11 in.; 1 Mile Run, Curtis, 4 min. 56 sec.; Putting Shot, G. Turner, 32 ft. 4 1-2 in.; 120 Yards Hurdle Race, Grant, 19 2-5 sec.; 220 Yards Dash, Foss, 25 sec.

In the Tennis Tournament we were fairly outplayed by Exeter in well-contested games. Our representatives were W. F. Day in the singles, and H. N. Spaulding and F. W. Moore in the doubles.

All the fellows who were so fortunate as to receive tickets, greatly enjoyed the Draper Reading at the "Fem Sem." All of the selections were delivered in a most taking manner, a true reproduction of the author's spirit. The execution of Miss Cooke, Miss Wanning, and Miss Smith was especially praiseworthy. It is a cause for regret that on account of the limited size of the hall so few can share in the enjoyment of these readings.

The greatest need of the Academy now, when the new dormitory is almost finished, is a new Administrative building, with recitation rooms and a hall for just such purposes as this.

Many of us have been accustomed to complain of Andover as an old-fashioned town, quiet and pretty enough, but behind the times. What a surprise it was when we found that we were really going to have electric lights, and just now when $150,000 was appropriated for a system of water-works, with sewerage soon, and electric street cars in a possible future. Andover has certainly waked up, and has shown a spirit worthy of a stirring Western town. '89 will not enjoy these advantages, but it wishes the other classes all possible enjoyment of them. We now feel sure that Andover will increase wonderfully in attractiveness as a residence town. What place

could be better situated for the location of homes? Not too far from a large city to prevent business men's riding to and fro daily, with exceptional educational advantages for both sexes, and really beautiful surroundings, and now with water and electricity; with all this the town is sure to grow, and we venture the prophesy that, with this progressive spirit, in ten years the size of Andover will be twice what it is now.

We cannot help hoping that with other improvements there will be more social life for the fellows. A student's life in a strange place is a lonely one at best. Not that we do not appreciate the kindnesses which have been shown us — in fact it is doubtful if the donors themselves realize how much gratitude is felt, — but, like Oliver Twist, we wish we could have "a little more, please." How different it would be if, say, the two upper classes could attend, at least once a term a reception at the "Fem Sem." The influence for the better would be felt throughout the school. Well, perhaps in the future this change may come; and we earnestly hope that it will.

Knowing the lack of interest in the stories commonly published in the Mirror, and how little they are read by the whole school, we have made an attempt in this issue to secure stories which should attract the interest of all and prove a pleasure to the reader. Accordingly we thought that nothing would so fulfil this desire as stories based upon some subject connected with our school. Our efforts have been in a degree rewarded, and we hope that the idea may be continued and improved upon by the future boards of editors. We wish to acknowledge the kindness of Prof. Graves, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Kimball who acted as judges, and express our thanks for the interest which they have taken in our work.

The first prize for stories was awarded to Mr. Field, for "Socrates on a Bust;" the second to Mr. Wadhams, for "Phillips One Hundred Years Ago." "A Song of Past Years," by Mr. Wells, secured the prize for poems, and the prize for cuts was given to "Phillips

Gardening," by Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Turner's Base Ball Medley was mentioned for second prize. Mr. R. J. Holbrook contributes the cut "Mother Phillips and her Boys." Mr. Henning was given the prize for Grinds. We have also to thank Messrs Cartwright Noyes, and Ahlers for their contributions.

In closing we will say that we fully appreciate the honor which we have received at the hands of the Society. We have worked hard and spared neither time nor money in order to make this magazine not inferior to its predecessors. We hope that we have succeeded and we lay down our pen with the hope that our efforts have not been unavailing.

A Select Few.

BY AN ABBOT FEM SEM.

In old Andover town
There's a school of renown,
Where boys do attend, —
And, no wish to offend,
I'll tell you a little about them.

There's one they call "Fiend,"
Though he's not bad, I ween;
He plays the banjo,
And as far as I know,
The girls would be heart-broke without him.

There's a friend he calls "Cap"
Who's an awful wise chap,
The Fem Sems he scorns,
But not one of them mourns,
For on Butterfield's hill they find others.

Then there's Sidney, so sweet
As he trips down the street;
He must think we pine
For the song Hütelein,
For he sings it on every occasion.

French, Bailey, and Decker,
Come next in my letter.
They are called "Graces Three,"
But why that should be,
You must tell, — we haven't discovered.

Then, there's Hixon, too,
With his brown coat, so new;
Also Torbert and Frear,
Are these names well-known here?
Perhaps so, yet somehow I doubt it.

Burr, Bishop, and Gould,
Do they never get fooled?
Do they think girls don't care
But for their forms so fair?
What vanity for them to think it!

Of the poets, there's one,
And he's called Emerson,
Who like dear Owsley, too,
Wears a coat of dark blue.
I wonder if they're melancholic.

Next the K. O. A. men, —
But here, words fail my pen;
They're a "dindy" crowd all,
But their place in my scrawl
Must be short, for my hours are flying.

Parsons heads the bright list,
May he never be missed.
Tall Barbour and Moore,
They are charmers 'tis sure,
Here's a trio that's radiant and gladsome.

And Baldwin and Joy,
So dapper and coy.
Lawrence Bliss and Al Stearns,
We'll crown them with ferns;
For Exeter loves them no longer.

I've not told you half all,
But just wait till next Fall,
Then give me a chance,
My rhyme to enhance,
And I'll do it with greatest of pleasure.

To Sister Abbot.

In the Spring, a fuller crimson
Comes upon the Fem Sem's cheek;
In the Spring the P. A. Junior,
With her walketh down the street;
In the Spring, with wayward fancy,
She gaily climbs the shady hill;
In the Spring, with sidelong glances,
She vainly(?) tries our hearts to thrill.

The First
TRIUMVIRATE.
September.
Comparing that CROWD of yesterday
June.
with that of today.
HAULE'S LATEST GROWTH
LATE JUNIOR.
EARLY SENIORA.
Phillips Gardening.

Grinds.

"I am a little angel,
My name is Hassenzahl,
And vat I does not know myself
Nobody knows at all."

"I run up a bill at Chap's now." *Addis*, '90.

"'Tis sad to think alas! alas!
That this great globe is but a bag of gas."
Torbert, '89.

"And *Moody* madness laughing wild."

"This going to school just simply to plug
Seems very much like a tremendous humbug,
And then so far from class-rooms we abide
That when we go there *of course* we have to *ride*,
And as my horsemanship is skilled and true
I've stayed to see the program run quite through."
Pettibone, '89.

"Brimful of learning, see that pedant stride,
Bristling with horrid Greek and puffed with pride."
Noyes, '90.

"Polished, as are his shoes, from the endearing elegance of female friendship." *Owsley*, '90.

"A being of angelic grace
Belonging not to mortal race,
By accident descended from the gods."

Farwell, '89

"There was a young man named Bacon,
Whom everyone thought was forsaken,
But he made a "smooth rush,"
Which caused C —— to blush,
And into good favor was taken.

"How quick a wit is found in sudden chances." *Duley*, '92

"Sing a song of Cameron downward he goes,
How many demerits? There's not a soul that knows."

He awoke with a scream,
From a terrible dream,
And when asked the cause of his trouble:
He exclaimed with eyes bloody
"Methought I did study!
But thanks to the gods 'twas a bubble."

Rowley, '89.

"Full studious knight he seemed
And well did flirt,
As one with Cupid's arrows the
Maiden's hearts to hurt." *"Freddy."*

"Yes social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctor's spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel
And lap me in delight."

"Emmie" to his Cigarette.

"I stood among them, but not of them."

Harrington among the "Sawciety men."

"And witch the world with noble horsemanship." *Morse*, '90.

"You think they are crusaders sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment
And dock the tail of Rhyme."

Mirror Grinders.

"He cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."

Cartwright, '89.

"The spirit of youth that means to be of note begins betimes."

Lapham and Canfield.

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my tongue, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

P. A. E. Addis.

"These are the times that try men's souls."

June 27–28–29.

"I'm not a boy, I'm a man." *Baldwin*, '90.

"The end crowns all." *Graduation.*

"This book is not long; one may run over it in an hour. The shortest folly is always the best." *The Mirror.*

Contributions from Bradford.

When Music, heavenly, maid, was young,
Before in ancient Greece she sung,
She would have gone through flood and fire
To have heard the *Chapel Choir.*

Once there was a Phillips boy
Who wore his gaiters black,
And used to go to Bradford town
The maidens' hearts to crack.

Now he spendeth all his time
Plugging on his Greek,
And to the giddy Fem Sems
No longer doth he speak. *M—n*, '89.

Hard Tacks.

Examine well, ye reader,
Peruse with care
What suits your taste,
And what your strength will bear.

"The censorship may allow innocent jokes."
The Faculty.

"Labor expended on trifles is childish." *The Grinds.*

"I am no respecter of persons." *The Grinder.*

"We bore all his attacks, calling such but the stings of bugs.
The Grinder's Victim.

"Genus amantissimum oti." *P. A.* '89.

The husbandman is always to be rich the next year.
Shareholder in Grand Stand Co.

When he howls and moans,
All nature groans. *Malone* '89.

Where are my pant-stretchers? "*Hungry*" *Lyon* '90.

Committee for inspection of Draper Hall:
"Measles Aeneas Frear"
"Fransösisch" French
Frederick Augustus Ives.

"Daring" Decker, from his acquaintance with the dangers of the place, will act as guide, and advance guard in case of retreat.

Wanted: A Copy of Poems on Love and Friendship.
Emerson '89.

And 'twas known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak:
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Holbrook.

"Will some one lend me four dollars to hire a dress-suit?"
Johnson '89.

There's a young man named Duley —
He signs his name "yours truly" —
In politics very profound;
In debates has often set down
The man that he's often dumfound-ed.
Duley vs. Bird.

FACERE NON POSSUM QUIN.

Wants.

To be engaged soon. *M. C. Wells*

A tall, dignified girl, one like myself. *Forbes* '92.

Glasses which will enable me to study while asleep. *Henning* '90.

Assistance in getting my Greek lessons. *Upton.*

A place to preach during my vacation. *Moody.*

Somebody to "shout." *Mayers.*

To be an angel. *Dickson.*

Something to increase my dignity. *L. C. Grant.*

The Chapel Choir to resign. *The whole school.*

To become a statesman. *Bird.*

Some one to admire me. *Chamberlain.*

Some "nice men" to associate with. *Addis.*

A partner of ability to start a bowling alley and poker hall.
Bailey, '89.

Statistics of the Senior Class.

In comparing our class statistics with those of '88, it will be found that the average age is the same. Our height is 7 1-2 in. more, but our weight is 1 lb. lighter.

Average age — 19 yrs. 6 mos. Average weight — 146 1-2 lbs.
Average height — 5 ft. 9 in.
Tallest man, 6 ft. 1 in.
Shortest man, 5 ft. 3 in.
Heavy weight, 188 lbs.
Light weight, 98 lbs.

In politics there are 29 republicans, 5 democrats, 1 prohibition, and 1 mugwump. Two expressed their desire to join the Woman's Rights Party, if the women had not all deserted to the Prohibition Party.

The intended occupations are as follows:

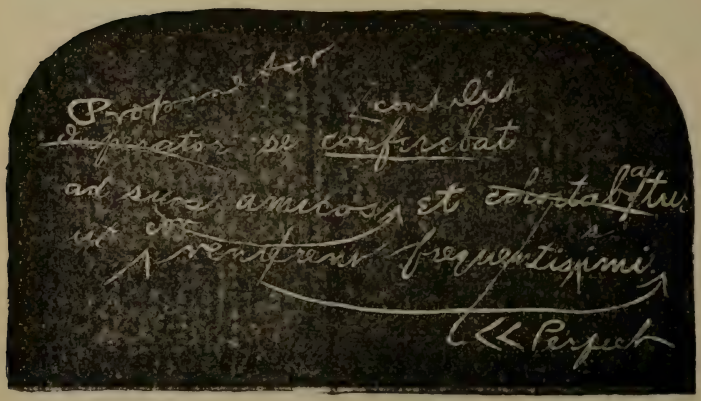
Business men, 7.	Manufacturers, 5.
Lawyers, 5.	Doctors, 2.
Journalists, 2.	Minister, 1.
Electrician, 1.	Professor, 1.
Greek Professor, 1.	Life Insurance, 1.

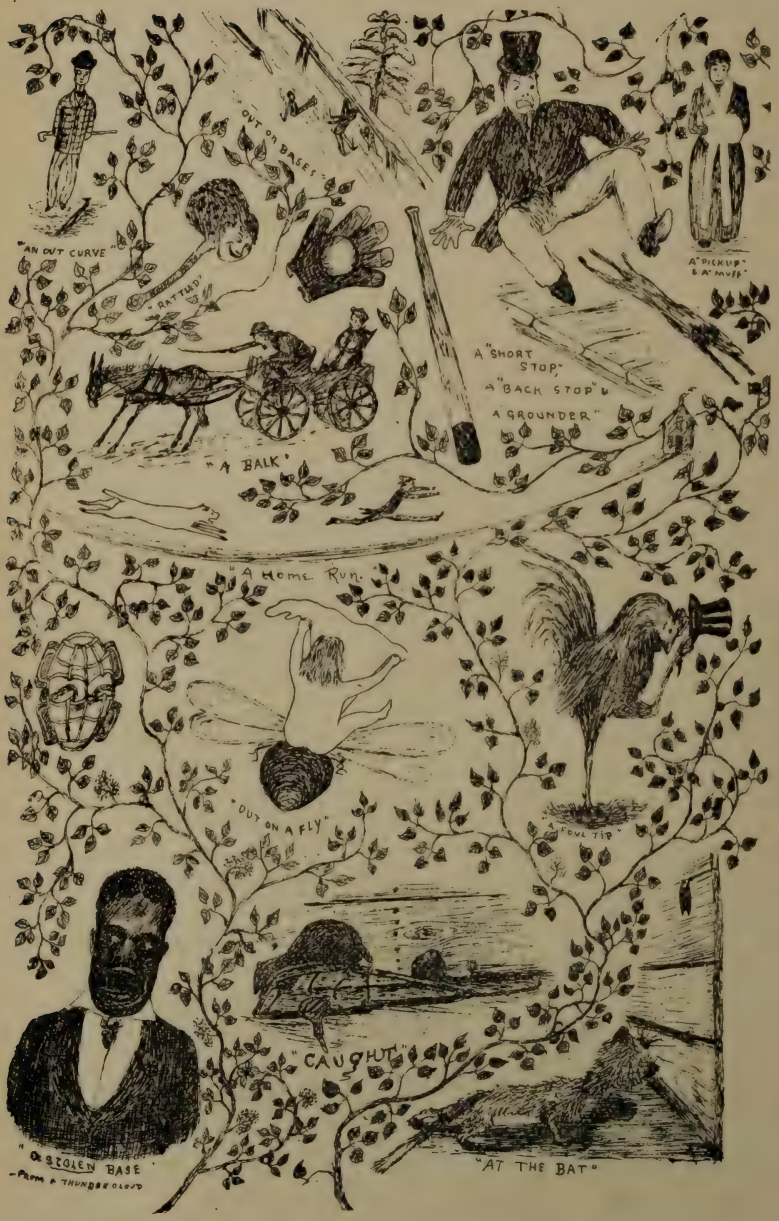
Hotel Proprietor, 1.

Nursery(men) 4. — Haldeman, Edmison, Holbrook, Stork.

The remainder think of "tramping it" for a living.

Handsomest Man, Farwell.
Homliest Man, Orvis.
Best Student, Webber.
Most Popular Man, Moody.
Best Athlete, Upton.
Ladies' Man, Barbour.
Greatest Dude, Moore, F. A.
Laziest Man, Bremner.
Class Crank, Bacon.
Class Doll, Bailey.
Most Religious Man, Babbitt.
Best Natured Man, Spaulding.
Most Useful Man, Moore, F. W.
Most Useless Man, Benbow.
Class Sport, Pettibone.
Dreamer, Cartwright.
Most Scientific Cribber, Torbert.
Most Scientific Flirt (?) Cameron.
Best *attempt* at a moustache, Kimball.




"AN OUT CURVE"
"RATTLED"
"OUT ON BASES"
A "SHORT STOP"
A "BACK STOP"
A GROUNDER"
A "PICK UP" & A "MUFF"
"A BALK"
"A HOME RUN"
"OUT ON A FLY"
"FOUL TIP"
"CAUGHT"
A STOLEN BASE
From a Thunderbolt
"AT THE BAT"

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Scire Est Regere.

PRESIDENT.

J. D. CAMERON, Round Hill, N. S.

VICE PRESIDENT.

W. A. DULEY, Wakefield.

SECRETARY.

S. W. TYLER, Tylerville, Ct.

TREASURER.

S. S. YARDLEY, East Orange, N. J.

MIRROR EDITORS.

R. T. FRENCH, Davenport, Ia.
S. W. ELLSWORTH, Braintree.
J. O. MORE, Monmouth, Me.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THEODORE EATON, Wakefield.
W. B. PARKER, Norfolk, Neb.
H. L. W. SNELL, Saticoy, Cal.
F. B. TURNER, (Honorary) Corning, Ia.
E. A. BIRD, Abingdon, Va.
O. G. CARTWRIGHT, Belmont, N. Y.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

E. A. Bird,	Abingdon, Va.
O. G. Cartwright,	Belmont, N. Y.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Albree, R.	Alleghany, Pa.
Alexander, W. McK.	Oakland, Cal.
Ames, A.	Wakefield.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.
Atherton, P. L.	Boston.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, C. J.	Portland, Me.
Bailey, L. E.	Gloucester.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Bartlett, DeL. F.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Beard, W. S.,	So. Killingly, Ct.
Benbow, J. L.	Fort Madison, Ia.
Bishop, E. B.	Newton Centre.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Cook, J. P.	Oakland, Cal.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Decker, W. H.	Davenport, Ia.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Fouse, G. C.	Washington, D. C.
Frear, C. W.	Troy, N. Y.
Frissell, L. F.	New York, N. Y.

Gould, J. A.	Aurora, N. Y.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hammond, F. E.	Worcester.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Hassenzahl, L. W.	Toledo, O.
Higgins, W. McK.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Hinkey, F. A.	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winstead, Ct.
Jones, R. E.	Webster City, Ia.
Lampey H. A.	Laconia, N. H.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Noyes, G. R.	North Andover.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Perham, W.	Chelmsford.
Phipps, J. S.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Robinson, A. G.	Vienna, Va.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Sandford, E. R.	New York, N. Y.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Turner, A. B.	Corning, Ia.
Turner, T. B.	Corning, Ia.
Upton, J. D.	North Reading.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Wadham's Falls, N. Y.
Warren, P	College Hill.

Wells, M. C.	Louisville, Ky.
Weyerhauser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Wilkinson, R.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

PRESIDENT.

W. A. BAILEY, Zanesville, O.

VICE PRESIDENT.

H. D. BARD, Orford, N. H.

SECRETARY.

V. C. McCORMICK, Harrisburg, Pa.

TREASURER.

S. P. WHITE, Wakefield.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Alexander, W. McK.	Oakland, Cal.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bailey, L. E.	Lanesville, Mass.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Baldwin, W. A.	Lahainaluna, Maui, H. I.
Bard, H. D.,	Orford, N. H.
Bartlett, DeL. F.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Blanchard, H. W.	Hudson Centre, N. H.

Bliss, L. T.	New York, N. Y.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Bryant, H. A.	Andover.
Buck, W. S.	Crown Point, N. Y.
Burt, G. F.	Boston.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Case, J. A.	Charles City, Ia.
Chamberlain, J. P.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Churchill, D.	Andover.
Clarke, J. D.	Canterbury, Ct.
Cochren, T.	St. Paul, Minn.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Cooke, J. P.	Oakland, Cal.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Day, W. F., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Dickerman, R. K.	Foxboro'.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eastman, G. E.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Ellis, T. L.	Oxford, Me.
Ellsworth, S. W.	Braintree.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Farnam, C. H., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Farwell, S. E.	St. Paul, Minn.
Field, J. H.	Rutland, Vt.
Frissell, L. F.	New York, N. Y.
Gatchell, F. E.	Louisville, Ky.
Gilbert, J. B.	Denver, Col.
Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Grant, F.	Steven's Point, Wis.

Grant, L. C.	Middleboro'.
Griffin, N. E.	Williamstown.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Hall, D.	Dover, N. H.
Hallock, H. B.	Portland, Me.
Hammond, F. E.	Worcester.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Haskell, H. B.	West Falmouth, Me.
Hassenzahl, L. W.	Toledo, O.
Holbrook, G. M.	Springfield.
Holland, J. W.	Westfield.
Hollister, F. K.	Rutherford, N. J.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, F. T.	Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Horne, C. A.	Dover, N. H.
Kimball, H. W.	Bradford.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lake, G. E.	Hampstead, N. H.
Leverty, R. G.	Bridgeport, Ct.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
Malone, L. J.	London, Eng.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
Moré. J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Morgan, C.	Aurora, N. Y.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osborne, W. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Osgood, A. T.	Rochester, N. Y.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro', Pa.

Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Pomeroy, E. S.	Troy, Pa.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Richards, B. U.	Wilmot Centre, N. H.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Rowley, R. E.	Williamsport, Pa.
Russell, S. M.	Bedford, Pa.
Ryder, F. B.	Andover.
Sawyer, E. S.	Dover, N. H.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro', Me.
Smith, J. H.	Brewster, N. Y.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stetson, H. C.	Bangor, Me.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stork, W. B.	Andover.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Turner, T. B.	Corning, Ia.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Upton, J. D.	North Reading.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Wadham's Falls, N. Y.
Warren, P.	College Hill.
Webber, L.	Portland, Mich.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
Wells, M. C.	Louisville, Ky.
Wheeler, S. K.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Wheelock, J. H.	Paterson, N. J.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Wilkinson, R.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Winters, H. B.	Oswego, N. Y.
Woodward, W. B.	Denver, Col.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

Y. M. C. A.

PRESIDENT.

J. A. BABBITT, West Brattleboro', Vt.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

L. F. JOHNSON, Bangor, Me.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

FOREST GRANT, Stevens Point, Wis.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

R. W. HOLMES, West Winsted, Conn.

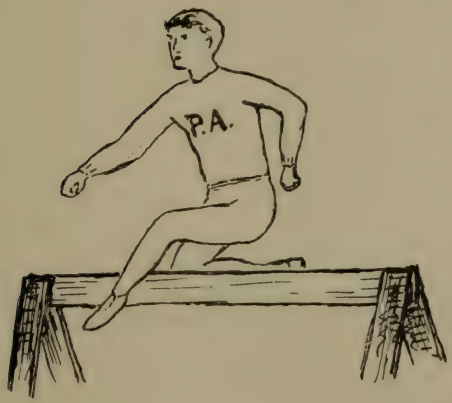
TREASURER.

T. B. TURNER, Corning.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Babbitt, J. A.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bacon, H. S.	Rochester, N. Y.
Bailey, W. A.	Zanesville, O.
Bailey, C. J.	Portland, Me.
Bailey, L. E.	Lanesville, Mass.
Blanchard, H. W.	Hudson Centre, N. H.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Burt, G. F.	Boston.
Cameron, J. D.	Round Hill, N. S.
Campbell, G. A.	Stevens Point, Wis.

Cartwright, O. G.	Belmont, N. Y.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Craig, W. T.	Falmouth.
Cummings, A. G	Andover.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Emerson, R. W.	Auburn, Me.
Frissell, L. F.	New York, N. Y.
Gove, J. S.	Wilmot, N. H.
Grant, L. C.	Middleborough.
Goodwin, L. H.	Dover, N. H.
Haldeman, D. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.
Hassenzahl, E. F.	Toledo, O.
Hodgdon, F. W.	Haverhill.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Johnson, L. T.	Bangor, Me.
Kimball, H. W.	Bradford.
Lake, G. E.	Hampstead, N. H.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
Moody, C. E	East Andover, N. H.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, Ct.
Robinson, A. G.	Vienna, Va.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, H. M.	Waldoboro', Me.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Torrey, J. P.	Harvard, Ia.
Turner, T. B.	Corning.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylersville, Ct.
Wells, H. G.	Kenilworth, Pa.
Winters, H. B.	Owego, N. Y.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT.

O. G. CARTWRIGHT.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

J. C. SAWYER.

SECRETARY.

E. R. SANDFORD.

TREASURER.

A. JOHNSON.

DIRECTORS.

F. H. BARBOUR, W. STEVENS,
W. A. DULEY, W. R. LYON,
C. BURR.

MEMBERS.

Addis A. E.
Ahlers, L. A. E.
Alexander, W. McK.
Atherton, P. L.
Babbitt, J. A.
Babbitt, W. H.
Bailey, W. A.
Baldwin, A. K.

Baldwin, H. A.
Baldwin, W. A.
Bard, H. D.
Bishop, E. B.
Bliss, L. T.
Brown, A. M.
Bohnè, F. W.
Burr, N. B.
Campbell, G. A.
Cassidy, D. D., jr.
Clarke, J. D.
Cochran, T., 3d.
Coxe, C. E.
Curtis, C. J.
Day, W. F., Jr.
Dickerman, R. K.
Dickson, A. G.
Dodge, R. G.
Dwight, C. A.
Edmison, J. P.
Edmison, T. C.
Ellis, T. L.
Emerson, J. L.
Emerson, R. W.
Evans, J.
Farnam, C. H., jr.
Farnam, H.
Farwell, S. E.
Feeter, G. I.
Field, J. H.
Forbes, A. H.
Foss, C. A.
Frear, C. W.
French, R. T.
Frissell, L. F.
Frost, C.
Gatchell, F. E.
Gilmour, A. J.
Goss, W. C.
Gould, J. A.
Grant, L. C.
Haldeman, D. C.
Hall, D.
Hallock, H. B.
Hassenzahl, E. W.
Hassenzahl, L. W.
Hinkey, F. A.
Hixon, E. C.
Holbrook, R. T.
Holmes, R. W.
Hutchins, S. C.
Ives, F.
Jackson, E. S.
Johnston, H. S.
Joy, R. P.
Kimberly, J. C.
Knapp, J. H.
Kuki, Maru.
Lewis, J. A.
Lee, H. T.
McCormick, V. C.
McDuffee, F. E.
Malone, L. J.
Mills, M.
Moody, C. E.
Moore, F. A.
Moore, F. W.
Morgan, C.
Morris, H. N.
Morse, H. E.
Moseley, H. P.
Orvis, G. A.
Page, E. S.
Page, H. F.
Palmer, E. R.
Palmer, B.

Parsons, J.
Pomeroy, E. S.
Potter, J. T.
Powell, J. A.
Richards, W. A.
Richards, T. T.
Rowley, R. E.
Savidge, G. P.
Sawyer, E. S.
Spaulding, H. N.
Stearns, A. E.
Stetson, H. C.
Stillman, L. S.
Stone, C. J.
Stork, W. B.
Stover, B. W.
Tarbox, J. W.
Townsend, F. de P.
Turner, A. B.
Turner, G.
Turner, T. B.
Wells, B. G.
Wells, M. C.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.
Wheeler, S. K.
Woodward, W. B.
Yardley, S. S.
Young, H. J.

PRESIDENT.
J. H. FIELD.

VICE-PRESIDENT.
J. C. SAWYER.

SECRETARY.
S. C. HUTCHINS.

TREASURER.
S. S. YARDLEY.

MEMBERS.

Ahlers, L. A.
Ames, E. W.
Anderson, H.
Atherton, P. L.
Babbitt, J. A.
Babbitt, W. H.
Barbour, T. H.
Bishop, E. B.
Blake, A. N.
Bohne, T. W.
Brown, A. B.
Burr, C.
Burr, N. B.
Bacon, H. S.
Baldwin, A. K.
Baldwin, H. A.
Baldwin, W. A.
Buck, S. W.

Cameron, J. D.
Cassidy, D. D.
Chamberlain, J. P.
Clarke, J. D.
Colby, K. G.
Cobb, B. C.
Cochran, T.
Curtis, C. J.
Day, W. F.
Dodge, R. G.
Dwight, C. A.
Duley, W. A.
Emerson, J. L.
Farwell, S. E.
Farnam C. H.
Farnam, H.
Foster, H. B.
Frear, C. W.

Gilbert, J. B.
Goss, W. C.
Hammond, T. E.
Haldeman, D. C.
Harrington, A. T.
Hixon, G. C.
Holland, J. W.
Hollister, F. K.
Hooker, H. M.
Holbrook, R. T.
Ives, F. A.
Johnson, H. S.
Johnson, A.
Jones, R. E.
Joy, R. P.
Jackson, E. D.
King, E. K.
Kuki, M.
Kimball, H. W.
Kimberly, J. C.
Lee, H. T.
Lewis, J. A.
Marsh, A.
Mosely, H. P.
Morris, H. N.
Morgan, C.
Moore, F. W.
Mills, M.
McCormick, V. C.
McCord, R. A.
Neale, J. B.
Orvis, G. A.
Page, H. F.
Pettibone, A. M.
Rowley, R. E.
Russell, S. M.
Sawyer, J. C.
Sawyer, E. S.
Spaulding, H. N.
Stearns, A. E.
Stevens, W. F.
Stillman, L. S.
Stover, B. W.
Stetson, H. C.
Stone, C. J.
Smith, C. G.
Wells, B. G.
Weyerhauser, F. E
Wilcox, W. D.
Woodward, W. B.
Wood, A.
Weston, C. W.
Weston, E. B.

PHILLIPS BICYCLE CLUB.

CAPTAIN.

S. K. Wheeler.

LIEUTENANT.

C. J. Curtis.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. B. Hallock, R. T. Holbrook, T. B. Turner.

MEMBERS.

Albree, R.
Addis, A. E.
Bailey, C. J.
Baldwin, A. K.
Bishop, E. B.
Burr, C.
Burr, N. B.
Dickson, A. G.
Field, J. H.
Fouse, G. C.
Frear, C. W.
Goss, W. C.
Gilmour, A. J.
Harrington, A. T.
Holbrook, R. T.
Holmes, R. W.
Hutchins, S. C.
Johnson, J. F.
Moore, G.
Morgan, C.
Phipps, J. L.
Potter, J. T.
Sydam,
Hollister, F. K.

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '89.

Colors: Yellow and Wine Color.

'Απὸ πείρας πάντα.

President,	J. D. Upton.
Vice President,	W. D. Wilcox.
Secretary,	C. W. Frear.
Treasurer,	R. K. Dickerman.

P. S., '89.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.

"*Avise le fin.*"

President,	A. N. Blake.
Vice President,	F. E. Hammond.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. N. Spaulding.

P. A., '90.

Colors: Violet and Yellow.

"*De Die in Diem.*"

President,	F. E. McDuffee.
Vice President,	G. N. Henning.
Secretary and Treasurer,	T. Cochran.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"Sans Pareil."

President,	E. S. Page.
Vice President,	J. A. Mayers.
Secretary and Treasurer,	E. W. Johnstone.

P. A., '91.

Colors: Garnet and Light Green,

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	H. L. W. Snell.
Vice President,	R. G. Dodge.
Secretary and Treasurer,	A. M. Brown.

P. S., '91.

Colors: Old Gold and Lavender.

President,	F. De P. Townsend.
Vice President,	L. T. Bliss.
Secretary and Treasurer,	C. H. Foss.

P. A., '92.

President,	G. E. Lake.
Vice President,	B. U. Richards.
Secretary and Treasurer,	M. Mills.

P. S., '92.

Unorganized.

PRESIDENT.

S. E. Farwell.

MANAGER.

A. E. Addis.

FIRST TENOR.

E. H. Chandler, E. A. Bird,

J. A. Lewis.

SECOND TENOR.

A. E. Addis, F. K. Hollister,

C. Morgan.

FIRST BASS.

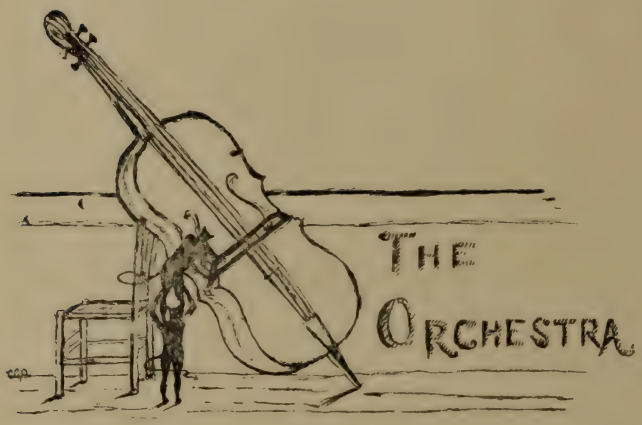
D. Churchill, W. M. Higgins,

S. E. Farwell.

SECOND BASS.

R. W. Holmes, H. W. Kimball,

W. B. Woodward.



FIRST VIOLIN.

L. Webber, Leader.

E. B. Weston, W. B. Candee.

SECOND VIOLIN.

C. Morgan, A. G. Cummings,

J. H. Field.

FLUTE.

C. W. Frear.

CLARIONET.

A. T. Harrington.

CORNET.

J. D. Clarke.

TROMBONE.

L. S. Stilman.

CELLO.

H. E. Tracy.

BASS VIOL.

H. W. Kimball.

SCHOOL CHAPEL CHOIR.

ORGANIST.

H. D. Bard.

AIR.

G. R. Atha,
A. E. Addis,
W. A. Bailey,
W. S. Beard,
D. Churchill,
F. P. Dodge,
C. Morgan.

TENOR.

S. P. White,
L. H. Goodwin,
F. K. Hollister,
J. A. Lewis.

BASS.

S. E. Farwell,
W. G. Goss,
H. W. Kimball,
L. J. Malone,
W. M. Higgins,
R. W. Holmes,
W. H. Sterns,
C. J. Stone,
W. B. Woodward.

LEADER.

F. K. Hollister.

BANJOS.

F. K. Hollister. A. B. Fox,
A. K. Baldwin, F. A. Moore.

GUITARS.

F. E. Gatchell, A. T. Harrington.

P. A. CAMERA CLUB.

President,	B. G. Wells,
Secretary and Treasurer,	S. S. Yardley.

MEMBERS.

J. Evans,	H. L. Bacon,
J. C. Chamberlain,	F. T. Hooker,
J. W. Holland,	F. H. Barbour,
H. P. Moseley,	T. W. Hyde,
J. W. Tarbox,	V. C. McCormick.

PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

C. Morgan.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

J. D. Upton.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

E. B. Bishop, C. W. Frear,
D. Churchill, J. A. Gould,
C. E. Moody.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

S. W. Ellsworth, H. C. Stetson,
J. Ogilvie, W. B. Woodward.

MANAGING EDITOR.

R. W. Holmes, '90.

EDITORS.

E. B. Bishop, '89,
E. A. Bird, '89,
O. G. Cartwright, '89.
J. A. Mayers, '90.
J. C. Sawyer, '90.
W. B. Woodward, '89.
A. E. Addis, '90.
A. E. Stearns, '90.
W. A. Duley, 91.
C. J. Bailey, '91.
H. L. Snell, '91.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

J. D. Cameron, '89.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY BASE-BALL NINE.

MANAGING COMMITTEE.

Donald Churchill, J. L. Emerson,
J. Parsons.

CAPTAIN.

A. E. Stearns,

BATTERY.

A. E. Stearns, pitcher, J. D. Upton,, catcher.

INFIELD.

H. W. Pond, 1st b., L. S. Owsley, s.s.,
H. J. Lalande, 2nd b., A. M. Brown, 3rd b.

OUTFIELD

H. S. Cheney, l.f., V. C. McCormick, r.f.,
R. K. Dickerman, c.f.

SUBSTITUTES.

A. N. Blake, H. P. Wormelsdorf.

Brown's Cafe Nine.

Invisible Mustachió Owsley, s.s., Captain.
(White)y Evans, p.
Johnson, 1st b., Manager and Treasurer.
Baron Bohné, 3d b, Mascot.
Young, c.
Kuki, 2nd b.
"Baked Beans" Potter, r.f.
(The man who inflates the chest protector).
Dodge, l.f.
"Stump" Edmison, c.f.
"Doc" Savidge, leader of the cheering.
Coxe.
Holbrook, hoodoo and official scorer.
Vorse, "scrubstitute" and "bat lugger."

Flick of the Merrill House has kindly consented to lend his face as a mask.

Mr. Bohné injured himself during the Tech. examinations and is unable to play at present.

Mr. Coxe has been released for this season to the New Haven team, but will undoubtedly play with us again in September.

Kuki, Dodge, and Edmison, as yet, have made no records.

Potter has also been engaged by the manager at great expense to keep all flies away from the opposing team.

Cheering Staff.

B. W. Stover, Leader.

A. T. Harrington, G. A. Campbell, O. G. Cartwright.

Brick House Base-Ball Nine.

CAPTAIN.

J. C. Kimberly,.

E. S. Jackson, c., C. J. Curtis, 2nd b.,
J. K. Outhwaite, p., D. D. Cassidy, s.s.,
J. C. Kimberly, 1st. b.. E. S. Pomeroy, r.f.,
W. M. Higgins, 3rd b., P. L. Atherton, l.f.,
A. J. Gilmour, c.f.

SUBSTITUTES.

"Supie" Woodward (from Denver).
"Liar" Foster (from Way Back).

JONAH.

P. T. Nickerson.

Abbot Street Nine.

Grandy Farnham, c. Toughy Dwight, 3rd b.
Corn Cobb, p. Profesh. Goss, s.s.
Lengthy Townsend, 1st b. Bones Pettibone, r.f.
Tow.Head Weyerhauser, 2nd b. Dago Frear, c.f.
Sleepy Perkins, l.f.

Bones Pettibone, Captain. Fat Torbert, Manager.

Stuff Ives, Treasurer.

Subs. Mike Hixon, Sliver Day.

Supes, Sheeny Marsh, Maj. Gen. Lewis, Chump Decker.

Scorer, Funny Johnson.

Chaplain, Bum Bailey.

Assistant Chaplain, Inquiry Houghton.

Page supports the team by his liberal donations.

Latin Commons Base-Ball Nine.

MANAGEMENT.

L. J. Malone, H. S. Cross, A. B. Brown.

CAPTAIN.

B. W. Stover.

Millard, c.
Stover, p.,
Weston, 1st b.,
Malone, 2d b.,
Cross, 3rd b.,
White, s.s.,
Thayer, l.f.,
Brown, c.f.,
Powell, r.f.

Haskell, Substitute.

Salem Street Nine.

Jcakson, c.,
Forbes, 1st b.,
Alexander, 2nd b.,
Young, c.f.,
Gatchell, r.f.,
Edmison, l.f.,
Jones, s.s.,
Baldwin, p.,
Evans, 3rd b.

Vorse, Sub.
Woodward, Manager.

English Commons Base-Ball Nine.

MANAGERS.

T. L. Ellis, W. R. Lyon, J. B. Neale.

CAPTAIN.

T. L. Ellis, ss.

F. A. Kinkey, 1st b., T. Eaton, 2nd b.,
S. M. Russell. r.f., W. R. Lyon, l.f.
A. N. Blake, p., F. A. Metzger, c.f.,
H. A. Lamprey, 3rd b., E. K. Bremner, c.

Green Street Nine.

Champions of '89.

Womelsdorf, the Turk, p., Weston, the Greek, c.

[The never sweat battery, only known masters of the Razzle Dazzle Curve.]

Infant Farwell, 1st b., Tow Head Cheney, s.s.,
Dutchy Cochran, 2nd b., Kid McCord. l.f.,
Doc Lee, 3rd b., Gabriel Field, r.f.,

Unconditional Surrender Grant, c.f.

Runt Stevens, Manager and Treasurer.

The Kentucky Club of Phillips Academy.

Our Cheer. — "United we stand, provided we don't fall!"

OFFICERS.

Frank "Evergreen" Gatchell, President.

Edward "Fem Sem" Palmer, Vice-President.

"Moonshine" Bohne, Baron of Exchequer.

"Infant" Brent Palmer, Propellor of Lone Goose Quill.

Hamlet "Inquiry" Lewis, Chaplain.

"Kid" Lafon Allen, Toast Master.

John Mason Brown, Jr., Jonah.

Churchill Clarke (office not yet created).

Maurice Chauncey Wells, Poet Laureate.

Fred De Funiac, Honorary Member. (Died in office, Mar. 28, '89.)

P. A. POLICE.

J. L. Emerson, Chief.

F. H. Barbour, C. W. Frear,

R. P. Joy, F. A. Moore.

Blunt House Comb Minstrels.

LEADER.

Halderman.

SOPRANO.

Dick Joy, Ben Wells.

ALTO.

Baby Orvis, Allen Wood.

TENOR.

Barbour, Moore.

BASS.

Emmie Emerson, Vance McCormick.

Oratorio composed by Mr. Chamberlain.

Hare and Hounds Club.

PRESIDENT.

W. R. Lyon.

VICE–PRESIDENT.

C. H. Foss.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

T. T. Richards.

MEMBERS.

Azel Ames,
W. A. Baldwin,
E. B. Bishop,
O. G. Cartwright,
H, H. Condit,
C. H. Foss,
Dwight Hall,
Alfred Johnson,
W. R. Lyon,
J. T. Potter,
T. T. Richards,
A. G. Robinson,
E. R. Sandford,
W. F. Stevens.

A. K. Baldwin,
F. H. Barbour.
L. T. Bliss,
F. K. Bremner,
C. Burr,
N. B. Burr,
Donald Churchill,
T. W. Hyde,
R. P. Joy,
W. McK. Higgins,
F. A. Moore,
J. Parsons,
J. C. Sawyer,
A. E. Stearns,
B. G. Wells.

B. C. Cobb.

J. L. Emerson,

J. Evans,

A. D. Wood,

L. S. Owsley,

J. D. Upton,

S. S. Yardley,

F. De P. Townsend.

E. W. Johnstone.

A. E. Addis,
E. B. Bishop,
I. W. Bonbright,
T. Cockran, 3d,
C. E. Coxe,
W. F. Day, jr.
R. K. Dickerman,
C. H. Farnam, jr.
W. B. Woodward,
S. F. Farwell.
J. H. Field.
J. A. Gould,
F. K. Hollister,
V. C. McCormick,
C. Morgan,
L. S. Stillman.
C. J. Stone,
H. P. Wormelsdorf.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 *John Street, N. Y.*

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.

CAMERAS!——CAMERAS!!——CAMERAS!!!

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

MANUFACTURERERS AND IMPORTERS OF

PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUMENTS, APPARATUS and SUPPLIES,

541 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Sole proprietors of Patent Satchel Detective, Schmid Detective, Fairy, Novel and Bicycle Cameras, the Phantom Camera, the Champion Light-weight of the World, and sole agents for the Celebrated Dallmeyer Lenses.

Just the thing. The Lilliput. The Ideal Detective

CAMERA.

Can be used for Time or Instantaneous Exposure.

The School Outfit.

A complete 4x5 Photogdaphic Outfit for $7.50. A remarkably good Outfit for the money.

Amateur Outfits, in great variety, from $7.50 upward. Send for Catalogue or call and examine. More than forty years established in this line of business.

a

WINDSOR HOTEL,

5th Avenue, 46th and 47th Streets,

NEW YORK.

One of the most Perfect and Comfortable Hotels in the World.

Its location is delightful, being surrounded by the best residences in the city, near the famous Central Park, and within three minutes' walk of the Grand Central Depot. Cusine, Service and Attendance unsurpassed. Omnibuses on the Avenue run direct to the Shopping District and all Places of Interest.

HAWK & WETHERBEE,

PROPRIETORS.

THE NOTMAN

Photo Company.

STUDIOS AT

3 PARK ST., AND 184 BOYLSTON ST.,

BOSTON, MASS.

PHOTO OF CLASS OF '89.

Season of 1889.

Chas. S. Green & Co.

TAILORS.

The Largest Custom Tailoring Establishment in New England. Occupy the Entire Building.

Trousers to Order, $5.50. Two Pairs for $10.

Our Trousers to order at $5.50 are the greatest bargain in Trousers ever offered. They cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than $7.

Suits to Order, $20.00. Overcoats to Order, $25.00.

Charles S. Green and Co., Merchant Tailors,

581, 583, 585 WASHINGTON ST., COR. AVERY, BOSTON.

OPEN TILL 8 P. M.

STOUGHTON RUBBER CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Vulcanized Rubber Clothing,

Double Texture and Gossamer Goods.

PROPRIETORS OF HALL RUBBER COMPANY.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY of MACINTOSHES,

AND CARRY CONSTANTLY IN STOCK THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT TO BE FOUND IN BOSTON.

52 Summer, 128 and 130 Arch St.,

Factory at Stoughton, Mass. BOSTON, MASS.

HALEY & CUTTER

MANUFACTURERS OF

Trunks and Bags,

47 SUMMER STREET,

BOSTON.

FACTORY, BUNKER HILL DISTRICT.

Fall River Line

FOR

NEW YORK!

EXPRESS TRAINS

Leave Boston from the Old Colony Station, week-days at 6 P. M., Sundays at 7 P. M., connecting at Fall River with steamers due in New York at about 7.30 A. M. Connection at Jersey City and Brooklyn by Annex Boat.

STEAMERS

Pilgrim and Providence

IN COMMISSION.

AN ORCHESTRA ON EACH STEAMER THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. RETURNING STEAMERS LEAVE NEW YORK AT 5 O'CLOCK P. M. DAILY, SUNDAYS INCLUDED.

TICKETS, STATEROOMS, ETC., SECURED AT THE LINE OFFICE, No. 3 OLD STATE HOUSE, AND AT OLD COLONY STATION.

J. R. KENDRICK,	**GEO. L. CONNOR,**	**L. H. PALMER, Agt.,**
Supterintendent.	Gen. Pass Agt.	3 Old State House.

Columbias for '89.

BICYCLES,
TRICYCLES,
SAFTIES,
TANDEMS.

Finest Line ever Presented.

Large Illustrated Catalogue free to Students! Special Bargains in Second-Hand and Shop-Worn Bicycles at greatly Reduced Prices.

☞ SEND FOR SPECIAL LIST.

WORLD TYPEWRITERS

$10 and $15.

Specially adapted to Students' Use. Rapid, durable, practi- Single Case, $10.00. Double Case, writes 76 characters $15. Catalogues Free.

POPE M'F'G CO.,

Boston. New York. Chicago.

HEADQUARTERS

— FOR —

BATHING SUITS!

We have the largest and most complete assortment of Bathing Suits for Ladies, Gents, Misses, Youths and Boys, ever shown in Boston. Bathing Trunks, Caps, Shoes, &c., all sizes.

We have also a full line of French Flannel and Cheviot Shirts for the mountains and seashore. Dressing Robes, Breakfast Jackets. Office Coats, &c. Also, a full line of Gent's Furnishing Goods.

New Store. New Goods. Reasonable Prices.

FREEMAN & GRAY, 124 Tremont Street, Opposite Park Street Church, **BOSTON, MASS.**

ALWAYS ON TIME!

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD!

TRAINS FOR NEW YORK

Leave Boston 12.00 M., *3 P. M., arrive at New York 6.30 P. M., *9.00 P. M.

*THE 3 P. M. TRAIN RUNS DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAYS.

Dining cars. The shortest line. Always on time. New Parlor Cars and Coaches. Most convenient hours of departure and arrival at termini.

Commencement, Exhibition,

ANNIVERSARY

And all Festival Day Music can certainly be procured of DITSON COMPANY. Send freely for Lists, Descriptions and advice.

OCTAVO MUSIC. — We cannot too strongly recommend our Octave Pieces, 6000 in number. All are most carefully selected, as containing the best Anthems, Glees, Choruses, Quartets and Sacred Selections. More expensive to publish than sheet music, we still sell them for the low price of 5 to 10 cts. each.

SCHOOL TEACHERS will find numerous Concert and Exhibition Songs in our well-made School Song Collections, of which some of the newest are "UNITED VOICES," (50 cts., $4.80 per doz.) "CHILDREN'S SCHOOL SONGS," (35 cts., $3.60 doz.) "KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY SCHOOL SONGS," (30 cts., $3.00 doz.) and "SONGS AND GAMES FOR LITTLE ONES," ($2.00.)

BOOKS FOR SOCIAL SINGING. — Have many effective Songs and choruses, as "COLLEGE SONGS," (50 cts.) "WAR SONGS," (50 cts.) "JUBILEE AND PLANTATION SONGS," (30 cts.) "AMERICAN MALE CHOIR," ($1.00.) "TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONGS," (35 cts.) "MEMORIAL DAY SONGS AND HYMNS," (25 cts.)

Oliver Ditson Company, * Boston.

Thaxter & Brother,

OPTICIANS

9 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

FIELD, MARINE AND OPERA GLASSES.

D. TOY

Tailor and Importer,

11 Charles St., "Beacon St.," Boston.

Special Rates for Students.

AGENT FOR

WINCHESTER, SON, & FLOWERS, WHITAKER & CO., HILL BROS., LONDON, W,

WILL REMOVE, SEPT. 1, TO 71 BEACON ST.

A constant source of trouble. — Cobb's Moustache.

Visit Lock's Studio

— FOR —

Fine Portrait Work!

All the Latest Improved Instruments.

Fine Large Work a specialty. Special Rates to Schools for Class Work.

Studio, 283 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

H. B. ROBINSON,

Manufacturing Confectioner!

FINE CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS.

ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA.

No. 273 Essex Street, - - Lawrence, Mass.

C. W. PARTRIDGE, D.D.S.,

DENTAL ROOMS,

461 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

SEND FOR THE LATEST AND BEST

SONGS

MARGUERITE.—(C. A. White), for Soprano or Tenor, Mezzo-Soprano, Contralto, or Baritone. **Price, 60 Cents.**

MY MARGUERITE OF LONG AGO. — (C. A. White), for Soprano, or Tenor, Mezzo-Soprano, Contralto or Baritone. **Price, 60 Cents.**

MADELINE.—(C. A. White), Tenor or Soprano, Mezzo or Baritone, Contralto or Bass. **Price, 60 Cents. Duet, 75 Cents.**

EVELENA.—(C. A. White), for Tenor or Soprano, Mezzo or Baritone, Contralto or Bass.—**Price, 75 Cents.**

ALICE I'LL COME TO THEE.—(By J. L. Gilbert), companion to "Alice Where Art Thou?" **Price, 35 Cents.**

WHITE, SMITH & CO.,

Retail Dept. 538 | WASHINGTON ST. | Wholesale Dept. 576

BOSTON, MASS.

J. B. BRINE,

COLLEGE ❋ OUTFITTER,

Tennis Suitings of all Kinds. English Serges and French Flannels a Specialty. A complete Line of Athletic Goods.

8 Boylston Street, - Cambridge, Mass.

PREMIERE QUALITE,

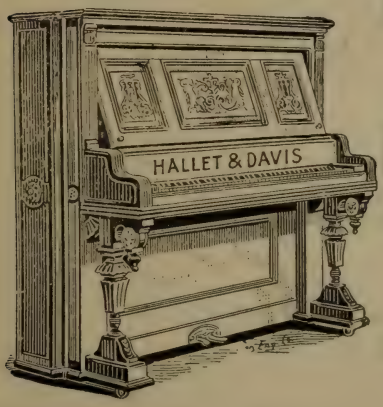
Our New Cigarette.

As the result of long labor and careful study, we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence, and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our manufacture.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

15 First Prize Medals.

"Nor do the stars always have peace."— The Seniors.



KENNELLY & SYLVESTER,

HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND

Pianos and Organs,

For sale or to let, or sold by instalments. Violins, Banjos, Guitars. Large assortment of Sheet Music and other Musical Merchandise. Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to.

256 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

W. J. Sullivan, M. D.,

295 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE.

RESIDENCE, 273 HAVERHILL STREET.

LAWRENCE

One Price Clothing Company.

Young Mens' Suits.

NOBBY AND HANDSOME EFFECTS,

SUITABLE FOR SCHOOL, COLLEGE AND DRESS WEAR.

We have the Finest Line of Suitings in Lawrence and invite the students of Phillips Academy to inspect our New Stock of Spring and Summer Wear.

431 Essex Street, - Lawrence, Mass.

Linked sweetness long drawn out. — Townsend '91.

M. W. MORRIS & CO.,

TAILORS.

465 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE.

SPECIALTIES IN GRADUATING SUITS.

DYER & CO.,

— DEALERS IN —

Banjos, Guitars, Violins, Etc.

Bicycles, Tennis Goods, Croquet.

337 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

Bicknell Bros

LAWRENCE MASS

Manufacturing

RETAILERS

And Gent's

Outfitters,

469 & 471 Essex Street,
LAWRENCE.

Dr. Susan E. Crocker,

435 ESSEX STREET,

Lawrence, Mass.

Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 4 P. M.
Saturdays, 2 to 9 P. M.

A deal of skimble-skamble stuff. — The Phillipian.

WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY

In Paying High Prices for

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

When we are selling good, new and stylish goods at figures from 20 to 30 per cent. cheaper than elsewhere.

Remember, that 10 cents will be allowed on each $2.00 Purchase,
FOR CAR FARE.

Repair Department in full blast. Tap and Heel. Men's Shoes, 75c. Ladies' Shoes, 40c

Gentlemen, you should see our Calf, Hand-Sewed Congress, the best shoe in America, for **$3.** A good gentleman's Calf Shoe, **$2.** A nice Gentleman's Calf Shoe, **$1.50.** OUR KANGAROO SHOES for young men are daisies; they will make your feet comfortable and your heart glad. Try a pair and be happy.

LAWRENCE SHOE CO.,

555 & 557 Essex St. Near Horse Car Station.

TALCOTT'S

PATENT MOUNT.

A UNIQUE INVENTION, CONSTITUTING A PICTURE AND FRAME COMBINED, COMPLETE FOR THE EASEL, MANTEL, OR WALL.

KENEFICK,

ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER, 271 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

HAS THE SOLE RIGHT

To use and sell this Mount in Lawrence and vicinity. Photos mounted by this process retain their brilliancy and being hermetically, they are practically indestructable. Infringements will be prosecuted.

Though lost to sight to memory dear. — Mac's Stove.

Prop. Music Hall and City Bill Boards.

F. E. PARTRIDGE, W. H. BOODY, } Clerks.

Merrimac House,

A. V PARTRIDGE, Proprietor.

Lowell, Mass.

LOCATION, MONUMENT SQUARE.

Car + Line * for * all + parts + of + the + City.

HERE IT IS!

Just what you are Looking for. The largest Wall Paper & Curtain Store
IN LAWRENCE!

Don't spend a cent until you have examined our stock.
Curtains made up at short notice and hung
free of charge.

BALL & MULLEN,

SUCCESSOR TO E. A. FISKE, - - 275 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

Dr. C. G. Carleton,

301 Essex Street, * * * Lawrence, Mass.

TELEPHONE No. 100.

All my fame is due to myself alone.— Dickerman '89.

Marion

BARRISTERS HALL
LOWELL, MASS.

Artistic Photography.

JOHN CORNELL

—DEALER IN—

Coal, Wood, Hay and Straw,

OFFICE IN CARTER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,
ANDOVER, MASS.

Smith & Manning,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

ESSEX * STREET,

ANDOVER, * * * * MASS.

He hath been most notoriously abused. — Hollister '90.

O. CHAPMAN,

DINNING ROOMS,

Fruit, Confectionery, Blank Books, Stationery, Inks, Kerosene Oil and Lamps, Large Stock of Canned Goods, Base Ball Goods.

Everything Pertaining to a Student's Outfit.

J. E. SEARS,

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS.

Bank Building, Main Street, Andover, Mass.

Repairing in all its branches done with Neatness and Despatch.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries.

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

Andover, Mass.

B. M. WEED & CO.,

Picture & Frame

MANUFACTURERS.

61 1-2 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

ALL KINDS, STYLES AND DESIGNS OF

Gold, Bronze, White, Old Ivory and Wood Frames, Made to Order.

Old Frames Regilded and Plush Frames Manufactured.

A COMPLETE LINE OF

ENGRAVINGS, ETCHINGS, LITHOGRAPHS, PHOTOS,

MEZZOTINTS, &C.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS WORK.

A two legged animal without feathers.—"Alt" Turner.

J. H. CAMPION & CO.,

GROCERS.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.

Main Street, - Andover,

BENJ. BROWN,

DEALER IN

LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS.

Swift's Building, Main Street, ANDOVER, MASS.

GEORGE H. PARKER.

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY.

ANDOVER, MASS.

COLD SODA WITH TRUE FRUIT SYRUPS.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.

The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.—
McDuffee '90.

Artistic Florist.

Table and Stage Decorator, Baskets and Fancy Roses.

GEORGE PIDDINGTON

SCHOOL ST.

GEO. C. LYLE,

Fine Assortment of Confectionery

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

The Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco, MILK SHAKE, ICE CREAM, Cool Soda with Best Fruit Syrup, also a general Stock of Stationery, Base Ball Goods and Small Wares.

Main Street, - - - - Andover, Mass.

H. P. WRIGHT,

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS,

Warranted Genuine Waterproof Porpoise Shoes.

Repairing Promptly Done.

MAIN STREET : : : ANDOVER, MASS.

Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve. — Baker '99.

JOHNSON'S

Andover & Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICES:

32 Court Sq., and 106 Arch St., Andover Office at my Store.

J. H. CHANDLER, Proprietor and Messenger.

PLAIN and FANCY HARDWARE,

GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS AND OILS.

A good Assortment of Sportman's Goods, Cutlery, Etc.

H. McLAWLIN,

Main Street, - - - - Andover, Mass.

E. H. BARNARD,

House, Sign & Carriage Painter,

GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING.

—DEALER IN—

Paints, Oils, Window Glass and Wall Papers.

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

COMMONS DINING HALL,

Open to students of Phillips Academy from September to July.

Permanent Board, $3.00 a Week.

WILLIAM MARLAND, - Proprietor.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note."—
Burial of "Ulysses McDuffee."

MRS. WATERMAN,

HIGH STREET, ANDOVER,

Has a large quantity of Novelties in Baskets, suitable for Graduations.

J. E. WHITING,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

Barnard's New Block, Main Street, ANDOVER, MASS.

BROWN'S
Andover & Boston Express,

Have added a late Express from Boston arriving in Andover at 6 P. M.
We ship goods to all parts of the country as cheap as any other Express.

Boston Offices, 34 Court Sq., and 77 Kingston St.
Andover Office, No. 1 Park St.

B. B. TUTTLE, PROPR.

CHARLES H. GILBERT,

DENTIST,

DRAPER'S BLOCK, ANDOVER, MASS.

MRS. M. A. CALLAHAN,

ANDOVER, MASS.

Sewing and Mending

neatly done at modeate prices. The

patronage of students is

desired.

ABBOTT STREET, .·. BELOW MORRILL HOUSE.

L. J. BACIGALUPO,

MANUFACTURER OF

CHOICE ✿ CONFECTIONERY,

DEALER IN SPANISH QUEEN OLIVES,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,
AND SODA WATER.

MAIN STREET, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

J. M. BEAN,

HAIR ✿ CUTTER

Town Hall Building, Andover.

What will not length of time be able to change?—
The Middlers.

JOHN H. DEAN,

Merchant Tailor,

Garments made in the latest fashion. Spring and Summer Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Alterations, Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing done at short notice.

31 ELM STREET, : : : : ANDOVER, MASS.

T. J. FARMER,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Salt, Smoked and Pickled Fish,

OYSTERS, CLAMS and LOBSTERS,

Central Street,

OPPOSITE BAPTIST CHURCH, : : ANDOVER.

WILLIAM FINDLEY,

DEALER IN

Fish of all kinds. Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled.

Lobsters, Clams, Oysters, and Fancy Fish of all kinds in their season.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

JOSEPH ABBOTT,

PICTURES FRAMED to ORDER.

CURTAINS, LOOKING GLASSES, &c.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER.

A hit, a very palpable hit. — This Mirror.

In place of the

MANSION HOUSE,

"ON THE HILL,"

Burned, November, 1887, the STOWE HOUSE has been fitted up and will be used for a hotel until a new Mansion House can be erected. The rooms are large and sunny and the house is heated throughout with hot water. Terms, $2.50 per day. For board and rooms apply to

CHARLES L. CARTER,

Proprietor of Mansion House, - Andover, Mass.

DR. CHARLES E. ABBOTT,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

43 MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

— THE —

American Express Co.,

Have just placed an Order Box at the Marland House. All orders left for us will receive prompt attention, this being the only Express Company at Andover which ships goods direct to New York City at one charge.

FRED C. WILBUR, Agent,

OFFICE, ELM HOUSE, ANDOVER, MASS.

HENRY P. NOYES.

Furniture and Upholstering.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER.

An abyss and gulf of evils. — The Blunt House.

Established 1876.

SPECIALTIES:
PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS, and a competent person always in charge.

Our own Tooth Powder.

Glycerine Lotion.

BEEF, WINE AND IRON,

VEG. LIVER PILLS,

Condition Powders,

BOTANIC COUGH SYRUP,

WORM SYRUP,

Sarsaparilla for the Blood,

ETC., ETC.

FRANK EMERSON,

APOTHECARY,

122 BROADWAY, SOUTH LAWRENCE.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Homœpathic Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Holiday Goods, Confectionery and Cigars.

☞Call for a bottle of our GLYCERINE LOTION. It is a wonderful compound for chaffed or rough skin.

WILLIAM FORBES & SONS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS.

Steam, Gas and Water Fitters.

Agent for the Gurney Hot Water Boiler.

448 & 450 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, Mass.

G. W. Colburn & Co.,

Picture Frame Makers and Gilders.

Engravings, Photographs, Etchings, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Etc.

281 Essex Street, - - - Lawrence, Mass.

No sense have they of ills to come.— The Preps.

In this age of appearance, neither men of letters nor men of affairs can well ignore the now important article of dress. This is as undeniable as is the fact that many of our young men as well as old men often find it difficult to obtain the wherewithal that will provide them with neat clothing. These two facts are fully recognized by the enterprising clothiers, SPITZ BROS. AND MORK, of 508 WASHINGTON ST., and 5 BEDFORD ST., BOSTON, who know well how to please the tastes of the young as well as of the old men of this and adjoining cities, and who further know that success in business depends on SMALL PROFITS, LARGE SALES, and last, but not least, UNQUESTIONABLE RELIABILITY. Their extensive clothing house, 508 Washington Street, and 5 Bedford Street, is a model of good taste and neatness. The first two floors of the store are set apart for their retail business and contain a vast quantity of Spring Overcoats, Suits and Pantaloons and clothing of every conceivable size and imaginable color. These goods are all of the best, and are marked at prices which are as low as one possibly could desire.

CHAS. E. SCHEFFLER,

REGISTERED ✻ PHARMACIST,

559 Essex St., cor. Franklin St.,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

ZENAS FOLGER,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles and Fine Jewelry,

567 ESSEX STREET,

NEXT TO H. R. R. STATION, - LAWRENCE.

THE ELEGANT

TENNIS SUITINGS

— AT —

P. J. Hannon's

Have completely captivated the young men. He has yet a fine assortment from which to select.

SUMMER GOODS FOR SUITS AS NOBBY AS EVER.

AGENT FOR THE

TROY * LAUNDRY

Acknowledged by all the best in town.

CARTER'S BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

O. A. Jenkins & Co.

Successors to Higgins & Co.

Hatters to New England Colleges.

HEATH'S LONDON HATS.

[illegible]

407 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.